

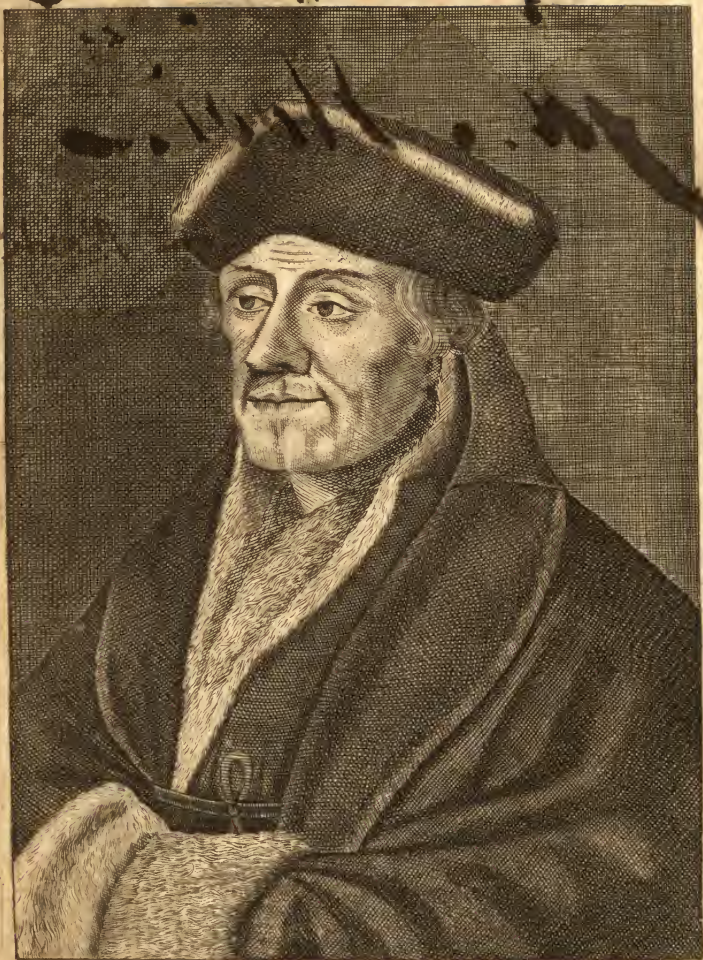
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P 94.

BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.



For
M. Moor.



London printed for H. Hindmarsh
in Cornhill And R. Sare at Grays
Inn Gate in Holborn 1699

P. P. Bouche sculp.

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J. Moore

Twenty Two

Select Colloquies

OUT OF *Sam. Martin*

Erasmus Roterodamus ;

Pleasantly Representing

Several Superstitious LEVITIES

That were Crept into the

Church of R O M E

In His Days.

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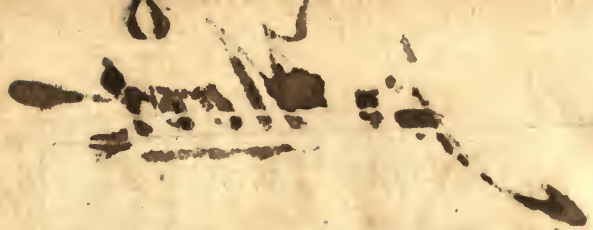
The Third Impression Corrected and Amended.

By Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knight.

Utile dulci.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Sare and H. Hindmarsh,
and Sold by W. Davis at the Corner of Swinhins-
Alley in Cornhil, 1699.



THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

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TO, THE

READER.

YOU will find that at the Writing of these Colloquies the Church of Rome stood in great need of Reforming; even in the Judgment of Erasmus Himself, who was an Eminent Member of That Communion. You will find Reason also, from the Candour and Moderation of our Learned Author, to Distinguish even betwixt the Romish Doctors Themselves. You will perhaps find matter enough of Diversion besides, to mollifie the Evil Spirit, and to turn some Part of the Severity and Bitterness of the Age, into Pity and Laughter.

But when you shall have found all this in the Dialogues Themselves, you have no Obligation yet for any Part of it to the Translator; who made Choice of this Piece, and of this Subject, for his Own Sake, and not for Yours. Some will have him to be

To the Reader.

a Papist in Masquerade, for going so far ; Others again will have him to be too much a Protestant, because he will go no farther : So that he is crush'd betwix the Two Extremes, as they hung up Erasmus himself, betwixt Heaven and Hell. Upon the sense of This Hard Measure, he has now made English of These Colloquies ; and in This last Edition added two more to the Number ; partly as a Prudential Vindication, and partly as a Christian Revenge.

THE

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THE

STANDARD

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M. O'Loon.

THE SHIPWRECK.

COL. I.

The Description of a Tempest. The Religious Humour of People in Distress. The Superstitious Practice of Worshipping Saints, Censur'd, and Condemn'd. Adoration belongs to God Alone.

ANTHONIUS, ADOLPHUS.

An. **A** Most dreadful Story! Well! If this be Sailing, I shall have the Grace, I hope, to keep my self upon dry Ground. *Ad.* Why all this is no more than Dancing, to what's to come. *An.* And yet I have e'en a Belly full on't already. It gives me such a Trembling, that methinks I'm in the Storm my self upon the very Hearing of it. *Ad.* But yet when the Danger's over, a man's well enough content to think on't. There was One Passage, I remember, that put the Pilate almost to his Wits end. *An.* What was that I pray? *Ad.* The night was not very Dark, and one of the Mariners was gotten into the Skuttle, (I think that's the name on't) at the Main-Mast-Top, to see if he could Make any Land: there drew near him a certain Ball of Fire; which is the worst Sign in the World at-Sea, if it be *Single*; but if *Double*, 'tis the contrary. These two Fires were called by the Antients, *Castor* and *Pollux*. *An.* What had they to do a Ship-board I
B wonder,

wonder, when the one was a *Horseman*, and the other a *Wrestler*? *Ad.* That's as it pleas'd the Poets. But the Steersman calls out to him; *Mate*, says he, (the Sea-term) *don't you see what a Companion you have gotten beside you there?* *I do*, says he, *God send us good luck after't.* By and by, the Ball glides down the Ropes, and rowls over and over, close to the Pilate. *An.* And was he not frighted out of his Wits almost? *Ad.* Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It stopt a little there, and then pass'd on by the side of the Vessel, till at last it slipt through the Hatches, and so vanish'd. Toward Noon, the Tempest encreas'd. Did you ever see the *Alps*? *An.* Yes, I have. *Ad.* These Mountains are no more than Warts to the Billows of a Raging Sea. One while we were tost up, that a man might have toucht the Moon, with his Finger; and, then down again, that it lookt as if the Earth had open'd to take us directly into Hell. *An.* What a madness is it for a man to expose himself to these hazards? *Ad.* When they saw that there was no contending with the Storm, In comes the Pilate, as Pale as Death. *An.* There was no Good towards then, I fear. *Ad.* Gentlemen, says he, I am no longer Master of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me, and all we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our selves for Death. *An.* Marry, a cold Comfort! *Ad.* But first, says he, we must lighten the Ship, for there's no struggling with Necessity; we had better try if we can save our selves with the loss of our Goods, than lose both together. The Proposition was found Reasonable, and a great deal of Rich Merchandize was cast over-board. *An.* This was *casting away* according to the Letter. *Ad.* There was in the Company a certain *Italian*, that had been upon an Embassie to the King of *Gotland*, and had abundance of Plate, Rings, Diapers, and rich wearing Cloaths aboard.

aboard. *An.* And he, I warrant you, was loth to come to a Composition with the Sea. *Ad.* No, not altogether so neither; but he declar'd that he would never part with his beloved Goods, and that they would either Sink or Swim together. *An.* And what said the Pilate to this? *Ad.* If you and your Trinkets were to Drown by your selves, sayes he, here's no body would hinder you; but never imagine that we'll endanger our lives for your Boxes; If you are resolv'd not to part, ye shall e'n over-board together. *An.* Spoken like a true *Terpawlin*. *Ad.* So the *Italian* submitted at length, but with many a bitter Curse, upward and downward, for committing his life to so boysterous an Element. *An.* I am no Stranger to the *Italian* humour. *Ad.* The Winds were not one jot the better for the Presents we had made them, but soon after they tore our Cordage, threw down our Sails. *An.* Oh Lamentable! *Ad.* And then the Man comes to us again. *An.* With another Preachment, I hope. *Ad.* He gives us a Salute, and bids us fall to our Prayers, and Prepare our selves for another World, for our time, sayes he, is at hand. One of the Passengers askt him how many hours he thought the Vessel might be kept above Water. His Answer was, that he could promise nothing at all, but that three hours was the utmost. *An.* This was yet a harder Chapter than the other. *Ad.* Upon these words he Baules out immediately, *Cut the Shrowds; down with the Mast by the board, and away with them Sails and all into the Sea.* *An.* But why so? *Ad.* Because now they were only a Cumber to the Ship, and of no use at all; for we had nothing to trust to but the Helm. *An.* What became of the Passengers in the mean time? *Ad.* Never so wretched a face of things! The Seamen they were at their *Salve Regina*; Imploring the *Virgin-Mother*; calling her the *Star of the Sea*; the *Lady of*

The Skipwreck.

the World ; the Haven of Health , with abundance of other fine Titles that we hear no News of in the Scripture. *An.* What has she to do with the Sea , that never was upon it ? *Ad.* In time past, the *Pagans* gave *Venus*, that was born of the Sea, the Charge of Seafaring-men : and since she look'd no better after them, the *Christians* will have a *Virgin-President* , to succeed her that was None. *An.* You 're Merry. *Ad.* Some were lying at their length upon the Bords , Adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some Incensed Prince. *An.* Why what did they say ? *Ad.* O most Merciful, Generous, Opulent, and most Beautiful Sea ; Save us, be Gracious to us ; and a deal of such stuff did they offer to the deaf Ocean. *An.* Most ridiculous Superstition ! But what did the rest ? *Ad.* Some were Spewing, Some were Praying ; I remember there was an *Englishman* there, What Golden Mountains did he promise to our Lady of *Walsingham*, if ever he got safe ashore again ! One made a Vow to a Relique of the *Cross* in one place ; a second, to a Relique of it in another ; and so they did to all the *Virgin Maries* up and down ; and they think it goes for nothing if they do not name the *Place* too. *An.* Childish ! as if the Saints did not at all dwell in Heaven ? *Ad.* And some promise to turn *Carthusians*. There was one among the rest that Vow'd a *Pilgrimage*, bare-foot and bare-head to *St. James of Compostella* in a *Coat of Male*, and begging his Bread all the way. *An.* Did no body think of *St. Christopher* ? *Ad.* I could not but laugh at one Fellow there, that Vow'd to *St. Christopher* in the great Church at *Paris*, as loud as ever he could bellow (that he might be sure to be heard) a *Wax-Candle* as big as himself. (Now you must know that the *Paris-St. Christopher* is rather a Mountain than a Statue.) He was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a Friend of his gave him a touch upon the

Elbow

Elbow. *Have a care what you Promise*, says he, *for if you should sell your self to your Shirt, you are not able to purchase such a Candle. Hold your tongue, you fool,* (says to'ther, softly, for fear *St. Christopher* should hear him;) *These are but words of course; Let me set foot a Land once, and he has good luck if he get so much as a Tallow-Candle of me. I fancy this Block-head was a Hollander.* *Ad.* No, no, he was a *Zea-lander.* *An.* I wonder no body thought of *St. Paul*; for he has been at Sea you know, and suffer'd Shipwreck, and then leapt ashore; and he understood better then other people what it was to be in that Condition. *Ad.* He was not so much as nam'd. *An.* But did they Pray all this while? *Ad.* As if it had been for a Wager. One was at his *Hail Queen*; another at his *I Believe in God*; and some had their particular Prayers against Dangers, like Charms for Agues. *An.* How Religious does Affliction make a man! In Prosperity we think of neither God; nor Saint. But which of the Saints did you Pray to your self? *Ad.* None of 'em all, I assure you. *An.* Why so, I beseech ye? *Ad.* I don't like your way of Conditioning, and Contracting with the Saints. *Do this, and I'll do that: Here's one for t'other; Save me, and I'll give you a Taper, or go a Pilgrimage.* *An.* But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help; *Ad.* No, not so much as that neither. *An.* And why did you not? *Ad.* Because Heaven is large ye know: As put the Case, I should recommend my self to *St. Peter*; as he is likeliest to hear, because he stands at the Door. Before he can come to God Almighty, and tell him my Condition, I may be fifty Fathom under Water. *An.* What did you do then? *Ad.* I e'en went the next way to God himself, and said my *Pater Noster*; the Saints neither Hear so readily, nor Give so willingly. *An.* But did not your Conscience check you? Were you not afraid to call him *Fa-*

ther, whom you had so often offended? *Ad.* To deal freely with you, I was a little fearful at first; but upon recollection, I thought thus with my self. Let a *Father* be never so angry with a *Son*, yet if he sees him falling into a River, he will take him up, though't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon the Bank. The quietest Creature in the whole Company, was a Woman there, with a Child at her Breast. *An.* Why, what of her? *Ad.* She neither Clamour'd nor Cry'd, nor Promis'd, but hugging of the poor Infant, prayed softly to her self. By this time the Ship struck, and they were fain to bind her *fore and aft* with Cables, for fear she should fall to pieces. *An.* That was e'en a sad shift. *Ad.* Upon this, up starts an old Priest, of about *Threescore* (his Name was *Adam*) strips himself to his Shirt, throws away his Boots and Shooes, and bids us provide to Swim; and so standing in the middle of the Ship, he Preached to us out of *Gerson*, upon the Five Truths of the Benefits of *Confession*, and so exhorts every man to prepare himself, either for Life, or Death. There was a *Dominican* there too; and they Confest, that had a mind to't. *An.* And what did you? *Ad.* I saw every thing was in a hurry, and so I confest my self privately to God, Condemning my own Iniquity, and Imploring his Mercy. *An.* And whither had you gone do you think if you had miscarry'd? *Ad.* I e'en left that to God; for he is to judge me, and not I my self: and yet I was not without comfortable hopes neither. Whilst this past, the *Steersman* comes up to us again, all in Tears; prepare your selves, good People, says he, for ye have not one quarter of an hour to live; the Ship leaks from one end to t'other. Presently after this, he tells us that he has made a high Tower, and urges us by all means to call for help, to what Saint soever it was, that had the Protection of that Temple, and so they all

fell down and worshipped that unknown Power. *An.* If you had known the Saints name, 'tis forty to one your Prayers would have been heard. *Ad.* But that we did not know. The Pilate however Steers his torn and leaky Vessel toward that place, as well as he could, and if the Ship had not been well Girt, she had without more ado, fallen directly one piece from another. *An.* A miserable Case! *Ad.* We were now come so near the Shore, that the Inhabitants took notice of our distress, and came down in throngs to the Sea-side, making Signs, by spreading their Cloaks, and holding up their Hats upon Poles, that they would have us put in there; giving us likewise to understand, by casting their Arms into the Air, how much they pittied our Misfortune. *An.* I would fain know what follow'd. *Ad.* The Vessel was now come to that pass, that we had almost as good have been in the Sea, as in the Ship. *An.* You were hard put to't, I perceive. *Ad.* Wretchedly. They empty the Ship-Boat, and into the Sea with it: every body presses to get in, and the Mariners cry out, they'll sink the Vessel, and that they had better every one shift for himself, and Swim for't. There was no time now for Consultation; one takes an Oar, another a Pole, a Plank, a Tub, or what was next hand, and so they committed themselves to the Billows. *An.* But what became now of the patient Woman? *Ad.* She was the first that got ashore. *An.* How could that be? *Ad.* We set her upon a Rib of the Ship, and then ty'd her to't, so that she could hardly be wash'd off, with a Bord in her hand that served her for an Oar; we cleared her of the Vessel, which was the greatest danger, and so setting her afloat, we gave her our Blessing. She had her Child in her left hand, and Row'd with her Right. *An.* What a *Virago* was that? *Ad.* When there was nothing else left, one of the Company tore.

away a *Wooden-Image* of the *Mother-Virgin* (an old Rat-eaten Piece) he took it in his Arms, and try'd to Swim upon't. *An.* But did the Boat get safe to Land? *Ad.* No, that was lost at first with thirty men in't. *An.* How came that about? *Ad.* The wallowing of the great Ship overturn'd it, before it could put off. *An.* What pity 'twas? And how then? *Ad.* Truly I took so much care for other people, that I was near drowning my self. *An.* How came that? *Ad.* Because I staid till I could find nothing to help my self withal. *An.* A good Provision of Cork would have been worth Mony then. *Ad.* I had rather have had it, then a better thing. But looking about me, I bethought my self in good time of the Stump of the Mast: and because I could not get it off alone, I took a Partner to assist me: we both plac'd our selves upon it, and put to Sea, I held the right corner, and my Companion the left. While we lay tumbling and tossing, the *Sea-Priest* I told you of, squabs himself down directly upon our Shoulders: it was a Fat heavy Fellow, and we both of us cry'd out, What have we here, this third Man will drown us all: but the *Priest* on the other side, very temperately bad us pluck up our hearts, for by the Grace of God we had room enough. *An.* How came he to be so late? *Ad.* Nay, he was to have been in the Boat with the *Dominican*; for they all had a great respect for him: but though they had Confest themselves in the Ship, yet leaving out I know not what Circumstances, they Confess over again, and one lays his hand upon the other: in which *interim*, the Boat is overturn'd: and this I had from *Adam* himself. *An.* Pray what became of the *Dominican*? *Ad.* *Adam* told me further of him, that having called upon his Saints, and stript himself naked, he leapt into the Water. *An.* What Saints did he call upon? *Ad.* *Dominicus, Thomas, Vincentius,*

centius, and one of the *Peters*, but I know not which his great Confident was *Catharina Senensis*? *An.* Did he say nothing of *Christ*? *Ad.* Not a word as the *Priest* told me. *An.* He might have done better if he had not thrown off his *Coul*? for when that was gone, how should *St. Catherin* know him? But go forward with your own Story. *Ad.* While we were yet rowling, and beating near the Ship, and at the Mercy of the Waves, by great misfortune the Thigh of my *Left-hand-man* was broken with a Nail, that made him lose his Hold; the *Priest* gave him his *Benediction*, and came into his place, encouraging me to maintain my Post resolutely, and to keep my legs still going. In the mean while we had our Bellies full of Salt-water, for *Neptune* had provided us a *Potion*, as well as a *Bath*, though the *Priest* shew'd him a *Trick* for't. *An.* What was that I prithee? *Ad.* Why he turn'd his head upon every Billow, and stopt his Mouth. *An.* It was a brave old Fellow it seems. *Ad.* When we had been a while *adrift*, and made some advance, Chear up, says the *Priest*, (who was a very tall man) for I feel ground. No, no, said I, we are too far off yet from the Shoar, (and I durst not so much as hope for such a Blessing) I tell you again, says he, my feet are at the Ground, and I would needs perswade him that it was rather some part of the *Wreck* that was driven on by the Current. I tell you once again, says he, that I am just now scratching the bottom with my *Toes*. When we had floated a little longer, and that he felt ground again, Do you what you please, says he, but for my part, I'll leave you the whole Mast, and wade for't; and so he took his opportunity, still to follow the Wave, and as another Billow came on, he would catch hold of his knees, and set himself firm against it, one while up and another while down, like a *Didapper*. Finding that this succeeded

ceeded so well with him; I follow'd his example. There stood upon the Shoar several men with long Pikes, which were handed from one to another, and kept them firm against the force of the Waves; they were strong body'd men, and us'd to the Sea; and he that was last, held out his Pike to the next comer; he lays hold of it, and so they retire and draw him ashoar; There were some preserv'd this way. *An.* How many? *Ad.* Seven; but two of them dy'd when they were brought to the Fire. *An.* How many were there of them in the Ship? *Ad.* Eight and fifty. *An.* Methinks the Tithe might have serv'd the Sea as well as it does the Priest. So few to scape out of so great a number! *Ad.* The People, however, we found to be of wonderful Humanity; for they supplied us with Lodging, Fire, Meat, Cloaths, Money, with exceeding chearfulness. *An.* What are the People? *Ad.* *Hollanders.* *An.* Oh they are much more humane and charitable than their Neighbours. But what do you think now of another Adventure at Sea? *Ad.* No more, I do assure you, so long as I keep in my right Wits. *An.* And truly I my self had rather *Hear* these Stories, than *Feel* them.

T H E
R E L I G I O U S P I L G R I M A G E .

C O L . I I .

The Vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. The Virgin-Mothers Epistle to Glaucoplutus, complaining of the Decay of Devotion toward the Saints. The History of the Canterbury Monastries; and the Inestimable Riches of the Church: With a Reproof of the Superstition, Magnificence, and Excesses of the Times. The Temple of Thomas Becket; his Monument, Reliques, and Miracles: With a pleasant Story of a Purchase of our Ladies Milk at Constantinople; notably setting forth the Practices and Corruptions of that Age.

M E N E D E M U S , O G Y G I U S .

Me. **W**Hat have we here? The Resurrection of a Body that has been six months in the Grave? 'Tis the very man. Welcome *Ogygius*. *Og.* And well met *Menedemus*. *Me.* From what quarter of the World art thou come; For we have all given thee for dead here, this many a day. *Og.* And God be thanked I have been as well since I saw thee last, as ever I was in my life. *Me.* And may'st thou long live to confute such Stories. But what's the meaning of this Idress I prethee?

prethee? these *Shells' Images, Straw-works, Snakes Eggs for Bracelets.* *Og.* O! you must know that I have been upon a Visit to *St. James of Compostella*; and after that, to the famous Lady t'other side the Water, in *England*, (which in truth was a Re-visit, for I had seen her three years before.) *Me.* For Curiosity, I suppose. *Og.* Nay upon the very score of Religion. *Me.* You're beholding to the Greeks I presume, for that Religion. *Og.* My Wives Mother, let me tell you, bound her self with a Vow, that if her Daughter should be delivered of a live Male Child, her Son in Law should go to *St. James* in Person, and thank him for't. *Me.* And did you salute the Saint, only in your own, and your Mother-in-Laws Name? *Og.* No, Pardon me, in the Name of the whole Family. *Me.* Truly I am persuaded, that your Family would have done every jot as well if you had sav'd your Complement. But pray tell me what Answer had you? *Og.* Not a syllable; but upon the Tendring of my Present, he seem'd to smile, and gave me a gentle Nod; with this same Scallop-Shell. *Me.* But why that Shell rather than any thing else? *Og.* Because there's great Plenty of these Shells upon that Coast. *Me.* A most gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwifery and Hospitality! But this is a strange way of Vowing; for one that does nothing *himself*, to make a Vow that *another* man shall work. Put the Case, that you should tie up your self by a Vow to your Saint, that if you succeeded in such or such an Affair, I should Fast twice a week for so many Months. Would I pinch my Guts do ye think, to make good your Vow? *Og.* No, I do not believe you would: No, not if you had made the Vow in your own Name; for you would have found some Trick or other to have droll'd it off. But you must consider that there was a Mother-in-Law, and somewhat of

Duty in the Case ; and Women are Passionate you know ; and I had an Interest at stake. *Me.* But what if you had not perform'd this Vow now ? What Risque had you run ? *Og.* There would have lyen no Action of the Case ; but yet the Saint I must confess might have stopt his ears some other time, or brought some sly mischief into my Family ; (as people in power, you know, are Revengeful.) *Me.* Prethee tell me, How is the good man in Healthy ? Honest *James,* What does he do ? *Og.* Why truly, matters are come to an ill pass with him, to what they were formerly. *Me.* He's grown Old. *Og.* Leave your Fooling : as if you did not know that Saints never grow old. No, no, 'tis long of this new Opinion that is come to be so rife now in the World, that he is so little Visited ; and those that do come, give him only a bare Salute, and little or nothing else ; they can bestow their Money to better purpose (they say) upon those that want it. *Me.* An impious Opinion ! *Og.* And this is the reason that this great Apostle, that was wont to be cover'd with Gold, and Jewels, is now brought to the very block he was made of ; and hardly so much as a Tallow Candle to do him Honour. *Me.* If this be true, who knows but in time, people may run down the rest of the Saints too ? *Og.* Nay, I can assure you, there goes a strange Letter about from the *Virgin-Mary* her self, that looks untowardly that way. *Me.* Which *Mary* do you mean ? *Og.* She that is called *Maria a Lapide.* *Me.* Up toward *Basil,* if I be not mistaken. *Og.* The very same. *Me.* A very *Stony Saint* ; But to whom did she write it ? *Og.* The Letter tells you the Name too. *Me.* By whom was it sent ? *Og.* By an *Angel* undoubtedly ; and found in the Pulpit where he Preached to whom it was written. And to put the matter out of all Doubt, I could shew you the very Original. *Me.* But how do you know the Hand of the *Angel* that

is the *Virgins Secretary*? *Og.* Well enough. *Me.* But how will you be able to prove it? *Og.* I have compar'd it with *Bede's Epitaph*, that was Engraven by the same *Angel*, and I find them to be perfectly one and the same Writing: And I have read the *Angels Discharge* to *St. Agidius* for *Charles the*

* The Story goes that *Charles the Great*, being in a Fit of Desparation, *St. Giles* obtained from an *Angel* a Pardon for him in these Words. *Agidii merito Caroli Peccata remitto.*

Great; they agree to a Title *. And is not this a sufficient Proof? *Me.* May a body see't a little? *Og.* You may, if you'll damn your self to the Pit of Hell that you'll never speak on't. *Me.* 'Tis as safe as if you discover'd it to a Stone. *Og.* But there are some Stones that

a body would not trust. *Me.* Speak it to a Mute then. *Og.* Upon that Condition I'll tell you; but prick up both your Ears. *Me.* Begin then.

MA R Y, the Mother of Jesus, to *Glauco-plutus*, Greeting. These are to give you to understand, that we take in good part your strenuous Endeavours (as a True Disciple of Luther) to Convince the World of the Vanity and Needfulness of Invocating Saints: For I was e'en wearied out of my Life with Importunities, Petitions, and Complaints: Every body comes to me; as if my Son were to be always a Child, because he is Painted so; And because they see him at my Breast still, they take for granted, that he dares deny me nothing that I ask him, for fear that, when he has a mind to't, I should deny him the Bubby. Nay, and their requests are sometimes so extravagant, that I am asham'd to mention them; and that which a young Fellow (not wholly abandon'd to his Lusts) would hardly ask of a Bawd, they have the face to desire from a Virgin. The Merchant when he is to make a long Voyage, desires me to take Care of his

Concubine.

Concubine. *The Professed Nun, when she is to make her Escape, recommends to me the Care of her Reputation, when at the same time she's resolv'd to turn Prostitute. The Soldier marches to a Butchery, and Slaughter, with these Words in his mouth, Blessed Virgin, put into my hands a Fat Prisoner, or a Rich Plunder. The Gamester Prays to me for a good Hand at Dice, and Promises me a Snip with him in the Profit of the Cheat: and if he has but an Ill Run, how am I curs'd, and Rail'd at? because I would not be a Confederate in his Wickedness. The Usurer Prays for Ten in the Hundred; and I am no longer the Mother of Mercy, if I deny it him. And there is another sort of People, whose Prayers are not so properly Wicked, as Foolish. The Maids, they Pray for Rich and Handsom Husbands; the Wives for Fair Children; the Big Belly'd, for Easie Labour; the Old Trot, for Good Lungs, and that I would keep her from Coughs and Catarrhes. He that is Mop'd and Decrepite, would be Young again. The Philosopher Prays for the Faculty of starting Difficulties never to be Resolv'd: The Priest for a Plump Benefice; the Bishop for the Preservation of his own Diocess; the Mariner for a Prosperous Voyage; the Magistrate, that I would shew him my Son before he dies; the Courtier, that he may make an Effectual Confession upon the Point of Death (as the last thing that he intends to do;) the Husbandman for Seasonable Weather; and his Wife for her Pigs and Poultry. If I deny them any thing, I am presently hard-hearted. If I send'em to my Son, their Answer is, if you'll but say the word, I'm sure he'll do't. How is it possible now for me, that am a lone Body, and a Virgin, to attend Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gamesters, Princes, Plowmen, Marriages, Great Bellies? and all this is nothing yet, to what I suffer. And this trouble is almost over too, (make me thankful for't) if the Riddance were not accompany'd*
with

with a greater Inconvenience; for the Money and the Reputation that I have lost by't, is worth a great deal more then the leisure that I have gotten; for instead of the Queen of the Heavens, and the Lady of the World, not one of a thousand treats me now so much as with a single Ave Mary. Oh! the Presents of Gold, and Precious Stones, that were made me formerly; the Rich Embroideries, and the Choice I had of Gowns and Petticoats! whereas, I am now fain to content my self with one half of a Vest, and that mouse-eaten too; and a years Revenue will hardly keep Life and Soul together of the poor Wretch that lights me Candles. And all this might be born yet, if you would stop here, which they say you will not, till you have stript the Altars, as well as the Saints. Let me advise you, over and over, to have a care what you do; for you will find the Saints better provided for a Revenge, then you are aware of. What will you get by throwing Peter out of the Church, when he comes to keep you out of Heaven? Paul has a Sword; Bartlemew has a Knife; the Monk William has a Privy Coat under his Habit, and a Lance to boot. What will you do when you come to encounter George on Horse-back in his Curiaffe Arms, with his Spear and his Whinyard? and Anthony himself has his Holy Fire. Nor is there any of them all, that one way or other, cannot do mischief enough if he pleases. Nay, weak as I am, you'll have much ado to compass your ends, upon me. For I have my Son in my Arms, and I'm resolv'd you shall have both or none. If you'll set up a Church without Christ, you may. This I give you to understand, and you shall do well to consider of an Answer, for I have laid the thing to heart.

From our Stone-house, the
Kalends of August,

1524.

Me. This is a terrible menacing Letter, and *Glaucoplutus*, I suppose, will have a care what he does. *Og.* So he will, if he be wise. *Me.* I wonder why honest *James* wrote nothing to him about it. *Og.* 'Tis a great way off, and Letters are liable to be intercepted. *Me.* But what Providence carry'd you again into *England*? *Og.* Why truly I had the invitation of a fair Wind; and beside, I was half engaged, within two or three years after my last Visit, to give that beyond-Sea-Saint another. *Me.* Well? and what had you to beg of her? *Og.* Nothing but ordinary Matters; the Health of my Family, the Encrease of my Fortune, a long and happy Life in this World, and everlasting Felicity in the World to come. *Me.* But could not our *Virgin-Mother* have done as much for you here? She has a Church at *Antwerp*, much more glorious then that beyond the Seas. *Og.* It may be our Lady here might have don't? but she dispenses her Bounties, and her Graces, where, and in what manner she pleases; and accommodates her self to our Affections. *Me.* I have often heard of *James*; but give me some Accompt I prethee of the Reputation and Authority of that beyond-Sea-Lady. *Og.* You shall have it in as few words as possible. Her name is so famous all over *England*, that you shall hardly find any man there, that belives he can prosper in the World, without making a yearly Present, more, or less, to this Lady. *Me.* Where does she keep her Residence? *Og.* Near the Coast, upon the furthest part, *Eastward*, of the Island, in a Town that supports it self chiefly upon the resort of Strangers. There is a Colledge of Canons, to which the Latins have added the name of *Regulars*: and they are betwixt *Monks*, and *Canons*, which they call *Seculars*. *Me.* You make them *Amphibious*, as if they were *Beavers* or *Otters*. *Og.* Yes, and you may take in *Crocodiles* too: But trifling apart, you shall

shall hear in three words what they are, in *Odious Cases* they are *Canons*; in *Favourable*, they are *Monks*. *Me*. I'm in the dark still. *Og*. Why then you shall have a *Mathematical Illustration*. If there should come a *Thunderbolt* from *Rome*, against all *Monks*, then they'll be all *Canons*. Or if his Holiness should allow all *Monks* to take *Wives*, then they'll be all *Monks*. *Me*. These are wonderful Favours; I would they would take mine for one. *Og*. But to the Point: This College has little else to maintain it than the *Liberality* of the *Virgin*; for all *Presents* of *Value* are laid up; but for small *Mony*, and things of little *Moment*, it goes to the feeding of the *Flock*, and the *Head* of it, whom they call the *Prior*. *Me*. What are they? Men of good *Lives*? *Og*. Not much amiss, for their *Piety* is more worth than their *Revenue*. The *Church* is *Neat*, and *Artificial*; but the *Virgin* does not live in it her self; for upon the *Point* of *Honour*, she has given it to her *Son*; but she has her *Place* however upon his *Right Hand*. *Me*. Upon his *Right Hand*? which way looks her *Son* then? *Og*. That's well thought of. When he looks toward the *West*, he has his *Mother* on his *Right hand*; and when to the *East* on his *Left*; and she does not dwell here neither; for the *Building* is not finisht; the *Doors* and *Windows* lie all open, and the *Wind* blows through it; and that's a bleak *Wind* you'll say, that comes from the *Sea*. *Me*. This is somewhat hard methinks; but where does she dwell then? *Og*. In that unfinisht *Church* I told you of, there's a small boarded *Chappel*, with a little *Door* on each side to receive *Vilitors*. There's scarce any light at all to't, more than what comes from the *Tapers*, but a most delicious *Perfume*. *Me*. These things cannot but conduce strangely to *Religion*. *Og*. You would say something, *Menedemus*, if you saw it within, how it glitters with *Gold*, *Silver*, *Diamonds*,

monds, Rubies, &c. *Me.* You have set me agog to go thither too. *Og.* Take my word for't, if you do, you shall never repent your Journey. *Me.* Is there no *Holy Oyl* there? *Og.* Well said, *Simpleton*: That *Oyl* is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres; as of *Andrew, Katherine, &c. Mary*, you know, was never bury'd. *Me.* That was my Mistake; but I pray go on with your Story. *Og.* For the better propagation of Religion, they shew some things at one place, and some at another. *Me.* And perhaps it turns to their Profit too, as we say, *Many a Little, makes a Mickle.* *Og.* And you never fail of some body at hand to shew you what you have a mind to see. *Me.* One of the Canons it may be. *Og.* No, by no means; they are not made use of; for fear that under colour of Religion, they should prove Irreligious, and lose their own Virginity in the very service of the *Virgin*. In the Inward Chappel, there stands a *Regular* at the Altar. *Me.* And what's his business? *Og.* Only to receive and keep that which is given. *Me.* But may not a man chuse whether he will give any thing or no? *Og.* Yes, he may; but there is a certain Religious Modesty in some People; they will give bountifully if any body looks on; but not one farthing perhaps without a Witness; or at least not so much as otherwise. *Me.* This is right flesh and blood, and I find it my self. *Og.* Nay, there are some so strangely devote to the *Holy Virgin*, that while they pretend to lay one Gift upon the Altar, by a marvellous slight of hand they'll steal away another. *Me.* But what if no body were by? Would not the *Virgin* call them to account? *Og.* Why should she take any more notice of them, than God himself does, when People break into his Temple, Rob his Altars, and Commit Sacrilege? *Me.* The impious Confidence of these Wretches, and the Patience of Almighty God, are both of them

admirable. *Og.* Upon the *North side*, there is a certain Gate (I do not mean of the Church) but of the Wall that encloses the Church-yard; it has a very little Door, like the Wicket that you see in some great Gates of Noblemens Houses. A man must venture the breaking of his Shins, and stoop too, or there's no getting in. *Me.* An Enemy would be hard put to't to enter a Town at such a Passage. *Og.* So a man would think; and yet the *Verger* told me for certain, that a Knight a Horseback, with an Enemy at his heels, made his Escape through this Door, and sav'd himself. When he was at the last pinch, he bethought himself of a suddain, and recommended himself to the Blessed *Virgin*, there at hand, resolving to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if he could come at it: when all in an instant (a thing almost incredible) he and his Horse were convey'd safe into the Church yard, and his Adversary stark mad on the other side for his disappointment. *Me.* And did you really believe what he told you? *Og.* Beyond all dispute. *Me.* One would hardly have expected it from a man of your Philosophy. *Og.* Nay, which is more, he shew'd me the very image of this Knight in a Copper Plate that was nail'd to the Door, in the very Cloaths that were then in fashion, and are to be seen yet in several old English Pictures: which if they be right drawn, the Barbers and Clothiers in those days had but an ill time on't. *Me.* How so? *Og.* He had perfectly the Beard of a Goat, and not one Wrinkle in his Doublet and Hose; but they were made so strait, as if he had been rather sticht up in them, then they cut out for him. In another Plate there was an exact Description of the Chappel, the Figure and the Size of it. *Me.* So that now there was no further doubt to be made upon the matter. *Og.* Under this little Gate, there's an Iron Grate, that was made only for one to pass a foot; for it would not have

have been decent that any Horse should afterward trample upon the Ground that the former Horsman had consecrated to the *Virgin*. *Me*. You have Reason. *Og*. Eastward from thence, there's another Chappel, full of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies, Thither I went, and another Officer receiv'd me, When we had Pray'd a little, he shews the middle Joint of a Mans Finger. First I kist it, and then I askt to whom that Relique formerly belong'd? He told me to *St. Peter*. What, said I, the *Apostle*? he told me yes. Now the Joint was large enough to have answered the Bulk of a Giant; upon which Reflection, *St. Peter*, said I, was a very proper Fellow then; Which set some of the Company a laughing, truly to my trouble; for If they had kept their Countenance, we should have had the whole History of the Reliques. But however we dropt the man some small mony, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Just before this Chappel, stood a little House, which the Officer told us, was convey'd thither thorough the Air, after a wonderful manner, in a terrible Winter, when there was nothing to be seen but Ice and Snow. Within this House there were two Pits brimfull, that sprang (as he told us) from a Fountain consecrated to the *Holy Virgin*. The Water is strangely cold, and the best remedy in the World for Pains in the Head or the Stomach. *Me*. Just as proper as Oyl would be to quench a Fire. *Og*. You must consider my Friend, this is a Miracle. Now it would be no Miracle for Water to quench Thirst. *Me*. That shift goes a great way in the Story. *Og*. It was positively affirm'd that this Spring burst out in an instant, at the command of the *Holy Virgin*. Upon a strict Observation of every thing I saw, I askt the Officer how many years it might be since that little House was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for some ages; and yet (said I) methinks the

Walls do not seem to be of that Antiquity; and he did not much deny it. Nor these Pillars (said I.) No Sir, says he, they are but of late standing, (and the thing discover'd it self.) And then, said I, methinks that Straw, those Reeds, and the whole Thatch of it look as if they had not been so long laid. 'Tis very right, Sir, says he; and what do you think, said I, of those Cross Beams and Rafter? they cannot be near so old. He confest they were not. At last, when I had questioned him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, said I, that this is the House that was brought so far in the Air so many Ages ago? *Me.* Prithee how did he come off there? *Og.* Without any more to do, he shew'd us an old *Bear-skin* that was tackt there to a piece of Timber, and almost laught at us to our very teeth, as people under an invincible Ignorance. Upon seeming better satisfy'd, and excusing our heaviness of apprehension, we came then to the *Virgins Milk*. *Me.* It is with the *Virgins Milk* as with her *Sons Blood*; they have both of them left more behind them than ever they had in their Bodies. *Og.* And so they tell us of the *Cross*, which is shew'd up and down both in publick and in private, in so many Reliques, that if all the Fragments were laid together, they would load an *East-India-ship*: and yet our Saviour carry'd the whole Cross upon his Shoulders. *Me.* And is not this a wonderful thing too? *Og.* It is extraordinary I must confest; but nothing is wonderful to an Almighty Power; that can encrease every thing according to his own pleasure. *Me.* 'Tis well done however to make the best on't: but I'm afraid that we have many a Trick put upon us, under the Masque of Piety, and Religion. *Og.* I cannot think that God himself would suffer such Mockeries to pass unpunisht. *Me.* And yet what's more common than for the Sacrilegious themselves (such is the Ten-

derness

dernefs of God) to fcape in this World without fo much as the leaft Check for their Impieties? *Og.* This is all true, but hear me on: The Milk that I was fpeaking of, is kept upon the High-Altar; *Chrift* in the *Middle*, and his *Mother*, for refpects fake, at his *Right hand*. The *Milk*, you muft know, represents his *Mother*. *Me.* Can you fee it then? *Og.* Yes, for 'tis preferv'd in a Chryftal Glafs. *Me.* And is it liquid too? *Og.* What do you talk to me of Liquid; when 'twas drawn above Fifteen hundred year ago. It is now come to a Concretion, and looks juft like-pounded Chalk with the White of an Egg. *Me.* But will they not let a man fee it open! *Og.* Not upon any terms. Men would be kifing of it, and profane it. *Me.* You fay very well; for all Lips are not fit to approach it. *Og.* So foon as the Officer fees us, he runs prefently, and puts on his Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, falls down, and Worships; and by and by gives us the *Holy Milk* to kifs; and we profttrated our felves too, in the firft place, bowing to *Chrift*, and then, applying to the *Virgin*, in the following prayer, which I had in readinefs for this purpofe.

Virgin Mother! That haft deservedly given fuck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son *Jesus* at thy Virgins Brealts; We pray thee, that we, being purified by his Blood, may our felves arrive at the Happy Infant State of the Simplicity and Innocence of Doves; and that being Void of Malice, Fraud and Deceit, we may daily thirft after the Milk of Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to be perfect Man, and to the Measure of the Fulnefs of *Chrift*, whose blessed Society thou shalt enjoy for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Me. Truly a very devout Prayer: but what Return? *Og.* If my eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleas'd, for the *Holy Milk* seem'd to leap and sparkle; and the *Eucharist*, of a sudden lookt brighter than usual. In the mean while, the *Verger* came to us, and without a word speaking, held out such a kind of Table as they use in *Germany* upon their Bridges, when they take Toll. *Me.* I remember those Tables very well, and have curst them many a time in my Travels that way. *Og.* We laid down some pieces of Mony, which he presented to the *Virgin*. After this, by our Interpreter, one *Robert Aldridge*, (as I remember) a well spoken young man, and a great Master of the *English* Tongue, I askt as civilly as I could, what assurance they had that this was the *Milk* of the *Virgin*: which I did, with a pious intention that I might stop the Mouths of all Scoffers and Gainfayers. The Officer, at first, contracted his Brow, without a word speaking; and thereupon I prest the Interpreter to put the same question to him again, but in the fairest manner imaginable; which he did in so obliging a fashion, that if the Address had been to the Mother her self, when she had been newly laid, it could not have been taken amiss. But the Officer, as if he had been inspir'd with some *Entbusiasm*, expressing in his Countenance the horrour and detestation he had for so blasphemous a question; *What need is there, says he, of these Enquiries, when you have so Authentick a Record for the truth of the matter?* And we had undoubtedly been turn'd out for Heretiques, if we had not sweetn'd the angry Man with a few Pence. *Me.* But how did you behave yourselves in the interim? *Og.* Just as if we had been stoned with a Cudgel, or struck with Thunder. We did most humbly beg his Pardon (as in holy matters a man ought to do) and so went our way from thence to the little Chappel, which is the peculiar Receptacle

tacle of the *Holy Virgin*. In our way thither, comes one of the under-Officers to us, staring us in the face as if he knew us; and after him a second and a third, all gaping upon us after the same manner. *Me*. Who knows but they might have a mind to draw your Picture? *Og*. But my thoughts lookt quite another way. *Me*. Why, what did you imagine then? *Og*. That some body had robbed the *Virgin's Chappel*, and that I had been suspected for the Sacrilege; and therefore I enter'd the Holy place with this Prayer to the *Virgin-Mother* in my Mouth.

O *H! Thou alone, who among Women art a Mother, and a Virgin; the Happiest of Mothers, and the Purest of Virgins: We that are impure, do now present our selves before thee that art Pure; humbly saluting and paying reverence unto thee, with our small Offerings, such as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to imitate thy most holy Life, and that we might deserve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, spiritually to conceive the Lord Jesus in our Souls, and having once received him, never to lose him. Amen.*

And so I kist the Altar, laid down my Offering, and departed? *Me*. What did the *Virgin* here? Did she give you no token that your Prayer was heard? *Og*. It was (as I told you) but an uncertain Light, and she stood in the dark upon the Right hand of the Altar: but in fine, my courage was so taken down by the Cheque the former Officer gave me, that I durst not so much as lift up my eyes again. *Me*. So that this Adventure, I perceive did not succeed so well. *Og*. Oh best of all. *Me*. You have put me in courage again, for, as your Author has it, my heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches. *Og*. After dinner we go to Church again. *Me*. How durst you do that, under a suspicion of Sacrilege? *Og*.
It

It may be I was, but so long as I did not suspect my self, all was well : a good Conscience fears nothing : I had a great Mind to see the Record that the *Verger* referr'd us to ; and after a long search, at last we found it : but the Table was hung so high, that a Man must have good eyes to read it. Now mine are none of the best, nor yet the worst : but as *Aldridge* read, I went along with him : for I had not faith enough wholly to relie upon him in so important an *Affair*. *Me.* But were you satisfy'd in the point at last ? *Og.* So fully, that I was asham'd that ever I had doubted of it : every thing was made so clear, the Name, the Place, the very Order of the proceeding ; and, in one word, there was nothing more to be desired.

There was one *William* (born at *Paris*) a Man of general Piety, but most particularly industrious in gathering together all the Reliques of Saints that were to be gotten over the whole World. This Person, after he had travell'd several Countries, and taken a View of all Monasteries and Temples, wherever he pass'd, came at last to *Constantinople*, where a Brother of his was that time a Bishop ; who gave him notice, when he was preparing for his Return, that there was a certain Nun that had a quantity of the *Mother Virgins Milk* ; and that if any of it were to be gotten, either by Art, or for Love, or Mony, it would make him the happiest Man in Nature ; and that all the Reliques which he had hitherto collect-ed, were nothing to't. This same *William* never rested till he had obtain'd the one half of this *Holy Milk* ; which he valu'd above the Treasure of an Empire. *Me.* No question of it ; and a thing so unexpected too. *Og.* He goes strait homeward, and falls sick upon the way. *Me.* As there's no trust to human Felicity, either that it shall be perfect or long liv'd ! *Og.* Finding himself in danger, he calls a *French-*

man to him; (his friend and fellow-Traveller) makes him swear Secrefie, and then delivers him this *Milk*, upon Condition that if he gets home safe, he should deposite that Treasure, upon the Altar of the *Holy Virgin* in the famous Church of *Paris*; that Church that has the *Seine* on each side of it; as if the River it self gave place, in reverence to the Divinity of the Saint. To be short, *William* is dead and bury'd, the other takes Post, and he dies too; but finding himself in extremity, he delivers the *Milk* to an *English* Nobleman, but under the strictest obligation imaginable, that the Count should so dispose of it as he himself would have done; the one dies, the other receives it, and puts it upon the Altar in the presence of the Canons of the place, who in those days were still called *Regulars* (as they are yet at *St. Genoveve*.) Upon his Request, these *Regulars* were prevail'd upon to divide the *Milk* with him, one Moyety whereof was carry'd into *England*; and by him afterward deposited upon the Altar I told you of, as moved thereunto by a divine Impulse. *Me.* Why this is a Story now that hangs handsomly together. *Og.* And to put all out of doubt, the very Bishops Names are set down, that were authorized to grant Releases, and Indulgencies to those that should come to see it, according to the power to them given; but not without some obligation or other in token of their Veneration. *Me.* Very good; and how far did that power extend? *Og.* To forty days. *Me.* But are there days in *Purgatory*? *Og.* There is Time there. *Me.* But when the stock of forty days is gone, have they no more to bestow? *Og.* Oh you mistake the business! for 'tis not here, as in the Tub of the *Danaides*, which is always filling, and always empty; but here, take out as long as you will, there's never the less in the Vessel. *Me.* But what if they should now give a Remission for forty days,

days, to 100000 men? Has every one of them his proportion? *Og.* All alike. *Me.* And suppose a Man should have *forty days* granted him in the *morn- ing*; have they wherewithal to give him *forty days* more at *night*? *Og.* Yes, yes, if it were ten times over every hour. *Me.* If I had but such a device at home, I should not ask much to set up withal. *Og.* You might e'en as well wish to be turn'd into a Golden Statue, and as soon have your asking. But to return to my History. There was one Argument added, which methought was of great Piety and Candor, which was, that tho' the *Virgins Milk* in many other places, might challenge due Veneration, yet this was to be the most esteem'd, because it was sav'd as it fell from the *Virgins Breasts*, without touching the ground; whereas the other was scrap'd off from Rocks and Stones. *Me.* But how does that appear? *Og.* From the very Mouth of the Nun at *Constantinople*, that gave it. *Me.* And it may be she had it from *St. Bernard*. *Og.* I believe she had. *Me.* For he had the Happiness to taste the Milk of the same Breast that suck'd our Saviour: so that I wonder he was not rather called *Lactifluous* than *Mellifluous*. But how is that the *Virgins Milk* that did not flow from her *Breasts*? *Og.* It did flow from her Breasts; but dropping upon the Rock she sat upon, it was there con- creted; and afterward, by Providence, multiply'd and increas'd. *Me.* You say well, go forward now. *Og.* We were now upon the point of marching off; but still walking and looking about us to see if there were any thing else worth taking notice of: and there were the *Chappel Officers* again, learing at us, pointing, nodding, running up and down back and forward, as if they would fain have spoken to us, but had not the face to do't. *Me.* And did not your heart go pit- a-pat upon't? *Og.* No, not at all: but on the contra- ry I lookt them cheerfully in the very eyes, as who should

should say, *speak and welcome*. At length one of them comes to me, and asks me my Name. I tell it him. *Are not you the man*, says he, *that a matter of two years since, set up a Votive-Table here in Hebrew Letters?* I told him I was that Person. *Me*. Do you write *Hebrew* then? *Og*. No: but let me tell you, they take every thing to be *Hebrew* they do not understand. By and by, comes, (upon calling I suppose) the Πρωτος ὑσερ, of the Colledge. *Me*. What Dignity is that? Have they no *Abbot*? *Og*. No: *Me*. Why so? *Og*. Because they don't understand *Hebrew*. *Me*. Have they no *Bishop*? *Og*. Neither: *Me*. What's the reason on't? *Og*. The *Virgin* is so poor, that she is not able to be at the charge of a *Staff* and *Mitre*; for you must know, the Price is extremely rais'd. *Me*. But methinks at least they should have a *President*. *Og*. No, nor that neither. *Me*. What hinders it? *Og*. Because a *President* is a name of *Dignity*; not of *Holiness*. And therefore the Colledges of *Canons* will have no *Abbots*. *Me*. But this same Πρωτον ὑσερ, is a thing I never heard of before. *Og*. You are but an easie *Grammarians*, I perceive. *Me*. I have heard of it indeed in *Rhetorique*. *Og*. Observe me now. He that is next to the *Prior*, is the *Posterior-Prior*. *Me*. Yes the *Sub-Prior*. *Og*. That Man saluted me: with great *Courtesie*, and then fell to tell me what pains had been taken to read those *Verses*; what wiping of *Spectacles* there had been to no purpose; how often such a *Doctor of Law*, and another *Doctor of Divinity*, had been brought thither to expound the *Table*. One would have the *Character* to be *Arabick*, another look't upon't as a *Sham*, and to signify nothing at all; but in conclusion, there was one found out that made a shift to read the *Title*, which was written in *Latin* and *Roman Capitals*. The *Greek Verses*, in *Greek Capitals*; which at first sight lookt like *Roman*. Upon their request, I turn'd them word for

for word into *Latin*, and they would have paid me for my pains; but I excus'd my self with a Protestation, that for the Holy Virgins sake, I would do any thing in the World; and that if she had any Letters to send, even to *Jerusalem*, I would not stick to go upon the Errant. *Me.* As if she could want Carriers, that has so many Angels perpetually waiting about her. *Og.* He took out of his Purse a little piece of Wood, that was cut off from the *Beam* the *Virgin Mother* stood upon, and made me a Present of it. I found by the wonderful fragrancy of it, that the thing was sacred, and could not do less than kiss it twenty times over; and in the lowest posture of humility (bare-headed, and with the highest degree of Reverence) I put it up in my Pocket. *Me.* Mayn't a Man see it? *Og.* I'm not against it; but if you have either eat or drunk to day, or had to do with your Wife last night, I would not advise you to look upon't. *Me.* Shew me't however, and I'll stand the venture. *Og.* Why there 'tis then. *Me.* How happy a Man art thou now to have such a Present? *Og.* Such a one as it is, I would have you know, that I would not change it for the Wealth of the *Indies*. I'll set it in Gold, and put it in a Chrystal Case. *Hysteroptos*, when he saw me so over-joy'd at the favour I had already receiv'd, began to think me worthy of greater; and askt me if I had seen the *Virgins secrets*? The expression startled me, and yet I durst not so much as desire him to expound himself, for a bodies Tongue may slip in Holy matters as well as in Profane. However, I told him, that I had not as yet seen 'em, and that I much desir'd to see them. I am carry'd in now, as one in an Extasie; two Tapers presently lighted, and an Image produc'd; of no great value for the bigness, matter or Workmanship; but of wonderful Virtue. *Me.* It is not the bulk that does the Miracle; yonder's *Christopher* at *Paris*;

Paris; there's a Wagon-load of him, a very *Colossus*, nay, I might have said a *Mountain*, and yet I never heard of any Miracles that he wrought. *Og.* There's a Gemm at the feet of the Virgin, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* have not yet found a Name for: the *French* call it a *Toadstone*, from the resemblance of a Toad in it: beyond any thing that ever was done to the Life: and, to make it the greater Miracle, it is but a little Stone neither: and the Image does not stand on't, but 'tis form'd in the very body of the Stone. *Me.* Perhaps people may phansie the likeness of a Toad in the Stone, as they do that of an Eagle, in the stalk of a *Brake* or *Fern*: or as Boys do burning Mountains, Battles, and terrible Dragons in the Clouds. *Og.* Nay, for your satisfaction, one living Toad is not liker another. *Me.* Come, come, I have had enough of your Stories, you had best go with your Toad to some body else. *Og.* This humour of yours *Menedemus*, does not at all surprize me: for if I my self had not seen it with these eyes, (mark me, with these very eyes) if the whole Tribe of Schoolmen had sworn it to me, I should never have believ'd 'em. But you are not curious enough, methinks, upon these Rarities of Nature. *Me.* And why not curious enough? because I cannot be perswaded that Asses fly? *Og.* But do you not see how Nature entertains her self in the colours and shapes of all things; and especially of precious Stones? what admirable Virtues she has emplanted in them: and incredible too, if experience had not forc'd us to an acknowledgment of them? Tell me, would you ever have believ'd that Steel could have either been drawn by the Load-stone, or driven away, without touching it, if you had not seen it with your own eyes; *Me.* Truly I think I should not, though ten *Aristotles* had sworn the truth of it. *Og.* Do not pronounce all things to be fabulous then, that you have not found

so by experiment. Do we not find the figure of the Bolt in the *Thunder-Stone* : Fire in the *Carbuncle* : the Figure of *Hail*, and the invincible coldness of it, (even as if it were cast into the Fire) in the *Hail-stone* : The waves of the *Sea* in the *Emerald* : the Figure of a *Sea-Crab* in the *Carcinias* ; of a *Viper* in the *Echites* ; of a *Gilt-head* in the *Scarites* ; of a *Hawk* in the *Hieraclites* ; of a *Cranes Neck* in the *Geranites* ? In one Stone, you have the eye of a *Goat* ; in another, of a *Hog* ; in another, *three human eyes* together : In the *Licophthalmus* you will find the Eye of a *Wolf*, with four colours in't, fiery, bloody ; and black in the middle, encompassed with white. One Stone has the figure of a *Beane* in the middle ; another the Trunck of a *Tree* ; and it burns like Wood too ; the Resemblance of *Ivy* in another. One shews you the Beams of *Lightning*, another looks as if there were a *Flame* in't ; and in some Stones you shall find *Sparkles* ; the colour of *Saffron*, of a *Rose*, *Brass*, the figure of an *Eagle*, a *Peacock*, an *Asp*, a *Pismire*, a *Bittle*, or *Scorpion*. It would be endless to pursue this subject ; for there is not any Element, living Creature or Plant, which Nature (as it were to sport her self) has not given us some resemblance of in Stones. Why should you wonder then at this Story I have told you of the *Toad* ? *Me.* I did not think Nature had had so much spare time, as to divert her self in drawing Pictures. *Og.* 'Tis rather to exercise our Curiosity, and keep us from Idleness, or worse Diversions, as running mad after Buffoons, Dice, Fortune-tellers, and Hocus's, &c. *Me.* All this is too true. *Og.* I have heard that if you put this *Toad-stone* into *Vinegar*, it shall move the Legs and Swim. *Me.* But why is it dedicated to the *Virgin* ? *Og.* 'Tis laid at her feet, to shew that she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all Uncleaness, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and Earthly Desires. *Me.* Wo be to us then that have
so

so much of the Toad still in our hearts. *Og.* But if we worship the *Virgin*, as we ought, we shall be pure. *Me.* How would she have us worship her? *Og.* By the Imitation of her. *Me.* That's soon said, but not so easily perform'd. *Og.* 'Tis hard, I confess, but well worth the pains. *Me.* Proceed now, and finish what you have begun. *Og.* The Man shew'd us next, certain Gold, and Silver Statues. This (says he) is solid Gold, this only silver gilt; and he tells us the Weight, the Price, and the Presenter of every piece. The Man then taking notice of the satisfaction I found to see the *Virgin* endow'd with so rich a Treasure, you are so good a Man, says he, that I cannot honestly conceal any thing from you, and will shew you now the greatest Privacies the *Virgin* has; and, at that word, he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar, a World of things of great value; it would be a days work to tell you the particulars: so that thus far my Journey succeeded to my wish: I satisfy'd my Curiosity abundantly, and brought away this Inestimable Present with me, as a Token of the *Virgins* Love. *Me.* Did you ever make any Tryal of the Virtues of this Token? *Og.* Yes, I have: I was three or four days ago in a Treating-house, and there was a Fellow so stark staring mad, that they were just about to lay him in Chains: I only laid this piece of wood under his Pillow (without his Privity) he fell into a sound sleep: and in the morning, rose as sober as ever he was in his life. *Me.* But art sure he was not drunk? for sleep is the best remedy in the World for that disease. *Og.* This is not a subject *Menedemus* for Raillery. 'Tis neither honest, nor safe to make sport with the Saints: Nay, the Man himself told me, that there was a Woman appear'd to him in his Sleep, of an incomparable Beauty, that brought him a Cup to drink. *Me.* Of *Hellebore* it may be. *Og.* That's uncer-

tain, but of a certainty, this Man is in his Wits again. *Me.* Did you take no notice of *Thomas the Archbishop of Canterbury*? *Og.* Yes sure I hope I did. 'Tis one of the famousest Pilgrimages in the World. *Me.* If it were not a trouble to you, I would fain hear something of it. *Og.* Nay, 'tis so far from that, that you'll oblige me in the hearing of it.

That part of *England* that looks toward *France* and *Flanders*, is called *Kent*; there are two Monasteries in't, that are almost contiguous, and they are both *Benedictins*. That which bears the name of *St. Augustine* seems to be the Ancienter, and that of *St. Thomas* I judge to have been the Seat of the Archbishop, where he pass'd his time with a few Monks that he made choice of for his Companions. As the Prelates at this day have their Palaces near the Church, tho' apart from the Houses of other Canons: for in times past, both Bishops, and Canons were commonly Monks, as appears upon the Record. But *St. Thomas's* Church is so eminent, that it puts Religion into a mans thoughts as far as he can see it: and indeed it over-shadows the Neighborhood, and keeps the light from other Religious Places. It has two famous Turrets, that seem in a manner to bid Visitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that are admir'd far and near. In the *South-Porch* stand the Statues of three Armed Men that murder'd the Holy man, with their Names and Families. *Me.* Why had the Wretches so much honour done them? *Og.* It is the same honour that is done to *Judas, Pilate, and Caiaphas*, and the band of wicked Soldiers, whose Images and Pictures, are commonly seen upon the most magnificent Altars. Their names, I suppose, are there express'd, for fear some body else hereafter should have the glory of the Fact that had no title to't; and besides they stand there
for

for a warning to Courtiers that they meddle no more with Bishops or Possessions of the Church; for those three Ruffians ran mad upon the horror of the Act, and had never come to themselves again, if *St. Thomas* had not been mov'd on their behalf. *Me.* Oh! the infinite Clemency of Martyrs! *Og.* The first prospect upon entering the Church, is only the largeness, and the Majesty of the Body of it; which is free to every one. *Me.* Is there nothing there to be seen then? *Og.* Only the Bulk of the Structure, and the Gospel of *Nicodemus*; with some other Books that are hung up to the Pillars; and here and there a Monument. *Me.* And what more? *Og.* The Quire is shut up with iron Gates, so that there's no entrance; but the View is still open from one end of the Church to the other. There's an Ascent to the Quire, of many steps, under which, there is a certain Vault, that opens a Passage, to the *North-side*; where we saw a wooden Altar that's dedicated to the *Holy Virgin*; a very little one, and only remarkable as a Monument of Antiquity, that still reproaches the Luxury of following Ages. There it was that the good man upon the point of death is said to have taken his last leave of the *Virgin*. Upon the Altar, there's a piece of the Blade with which that Reverend Prelate was kill'd; and part of his Brains, which the Assassins dash'd together, and confounded, to make sure work on't. We did with a most Religious solemnity kiss the sacred Rust of this Weapon, for the Martyrs sake. From hence, we pass down into a Vault under ground, which had its Officers too. They shew'd us first the Martyrs Skull, as it was bor'd through; the Top of it we could come at with our Lips, but the rest was cover'd with Silver. They shew'd us also a Leaden Plate inscribed, *Thomas Acrensis*, and there are hung up in the dark, Shirts, Girdles, and Breeches

of Haircloth, which he us'd for Mortification; it would make a man shrug to look upon 'em: nor would the Effeminacy of this age endure them.

Me. No, nor the Monks neither perhaps. *Og.* I can say little to that point, nor does it concern me.

Me. But this is all Truth however. *Og.* From hence we return'd to the Quire; upon the *North-side* they unlock a private place; it is incredible what a world of Bones they brought us out of it, Skulls, Shins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers, whole Arms, which with great Adoration we beheld and kiss'd; and there would have been no end, if it had not been for one of our Fellow-travellers, who indiscreetly enough, interrupted the Officer in his business.

Me. What was he? *Og.* An *English* man, one *Gratian Pull*: (as I remember) a Learned and a Religious man, but not so well affected this way as I could have wish'd him.

Me. Some *Wicklifist*, perhaps. *Og.* No, I think not, but I found by him that he had read his Books; how he came by 'em I know not.

Me. And did not your Officer take Offence at him? *Og.* He brought us out an Arm with the flesh upon't, that was still bloody; and he was so squeamish forsooth, that he made a mouth at it when he should have kiss'd it.

Whereupon the Officer shut up all again. From hence we went to see the Table, and the Ornaments of the Altar; and after that, the Treasure that was hidden under it. If you had seen the Gold, and Silver that we saw, you would have lookt upon *Midas* and *Cræsus* as little better than Beggars.

Me. And was there no kissing here? *Og.* No; but methought I began to change my Prayer.

Me. Why what was the matter. *Og.* I was e'en upon wishing that I had but such Reliques as I saw there, at home in my own Coffers.

Me. A most Sacrilegious wish! *Og.* I do confess it; and I do assure you I askt the Saint forgiveness for't before I went out of the

Church,

Church. Our next Remove was into the *Vestry*. Good God! What a Pomp of rich Vestments? What a Provision of golden Candlesticks did we see there? and there was *St. Thomas's Crook*; it lookt just like a Reed cover'd over with a Silver Plate; it had neither Weight nor Art, and about some three foot and half high. *Me.* Was there never a *Cross*? *Og.* Not that I saw. There was a silk Gown, but it was course and plain, without either Pearl, or Embroidery; and there was a Handkerchief of the Saints, which was still sweaty and bloody. These Monuments of antient Thrift we kiss'd most willingly. *Me.* But do they shew these Rarities to every body? *Og.* Oh bless me! no such matter I warrant ye. *Me.* How came you then to have such credit with them? *Og.* I had some acquaintance, let me tell ye, with *Archbishop Warren*; and pass'd under his recommendation. *Me.* A man of great Humanity, they say. *Og.* You would take him for Humanity it self, if you knew him. A Person of that exquisite Learning, that Candour of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplish'd Prelate. From hence, we are carry'd yet farther; for beyond the High Altar, there is still another Ascent, as if it were into a new Church. We were shewn in a certain Chappel there, the whole face of the Good man, all gilt, and set out with Jewels; where, by an unexpected mischance, we had like to have spoil'd the whole business. *Me.* And how was that as you love me? *Og.* My friend *Gratian* lost himself here extreamly. After a short Prayer, Good Father, (says he to the Assistant of him that shew'd us the Reliques) I have heard that *Thomas*, while he liv'd, was very Charitable to the Poor; is it true or not? For certain, says he, so he was; and began to instance in several Charitable Works that he had done. And he has undoubted-

ly the same good Inclination still (says *Gratian*) unless Perhaps they may be alter'd for the better. The other agreed to't. Now (says he again) if this Holy man was so charitable when he was Poor, and wanted for his own Necessities himself; I cannot but think now he is Rich, and wants nothing, that he would take it well if some poor Women, with Children ready to Starve, or in danger to prostitute themselves for Bread; or with a Husband, Agonizing, and void of all Comfort; if such a miserable Woman, I say, should ask him leave to make bold with some small proportion of his vast Treasure, for the Relief of her wretched Family. The Assistant of the Golden head making no Reply; I am fully perswaded says *Gratian* (o'the sodain) that the Good man would be glad at's heart (tho' in the other World) that the Poor in this should be still the better for him. The Officer, upon this, fell to frowning, pouting, and looking at us as if he would have eaten us: and I am confident, if it had not been for the Archbishops' Recommendation, we had been rail'd at, spit upon, and thrown out of the Church: but I did however what I could, to pacifie the man; we told him *Gratian* was a Droll, and all this was but his way of fooling. So that with good words, and a little Silver, I made up the quarrel. *Me.* I cannot but exceedingly approve of your Piety, and yet when I consider the infinite Expence upon Building, Beautifying, and Enriching of Churches, I cannot in cold thoughts but condemn the unmeasurable excess. Not but that I would have magnificent Temples; and such Vestments, and Vessels, as may support the Dignity of a solemn Worship; but to have so many Golden Fonts, Candlesticks, and Statues; such a Profusion upon Organs, and Church Musique, while our Brethren, and the Living Temples of Christ, are ready to perish for want of Meat and Lodging; this

is a thing I cannot allow of by any means. *Og.* There is no man either of Brains, or Piety, but is pleas'd with a Moderation in these Cases; but an excess of Piety is an Errour on the Right hand, and deserves favour: especially considering the Cross humour of those people that Rob Churches instead of building them: and beside the large Donatives come from Princes, and great Persons, and the Mony would be worse employed either upon Gaming or War. And moreover, to take any thing away from the Church, is accounted Sacrilege. It is a discouragement to the Charity of those that are inclin'd to give; and after all, it is a Temptation to Rapine. Now the Church-men are rather Guardians of these Treasures, than Masters; and it is much a better sight, a Church that is gloriously Endow'd and Beautify'd, than a Church that is fordid, beggarly, naked, and liker to a Stable, than a Temple. *Me.* And yet we read of Bishops of old, that were commended for selling their Plate, to relieve the Poor. *Og.* And so they are commended at this day; but the commendation is all, for I suppose they have neither the Power, nor the Will, to follow the President. *Me.* But I hinder your Relation, and I am now expecting the Catastrophe of your Story. *Og.* And you shall have it in a few words. Upon this, out comes the head of the Colledge. *Me.* Whom do you mean, the *Abbot* of the Place? *Og.* He wears a *Mitre*, and has the Revenue of an *Abbot*, only he wants the *Name*, and they call him the *Prior*, the *Archbishop* himself supplying the Place of the *Abbot*: for of old, every *Archbishop* there was a *Monk*. *Me.* If I had the Revenue of an *Abbot*, I would not care tho' they call'd me a *Camel*. *Og.* He seem'd to me to be a godly and a prudent man; and to be in some measure a *Scotist*. He open'd us the Box, in which the remainder of the Holy mans Body is

said to be deposited. *Me.* Did you see it? *Og.* That's not permitted; nor was it to be done without a Ladder. There stood a wooden Box upon a golden one; and upon the Graning up of that with Ropes, bless me, what a Treasure was there discover'd! *Me.* What is't you say? *Og.* The basest part of it was Gold; every thing sparkled, and flam'd, with vast and inestimable Gems; some of them as big, or bigger than a Goose Egg; There stood about with great Veneration, some of the Monks: upon the taking off the Cover, we all worshipt; the *Prior*, with a white Wand, toucht every Stone, one by one, telling us the name of it, the Price, and the Benefactor. The richest of them were given by Princes. *Me.* He had need have a good memory methinks. *Og.* You're in the right; and yet Practice goes a great way, and this is a Lesson that he says often over. From hence, we were carry'd back into a Vault. It is somewhat dark, and there it is that the *Virgin-Mother* has her Residence. It is double raill'd in, and encompassed with iron Bars. *Me.* Why what does she fear? *Og.* Nothing I suppose but Thieves, and in my life I never saw a fairer Temptation or Booty. *Me.* What do you tell me of Riches in the dark. *Og.* But we had light enough brought us to see the Wealth of the richest Empire. *Me.* Is it beyond that of the *Parathalassian Virgin*? *Og.* Very much in appearance, but for what's conceal'd, she her self knows best. And take this along with ye, that these precious things are only shew'd to persons of eminent quality, and to particular friends. In the end, we were conducted back to the Vestry, where was a Box with a black Leather Cover upon it. This Box was set upon a Table, and upon the opening of it they all fell down upon their knees, and worshipt. *Me.* What was in't? *Og.* Rags of old Handkerchers in abundance, that carry'd still about

about them the markes of the use they had been put to. These, as they told us, were some Reliques of the Linnen the good Man had made use of about his nose, his Body, and other homely purposes. Upon this, my friend *Gratian* forfeited his credit once more; for the gentle *Prior* offering him one of these Rags for a Present, as the highest obligation he could lay upon him, he only took it squeamishly betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, and with a wry Mouth laid it down again, (a trick that he had got, when he would express his contempt of any thing.) This rudeness made me both asham'd and afraid; but yet the *Prior* was so good, (tho sensible enough of the Affront) as to put it off very dexterously; and after the Civility of a glass of Wine, we were fairly dismiss'd; and returned to *London*. *Me*. What needed that when you were nearer your own shoar before? *Og*. 'Tis true, but it is a Coast so infamous for Cheats, and Piracies, that I had rather run the hazard of the worst of Rocks, or Flats, than of that people. I'll tell you what I saw in my last passage that way; There was a great many people at *Calis* that took a *Chaloup* to put them aboard a great Ship, and among the rest, a poor, beggerly *French-man*, and they would have two Sols for his passage; (for that they'll have if they carry one but a Boats length) the fellow pleads poverty; and they in a frolick would needs search him. Upon the examining of his Shooes, they find ten or twelve pieces of Silver that were there concealed; they made no more ado, but kept the Money, and laught and rail'd at the *Frenchman* for his pains. *Me*. What did the young man? *Og*. What should he do, but lament his misfortune? *Me*. Had they any Authority for what they did? *Og*. The same Commission that an Innkeeper has to rob his Guest, or a Highwayman to take a Purse. *Me*. 'Tis a strange Confidence

Confidence to do such a Villany before so many Witnesses. *Og.* They are so us'd to't, that they think they do well in't; There where divers in the great Ship that lookt on, and several *English* Merchants in the Boat that grumbled at it, but to no purpose; they take a pride in't, as if it were the outwitting of a Man, and made their boasts that they had catch'd the *French-man* in his Roguery. *Me.* I would without any more to do, hang up these Coast-thieves, and make sport with them at the very Gallows. *Og.* Nay they are both Shores alike; and hence we may gather, if the little Thieves be thus bold, what will not the great ones do? and it holds betwixt Masters and Servants. So that I am resolv'd for the future rather to go five hundred Leagues about than to take the advantage of this accursed *Compendium*. Nay, in some respects this passage is worse than that to Hell it self; for there the descent is easie, tho' there is no getting out again; but here 'tis bad at one end, and yet worse at to'ther. There were at that time some *Antwerp* Merchants at *London*, and so I propounded to take my passage with them. *Me.* Are the Skippers of that Country then any better than their fellows? *Og.* An Ape will be always an Ape, and a Skipper a Skipper; but yet compar'd to those that live upon the Catch, these men are Angels. *Me.* I shall remember this if ever it comes in my head to go for *England*; but I have led you out of your way. *Og.* Very good. In our Journey to *London*, not far from *Canterbury*, there's a narrow hollow, steep way, and a great bank on each side, so that there's no scaping or avoiding; upon the left hand of that way, there stands a little Cottage or Receptacle for *Mendicants*. Upon the noise of any Horsemen, comes an old man out into the way. He first sprinkles you with Holy Water, and then offers you the upper Leather of a Shoe with a Brass Ring to't; and in

it, a Glass, as if it were some Gem: this you are to kiss, and give the poor fellow some small piece of Money. *Me.* I had rather meet a company of old Beggars in such a way, than a Troop of lusty Rogues upon the Pad. *Og.* *Gratian* rode upon my left hand, next to this Cottage, where he had his share of Holy Water, and bore it well enough; but upon presenting him the Shooe, he askt the manner of it. This, says the poor man, is the Shooe of *St. Thomas.* *Gratian* was in choler upon't, and turning to me, *What a Devil,* said he, *would these Brutes have? If we submit to kiss their Shooes, by the same reason we may be brought in time to kiss their Arses too.* I pitied the poor Wretch, and gave him a small Charity to comfort him. *Me.* In my opinion *Gratian* was not angry without a cause; I should not dislike the preserving old Shooes, and Garments, as an instance of the Moderation of our Fore-fathers, but I am absolutely against the forcing people to kiss 'em. He that is so zealous as to do it upon that account may be left to his liberty. *Og.* Not to dissemble the matter I think it were better let alone, than done; but in case of what cannot be mended on a sodain. it is my custom to make the best on't. How much have I been pleas'd with this Contemplation, that a good man is like a sheep, and a wicked like a harmful Creature! The Viper, tho' it cannot bite when 'tis dead, yet the very corruption, and the smell of it is mischievous; whereas a Sheep, while it lives, feeds us with its Milk; cloaths us with its Wooll; and fattens our ground with its very Ordure, and when 'tis dead, it serves us still with Mutton and with Leather. In like manner, men that are furious, and given to their Lusts, while they live, they are troublesome to all, and when they are dead, what with the noise of Bells, and the pomp of their Funerals, they are still a Vexation to the Living, and sometimes to
their

their Successors, by causing new Exactions; but the good man makes himself Profitable in all respects to the whole World. As this Saint by his President, his Learning, and his good Counsel, invited all men to Piety; he comforted the friendless; assisted the needy, and if it were possible, he does more good now he is dead, than he did living: He built this magnificent Church, and advanc'd the Authority of the Priesthood all over *England*; nay, and with this very fragment of his Shooe he maintains a Conventicle of poor men. *Me.* This is certainly a pious Contemplation; but seeing you are of this mind, I wonder you should never go to see *St. Patrick's Den*, of which the World tells so many wonders, which I must confess are no Articles of my Faith. *Og.* Take my word for't, friend, all the Prodigious things that ever you heard of it, fall short of the Truth. *Me.* Why, were you ever in't then? *Og.* Yes, and I had as good have past the *Stygian Lake*, or descended into the Jaws of *Avernus*. I was where I could see all that's done in Hell. *Me.* Do but bless me with the Story of it. *Og.* We have made this Dialogue long enough already; let that rather serve for the beginning of another. 'Tis time for me to go home and bespeak Supper, for I have not din'd to day. *Me.* You do not fast out of Conscience, I hope. *Og.* No, but out of spite. *Me.* What to your Belly? *Og.* No, no; but to the unconscionable Victuallers; that set high Rates upon ill Meat; and this is my way of revenge. When I am in hope of a good Supper, my Stomach wambles at dinner; and when I find a dinner to my mind, my Stomach is out of order toward Supper. *Me.* And are not you ashamed to shew your self so narrow and penurious? *Og.* Believe me, *Menedemus*, in such a case as this, shame is very ill employ'd, and I have learn'd to keep mine for better uses. *Me.* I do e'en long for

for the remainder of your Story, wherefore expect me at Supper, and let me hear it out. *Og.* In troth I am beholden to you for offering your self uninvited, when others, though never so earnestly invited will not come. But if you will have me thank you over and over, let me perswade you to Sup at home to night: for I have time little enough for the business of my Family: and yet, now I think on't, I'll tell you what will be better for us both; you shall invite me and my Wife to dinner to morrow; and then if you please we'll talk it out till Supper; or rather then fail, we will not part then neither, till you confess you have your Belly full. Never scratch your head for the matter; do but you provide and depend upon't, we'll keep touch with ye.

Me. If I can't have your company cheaper, so let it be; I'll find Meat, and do you find Sauce, for your Discourse must be the best part of your Dinner.

Og. But do you hear? have not I set you agog now upon Travelling? *Me.* I do not know what you may do by that time you have finish'd your Relation; but at present I find work enough to do to maintain my Post. *Og.* What's you meaning for that?

Me. I walk about my house, go to my Study, take care of my Girls and then again into my Shop; I look after my Servants, and so into my Kitchen, to see if any thing be amiss there, and then up and down, observing how my Wife, and how my Children behave themselves, for I am very sollicitous to have every thing as it should be; this is my Post. *Og.* Prithee ease thy self, and leave that to St. James.

Me. I have Divine Authority for looking after my Family my self, but I do not find any Text for leaving it to the Saints,

O F

R A S H V O W S.

C O L. III.

*The Vanity and Misery of Rambling Voyages,
The Folly of Inconsiderate Vows: With some
Pleasant Reflexions upon pretended Indulgen-
cies, or Pardons.*

ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS.

Ar. **W**ELL met once again, my dear *Cornelius*. 'Tis a thousand year æ-thinks since I saw thee. *Cor.* What? my old Acquaintance, *Arnoldus*? the man of the whole World I long'd to see. *Ar.* We all gave thee for lost. But prithee where hast been Rambling all this while? *Cor.* In the other World. *Ar.* Why truly, by thy slovingly Dress, and this lean gastly Carcass, a body would ee'n judge as much. *Cor.* Well! but I ha'n't been with *Old Nick* yet, for all that. I am come from *Ferusalem*. *Ar.* And what Wind blew thee thither: *Cor.* The very same Wind that blowſ other people to the

the

the same place. *Ar.* Some whimsy, I suppose. *Cor.* There are more Fools than one however. *Ar.* What did ye hunt for there? *Cor.* Misery. *Ar.* Methinks you might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with any thing there worth seeing? *Cor.* Why truly little or nothing. They shew'd us certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be mostly Counterfeit; and meer Contrivances to gull the Credulous, and simple People. Nay, I am not yet satisfied that they can so much as tell ye the precise place where *Jerusalem* stood. *Ar.* What did ye see then? *Cor.* Only Barbarity, and Desolation. *Ar.* But the *Holy Land* (I hope) has made ye a *Holy Man*. *Cor.* No, nothing like it; for I am come back ten times worse than I went out. *Ar.* You have filled your Pockets perhaps. *Cor.* So far from it, that a Snake that has cast her Skin is not so bare as I am. *Ar.* Do you not repent ye then of so long a Journey, to so little purpose? *Cor.* As if that repentance would not be to as little purpose as the Journey. Nay, I cannot so much as be ashamed on't, there are so many other Fools to keep me in Countenance. *Ar.* What's the fruit then of this dangerous Voyage? *Cor.* Oh! very much. *Ar.* Let's know it then? I shall live the more at my ease hereafter for't. *Ar.* You'll have the pleasure of telling old Stories when the danger's over. *Cor.* That's something; but not all. *Ar.* Is there any advantage in it else then? *Cor.* Yes, there is. *Ar.* Pray'e what may that be? *Cor.* It furnishes a man with Table-talk, and discourse upon all occasions; the History of such an Adventure. 'Tis a strange delight that one Coxcomb takes in telling of Lies, and another in the Hearing of them. *Ar.* Truly that goes a great way. *Cor.* Nay I am well enough pleased my self to hear other Travellers amplify upon matters that they never saw nor heard; and they do it with so
much

much Confidence too, that in things, even the most ridiculous, and impossible, they believe themselves.

Ar. A perverse kind of satisfaction ! But there's something however for your Money. *Cor.* This is a more tolerable Course yet, than that of a Mercenary Soldier. An Army is the very Nursery of all Wickedness. *Ar.* But Lying is a mean and ungentleman-like humour. *Cor.* And yet a Lye is more Pardonable than a Calumny, or than either doing the Office of a Pick-thank, or Encouraging it ; or lavishing away a mans Time, and fortune, in Gaming. *Ar.* I'm of your opinion. *Cor.* But then there's another Benefit I reap by my Travels. *Ar.* What's that ? *Cor.* If I should find any friend of mine tainted with this Phrensie, I should advise him to stay at home : as a Mariner that has been Wreckt himself, bids another have a care of the place where he miscarry'd. *Ar.* This Caution would have done well if it had come in time. *Cor.* Why ? Are you sick of the same disease too ? *Ar.* Yes, I have been at *Rome* my self, and at *Compostella*. *Cor.* Bless me ! How proud I am to play the fool in such Company ? But what Angel put this into thy Head ? *Ar.* What Devil rather ? especially to leave a handsome young Wife, several Children, and a Family at home, and nothing in the World to maintain them but my daily industry. *Cor.* It must be some mighty matter sure, that could carry ye away from all these Obligations : What was't I prithee ? *Ar.* I'm asham'd on't. *Cor.* What, to Me ? thy friend and thy fellow-sufferer. *Ar.* There was a knot of neighbourly good-fellows of us drinking together ; and when we were high Flown, one was for making a Visit to *St. James* ; another, to *St. Peter* : *If you'll go, I'll go*, says one ; and *I'll go, if you'll go*, says another ; till at last, we concluded upon it to go altogether. I was willing, I confess, to keep up the Reputation of a fair Drinker ; and rather than break Compa-

ny, I e'en past my Promise : The next question was, whether we should march for *Rome*, or *Compostella* ; and upon the debate, it was determin'd that. (God willing) we should begin our Journey the very next morning, and visit *Both*. *Cor.* A Learned Sentence, and fitter to be Recorded in Wine, than upon Copper. *Ar.* After this, a swinging Glass was put about, to the *Bon Voyage* ; and when every man in his Course had *done reason* to't, the Vow was seal'd, and became inviolable. *Cor.* A new Religion ! But did ye all come safe back again ? *Ar.* All but *Three*. *One* dy'd upon the way ; but gave us in charge to remember his humble service to *Peter* and *James* ; *another*, at *Rome* ; who bad us commend him (when we return'd) to his Wife and Children : the *third* we left desperately sick at *Florence* ; and I believe he is in Heaven, long e're this. *Cor.* Was he a very good man ? *Ar.* The best Droll in Nature. *Ar.* Why should ye think he's in Heaven then ? *Ar.* Because he had a whole Satchel full of large *Indulgences*. *Cor.* I hear ye. But 'tis a huge way to Heaven, and a dangerous one, as I am told : There are such a World of Thieves in the middle Region of the Air. *Ar.* That's true ; but he was so fortifi'd with *Bulls*. *Cor.* In what Language ? *Ar.* In *Latin*. *Cor.* Well ! and does that secure him ? *Ar.* Yes, unless he should fall upon some Spirit that does not understand *Latin* : and in that case, he must back to *Rome*, and get a new Instrument. *Cor.* Do they sell any *Bulls* there to the *Dead* ? *Ar.* Yes, yes, as thick as Hopps. *Cor.* Have a care what ye say, for there are Spies abroad. *Ar.* I don't speak against *Indulgences* ; though I cannot but laugh at the freak of my fudling Companion. He was otherwise the vainest trifler that ever was born ; and yet chose rather to venture his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment, than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when

shall we have the Tryal of Skill ye told us of? *Cor.* We'll set a time for a little *Drinking Bout*; give notice of it to our *Camerades*, and then meet and tell Lies in our turns Helter-skelter. *Ar.* So let it be then.

T H E
S O L D I E R ' S C O N F E S S I O N .

C O L . I V .

*The Hardship and Iniquity of a Military Life;
With the Mockery of a Formal Chnfession.*

H A N N O , T H R A S Y M A C H U S ,

Han. **W**H Y how now Souldier? what's the matter? A *Mercury* turn'd into a *Vulcan*? *Th.* What do you talk to Me of your *Mercuries* and *Vulcans*? *Han.* Why you went out upon the *Wing*, and are come back *Limping*. *Th.* I'm come back like a Soldier then. *Han.* A Soldier, say'st? In my Conscience, thoud'ft outrun a Deer, if thou had'ft but an enemy at thy heels. *Th.* The hope of Booty makes many a man Valiant. *Han.* Then 'tis to be hop'd you have made your Fortune; What Spoils have ye brought off? *Th.* Empty Pockets. *Han.* That's light Carriage however. *Th.* But then I have a huge burthen of Sins. *Han.* Sin is a terrible weight indeed. The
Prophet

Prophet calls it *Lead*. *Th.* In my whole life I never saw so much Villany: and I had my part in't too.

Han. How do ye like a Military Life then? *Th.*

It is undoubtedly, of all Courses, the most wicked, and the most miserable. *Han.* And yet some people

ye see, whether for Mony, or for Curiosity, make as much hast to a Battle, as to a *Banquet*: What do they

ail I wonder: *Th.* I look upon 'em to be absolutely possess'd; for if the Devil were not in them, they

would never anticipate their Fate. *Han.* So one would think; for put them upon honest Business

they'll scarce stir a foot in't for any mony. But how went the Battle? who got the better on't?

Th. What with the noise and clamour of Drums and Trumpets, Horses, and Arms, I was so far from

knowing what became of others, that I could hardly tell where I was my self. *Han.* But I have seen

those, that after a fought Field, would paint ye every Circumstance so to the life, as if they had only look'd

on. Such an Officer Said this, and t'other Did that; and every Word, and Action to a tittle. *Th.* I am

of opinion that these men ly'd most confoundedly. In short; if you would know what was done in my

Tent, I can tell ye; but for the History of the *Battle*, I can say nothing to't. *Han.* What not so much as

how ye came lame? *Th.* Scarce that upon my Honour. But I suppose it might be some Stone, the

Heel of a Horse, or so. *Han.* Well, but shall I tell you now how it came? *Th.* Why, who should tell

you? *Han.* No body, but I phansie it. *Th.* Guess then. *Han.* You were e'en running away, and got

a strain with a stumble. *Th.* Let me die if you have not hit the nail on the head. *Han.* Go get

ye home; and tell your Wife of your Exploits. *Th.* I shall be ratled to some tune, when she sees what a

trim I am come back in. *Han.* I do not doubt but you have robb'd, and stol'n sufficiently; What *Re-*

stitution now? *Th.* 'Tis made already. *Han.* To whom? *Th.* To *Wenches, Sutlers, Gamesters.* *Han.* Done like a Man of War; it is but reasonable that what's *I'll* got should be *Worse spent.* But have you kept your fingers all this while from *Sacrilege*? *Th.* We have made bold indeed with Churches, as well as private Houses; but in Hostility ye know, there's nothing Sacred. *Han.* But what satisfaction? *Th.* In a state of War there needs none; for all things are then lawful. *Han.* By the Law of Arms ye mean. *Th.* Right. *Han.* But that Law is the highest degree of Iniquity, nor was it Piety, but the hope of a Booty made you a Soldier. *Th.* 'Tis true; I took up Arms upon the common Principle of other *Swordmen.* *Han.* 'Tis some excuse yet to be mad with the major part. *Th.* I have heard a Parson in the Pulpit say, that *War* was *Lawful.* *Han.* Pulpits are commonly the Oracles of Truth: But War may be *Lawful* in a *Prince*, and yet not so with *You.* *Th.* The *Rabby's* hold that every man may live by his Calling. *Han.* Burning of Houses, spoiling of Females; ravishing of Nuns; robbing the miserable, and killing the Innocent. An admirable Calling! *Th.* Why may not we as well be hir'd to kill Men, as Butchers are to kill Beasts? *Han.* But did you never think what would become of your Soul if ye should be knockt on the head? *Th.* Truly not much; but I had a lively Faith; for I commended my self once for all to St. *Barbara.* *Han.* And did she take ye into her protection? *Th.* I fancy'd so; for methought she gave me a little Nod. *Han.* At what time was't? in the morning? *Th.* No, no, 'twas after Supper. *Han.* And by that time I suppose the *Trees walkt*, as well as the *Saint nodded.* *Th.* This mans a Witch. But *Christopher* was the Saint I most depended upon; for I had his Picture always in my eye. *Han.* What, in your Tent? How should a Saint come there? *Th.* We had it drawn

drawn with a Coal upon the Canvas. *Han.* So that you pray'd to *Christopher* the *Collier*: a sure Card to trust to, no doubt! But without fooling, you can never expect to be forgiven all this, unless you go to *Rome*. *Th.* Yes, yes, I know a shorter way. *Han.* How's that? *Th.* I'll away to the *Dominicans*, and I can do my business there with the *Commissaries* for a Trifle. *Han.* What for *Sacrilege*? *Th.* Why, if I had robb'd *Christ* himself, and cut off his Head over and above; they have Pardons would reach it, and Commissions large enough to Compound for't. *Han.* That's well. But what if God himself should not pass the Composition? *Th.* Oh! he's merciful. I'm more afraid of the Devil's not letting go his hold. *Han.* What Confessor do you intend to make use of? *Th.* Some Priest that has neither shame in him nor Conscience. *Han.* Like to Like; And when that's over, you'll go straight away, like a good Christian to the Communion. *Th.* Why not? for when I have once discharged my Iniquities into his Cowl, and cast off my Burthen, let him that absolves me, look to the rest. *Han.* But hark ye. How can you be sure that he does absolve ye, when you think he does? *Th.* Oh, very well. *Han.* But ye do not tell me how yet. *Th.* He lays his hand upon my head, and then mumbles something to himself; I don't know what it is. *Han.* What if he should give you all your Sins again, when he lays his hand upon your Head; and that these following, should be the words he mumbles to himself? *I absolve thee from all the good that is in thee, which I find to be little or none at all: I restore thee to thy self, and I leave thee just as I found thee.* *Th.* Let him take a care what he says: 'tis enough for me that I believe I am absolv'd. *Han.* But that Belief may be dangerous: and what now if he should not absolve ye at all? *Han.* 'Tis an unlucky thing to meet a troublesome man that will be waking a bodies

Conscience when 'tis fast asleep. *Han.* But a blessed encounter, to meet a friend that gives good advice, when a body needs it. *Th.* How good I know not; but I'm sure 'tis not very *Pleasant*.

THE INNS.

COL. V.

The Civility of the People at Lions, to Strangers, and Travellers; and the sweetness of the Place.
The Churlishness of a German Host, with a lively description of their Entertainment in their Stoves.

BERTULPHUS, GULIELMUS.

Be. **W**Hat's the reason, I wonder, that people will never be gotten out of *Lions* under two or three days stay there? for when I am once upon the way my self, I can never be quiet till I come to my journeys end. *Gu.* Now do I rather wonder that people can be gotten from thence at all. *Be.* Why so? *Gu.* Because 'tis the very place where the *Sirens* charm'd *Ulysses* and his *Mates*; or 'tis at least the *Moral* of that *Fable*. When a man is there at his Inn, he's as well as if he were at his own house. *Be.* Why what's the way on't then? *Gu.* The women are very handsome there, and the Table never without one of 'em to season the Entertainment; and with ingenious, and innocent Railery to keep the Guests in good humor. First came the

the Mistrefs of the House, and bad us welcome; and then her Daughter, a very fine woman, and of so pretty a Kind of Wit and Fashion, that it was impossible to be sad while she was in the Company; And you are not received there like strangers neither; but as if you were familiar Friends and old acquaintance the first minute you see one another. *Be.* Oh I know the *French* way of Civility very well. *Gu.* Now because they could not be always with us, (what with business, and what out of respect to their other Lodgers) when the Daughter left us, we had to supply her place till she could return, a Lass that was so well instructed in the Knack of *Repartees*, she had a word for every body, and no Conceit came amiss to her, (the Mother you must know was somewhat in years.) *Be.* Well but how were you Treated all this while; for Stories fill no Bellies? *Gu.* Truly so splendidly, and so cheap that I was amaz'd at it. And then after Dinner, we chatted away the time so merrily, that I was still at home methought. *Be.* And how went matters in your Chambers? *Gu.* Why there we had the Girls about us again, gigling and toying, with a thousand Ape-tricks; and their main business was to know what Linnen we had to wash: In one word, they were all Females that we saw there, save only in the Stable; and we had 'em there too some times. Upon our coming away, they could not have shew'd more Affection and Tenderness at parting if we had been their own Brothers. *Be.* This Mode may do well enough in *France*; but the manly way of the *Germans* methinks pleases me better. *Gu.* I never was in *Germany*, wherefore pray let's know how 'tis there. *Be.* I can tell you for as much on't as I saw; but how 'tis in other parts of *Germany*, I can say little. Mine Host never salutes his Guest, for fear he should be thought to have some Design upon him, which is lookt upon as below the

Dignity and Gravity of a *German*- When ye have call'd a good while at the gate, the Master of the Inn puts his head out of the Stove-window, like a Tortoise from under his shell (for till the Summer Solstice they live commonly in Stoves.) Then does he expect that you should ask him if there be any lodging there: If he makes you no answer, you may take it for granted there is; and if you enquire for the Stable, without a word speaking, he points you to't, and there you may go and Curry your own Horse as you please your self, for there are no Servants there to do that office, unless it be in an Inn of extraordinary note; and then you have one to shew you the Stable, and a standing for your Horse, but in-commodious enough, for they keep the best places for Noblemen, as they pretend, that are yet to come. If you fault any thing, they tell you at next word, *T'ad best look out another Inn*. In their great Towns there's hardly any Hay to be got, and 'tis almost as dear too as Oats. When you have dress'd your Horse, you come *whole* into the Stove, Boots, Luggage, Dirt and all; for that's a common Room for all comers, *Gu*. Now in *France* you have your Chamber presently appointed you; where you may change your Linnen; Clean, Warm, or rest your self, as you please. *Be*. There's nothing of that here; for in this Stove you put off your Boots, D'on your Shoes, change your Shirt, if you will; hang up your Cloaths, or set your self a drying. If you have a mind to wash, the water's ready; but then you must have more water to fetch off the Dirt of that. *Gu*. I am clearly for these *manly* people (as you call 'em.) *Be*. If you come in at *four Afternoon*, you must not expect to Sup before *Nine* or *Ten*. *Gu*. What's the reason of that? *Be*. They never make any thing ready till they see their whole Company, that they may have but one work on't. *Gu*. For brevity sake. *Be*. Right:

So that you shall have betwixt fourscore and an hundred persons sometimes in the same Stove: Horse and Foot, Merchants, Mariners, Wagoners, Husbandmen, Women and Children, Sick and Sound. *Gu.* Why here is the true *Convent* (or *Cœnobium*) then. *Be.* One's combing of his Head, another wiping off his Sweat, a third cleansing of his Boots, or Hob-nail-Shoes; others belching of Garlick: Without more adoe, the Confusion of *Babel*, for Men and Languages, was nothing to this. If they see any Stranger, that by his Train and Habit looks like a man of Quality, they stand gaping at him as if he were an *Affrican Monster*: nay when they are set at the Table, and he behind 'em, they'l be still looking back at him, and staring him in the face till they forget their Suppers. *Gu.* There's none of this gazing at *Rome, Paris, or Venice, &c.* *Be.* Take notice now, that 'tis a mortal sin to call for any thing. When 'tis so late that there's no hope of any more Guests, Out comes ye an old gray-bearded Servant, close cropt, with a soure crab'd look, and in a fordid Habit. *Gu.* He would make a good Cupbearer to a Cardinal. *Be.* He over-looks the place; and counts to himself the number of the Guests; and the more Company, the more fire he puts in the Stove; though they were half smother'd before: For 'tis a token of respect to stew the people into a sweat. If any man that's ready to choak with the Fume, does but open the Window never so little, mine Host bids him shut it again. If he says he's not able to bear it, *get ye another Inn then*, cries the Master. *Gu.* 'Tis a dangerous thing, methinks, when mens Bodies are open'd with the heat, to draw in the Vapour of so many Folks together, to eat in the same place, and stay there so many hours: To say nothing of their Belching, Farting, and corrupt breaths, some of 'em teinted with secret Diseases,

and every man contributing to to Contagion: Nay, they have most of 'em the *French Itch* too;) and yet why the *French*? when 'tis common to all Nations) so that a man might be as safe among so many *Le-pers*. Tell me now, what is this short of a Pestilence? *Be.* They are strong stout men, and laugh at these Niceties. *Gu.* But in the mean time they are bold at other mens Perils. *Be.* Why what's to be done? 'Tis a thing they are us'd to, and 'tis a point of Resolution not to depart from a Custom. *Gu.* And yet till within these five and twenty years, nothing was more common in *Brabant* than hot Baths. But we have no more of 'em now, since they are found to be ill for the Scabbado. *Be.* Now let me go on; By and by, comes your bearded *Ganimede* in again, and layes ye his just number of Napkins upon the Table; no Damask (with a pox to 'em) but the remnants rather of an old Sail. There are Eight Guests at least allotted to every Table; and every man that knows the fashion of the Country places himself where he likes. Rich and Poor, Master and Servant, 'tis all one. *Gu.* This was the primitive Equality which is now driven out of the world by Tyranny: The very life (as I suppose) of the holy Disciples with their Master. *Be.* When they are all seated, out comes the Dog-looking Gray-beard again; counts his company once more over, and by and by brings every man his wooden Dish, with a Spoon of the same mettle, and then a Glass; a while after, comes the Bread; which the Guests may Chip at leisure while the Porridge are a boyling; for there they sit waiting perhaps some half an hour. *Gu.* Do none of 'em call for Meat in the mean time? *Be.* Not if they know the Country. At last, in comes the Wine, and Wine that for the sharpness and subtlety of it, is fitter for a Schoolman than for a Traveller; none of your heady fuming Drink, I warrant ye.

ye. But if a body should privately offer a piece of mony to get a Can of better Wine, somewhere else, they'll give ye a look, without speaking a word, as if they would murther ye. If you press it further, they'll tell you presently, here have been such and such *Counts* and *Marquises*, that found no fault with this Wine: If you don't like it, y'ad best mend your self elsewhere. You must observe now, that they only reckon upon their own Noblemen, in effect, to be *Men*; and wherever ye come, they are shewing you their *Arms*. By this time, comes in a Morfel to pacifie a barking Stomach; and after that, in great Pomp, follow the Dishes. The first, with Sippets of Bread in Flesh Porridge; or if it be a Fish-day; in a Soupe of Pulse. After that, comes in another Soupe; and then a Service of Butchers Meat, that has been twice boyl'd, or of Salt meats twice heat; and then Pulse again, or perhaps some more substantial Dish. When ye have taken off the edge of your Appetite, they bring ye either Roast Meat, or Stew'd Fish, (which is not amiss) but they are sparing on't, and 'tis quickly taken away again. This is the method of their Eating, which they order as Commedians do their Scenes, into so many Courses, of Chops, and Soupes; still taking care that the last Act may be best. *Gu.* The Poets method too. *Be.* Now 'tis death for any man to say, *Take away this Dish; here's no body Eats*: For you are bound to fit out your time; which (as I take it) they measure by an Hour-glass. And at length, out comes your old Servant again, or mine Host himself (who is no better Clad) and asks ye, *What cheer Gentlemen?* By and by comes a Can of more Generous Wine. They are men of Conscience ye must know; and love those most that Drink most; for (say they) you are all upon the Club; and he that Drinks most, pays no more than he that drinks least. *Gu.* Why these people are

Wits.

Wits. *Be.* There are many of 'em that spend twice as much for their Wine, as they pay for their *Ordinary*. But before I leave this Entertainment, what a horrible noise and confusion of Tongues is there, when they come once to be warm in their Drink! without more words, it deafens a man; and then you shall many times have a mixture of Mimiques and Buffoons in among them: a most detestable sort of men, and yet you would not think how these people delight in 'em. There's such a Singing, Bawling, Gaggling, Leaping, and Thundring up and down, that there's no hearing one another, and you'd think the Stove would fall upon your heads, and yet this is it they take to be a pleasant life; and there you are condemn'd to sit in spite of your heart, till toward midnight. *Gu.* Come make an end of your Meal, for I'm e'en sick on't too. *Be.* Presently. At length, when the Cheefe is taken away (which must be rotten and full of Maggots, or they'll have none on't.) In comes your *Ganimede* once again; with a wooden Trencher, and so many Circles, and Semicircles drawn in Chalk upon't. This he lays upon the Table, with a grim countenance, and without speaking, by his Look, and by his Dish you would take him for a *Charon*. They that understand the meaning of all this, lay down their mony, one after another, till the Trencher's cover'd. The Servant takes notice who lays down, and then reckons it to himself. If all be paid, he gives you a Nod. *Gu.* But what if there should be too much? *Be.* Perhaps he'll give ye it again; for I have seen it done. *Gu.* Does no body find fault with the Reckoning? *Be.* Not if he be Wise, for he shall quickly hear on't then. *What are you for a Man?* (says he) *you are to pay no more then other People?* *Gu.* 'Tis a Frank Nation this. *Be.* If you are weary with your Journey, and would go to Bed; they'll

bid you stay, till the rest go too. *Gu.* Plato's Commonwealth! *Be.* And then every Man has his Nest shew'd him, and in truth it is very properly call'd a Bed-Chamber; for there's nothing in't but a Bed, that a Man can either carry away, or steal. *Gu.* Every thing is clean however. *Be.* Just as it was at the Table. Your Sheets are washt perhaps once in six Months. *Gu.* But what becomes of your Horses? *Be.* They are treated much at the same Rate with the Men. *Gu.* And is it alike all over Germany? *Be.* No, 'tis better in some places and worse in others; but in general 'tis thus. *Gu.* What if I should tell you now how Travellers are treated in Lombardy, Spain, England, Wales? For the English partake of the Manners both of the French and Germans, as a Mixture of both Nations; but the Welsh boast themselves to be Originals, and of the Ancient Britains. *Be.* Pray'e tell me how 'tis; for I was never there. *Gu.* 'Tis too late now, for my Baggage is aboard; and if I fail of being at my Boat by three a Clock, I shall lose my Passage; but some other time ye shall have the rest at large.

T H E
R E L I G I O U S T R E A T .

C O L . VI .

Table-Discourse for Christians. All the Works of Nature yield Matter for Contemplation. A Description of a pleasant Garden, with all the Beauties of it. The Reading of Scripture recommended even at Meals. Several Texts expounded. The Force of the Light of Nature, in Pagan Philosophers and Poets: With Reflections upon the Excellencies of Socrates and Cicero. Charity is better bestowed upon Necessities than Superfluities; with Directions how to apply it.

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHEUS, THEOPHILUS,
CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS.

Eu. **I** Wonder how any body can endure to live in a smoaky Town, when every thing's so fresh and pleasant in the Country; such delicious Flowers, Meadows, Rivers Fountains, &c. *Ti.* Several Men, several Humours; and besides, a Man may like the Country well, and yet like something else better. For 'tis with Pleasures as 'tis with Nails, one drives out another. *Eu.* You speak

speak of Usurers perhaps, or of covetous Traders, which in truth are all one. *Ti.* Not of them alone, I assure you, but of a thousand other sorts of People; to the very Priests and Monks, that make choice still of the most populous Cities for their Habitations. It is not *Plato* or *Pythagoras* that they follow in this Practice, but the *Blind Beggar* rather, who loves to be where he's crouded: For, says he, *the more People, the more Profit.* *Eu.* Pre'thee let's leave the *Blind Beggar* then, and behave our selves like *Philosophers.* *Ti.* Was not *Socrates* a *Philosopher*? And yet he was for a *Town-life*; where a man might learn what he had a mind to know. In the *Country*, 'tis true, ye have Woods, Gardens, Springs and Brooks, that may entertain the Eye; but these are all mute; and there's no Edification without Discourse. *Eu.* *Socrates* puts the Case, I know, of a Man's walking alone in the Fields; not as if any of the Works of the Creation wanted a Tong, for every part of it speaks to the Instruction of any Man, that has but a good Will, and a Capacity to learn. Do but consider the native Glories of the Spring; how they set forth and proclaim the equal Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator! How many excellent things did *Socrates*, in his Retirement, both teach *Phædrus*, and learn from him? *Ti.* A *Country Life*, I must confess, in such Company, were a Paradise. *Eu.* If you have a mind to make Trial of it, take a Dinner with me to morrow, a step here out o'th' Town, I have a plain little House there; but I'll promise you a cleanly and a hearty Welcome. *Ti.* We are enow to eat ye up. *Eu.* Never fear that, so long as the Melons, the Figgs, Pears, Apples, and Nuts last: And 'tis but gaping neither, to have the Fruit fall into your Mouths. In one Word; you are to expect only a *Garden Treat*, unless perhaps we should search the Hen-roost for a Pullet; the very Wine grows

grows on the place too, so that there's not one penny of money in the case. *Ti.* Upon these Terms we'l be your Guests. *Eu.* Let every man bring his Friend too, and then we are the just number of the Muses. *Ti.* A Match. *Eu.* And take notice that though I find Meat, you are to bring Sauce. *Ti.* What do you mean! Pepper and Sugar? *Eu.* No no; a thing that's both more favoury and cheaper. *Ti.* What may that be? *Eu.* A good Stomach. A light Supper to night, and a Walk to morrow morning does it. (for the Walk you may thank me;) But what hour will you eat at? *Ti.* About Ten; before the heat of the Day. *Eu.* I'll give order for't.

Servant. Sir, the Gentlemen are come. *Eu.* You're welcome, my Masters, for coming according to your words; but you're twice as welcome, for coming so Early, and bringing the best Company in the World along with ye. It is a kind of unmannerly Civility, methinks, in some people, to make their Host wait. *Ti.* We came so much the sooner, that we might have time enough to look over all your Curiosities; for they say you live like a Prince here; and that the very contrivances about your House, tell who's the Master of it. *Eu.* And you will find it a Palace (I can assure ye) worthy of such a Prince: This Nest is, to me, more than an Imperial Court; and if Liberty be a Kingdom, here do I Reign. But what if we should take the Cool of the morning now, to see the Gardens, while the Wench in the Kitchin provides us a Sallad? *Ti.* Never was any thing in better order. The very Design of this Garden bids a man welcome to't. Have you any more then this? *Eu.* Here are Flowers, and Greens, that will serve to put by a worse Scent. Let every man take freely what he likes; for this place lies (in a manner) in Common; I never shut it up but a nights. *Ti.* *St. Peter* Keeps the Gate, I perceive
Eu. A

Eu. A Porter that pleases me much better than the *Mercuries, Centaurs,* and fictitious Monsters that I see in other places. *Ti.* And more suitable to Christianity too. *Eu.* And he's no mute neither, for he accosts you in Three Languages. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* You may read it your self. *Ti.* 'Tis too far off for my eyes. *Eu.* Here's a Glass then will make ye see through an Inch-bord. *Ti.* I have the *Latin.* *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.* Mat. 19. 17. *If thou wilt enter into Life, keep the Commandements.* *Eu.* Now read the *Greek.* *Ti.* I see the *Greek,* but that does not see me. Let *Theophilus* speak to that point; for he's never without *Greek* in's Mouth. *Th.* *Μετανοήσατε ἕν ὁμολογήσατε.* Repent and be converted. Acts 3. 19. *Ch.* Now leave the *Hebrew* to me. *וְצְדִיק בְּאֱמוּנָתוֹ יַחִיה* in Truth and Righteousness. *Eu.* you'll take him perchance for an unmannerly Porter, that at first dash bids ye turn from your Iniquities, and apply your self to Godliness: And then tells ye that Salvation comes not from the works of the Law, but from Faith in the Gospel; and the observance of the Evangelical precepts. *Ti.* And see the Chappel there on the right hand that he directs us to; it is a very fine one: There's *Jesus Christ* upon an Altar, pointing up to Heaven, with his Right-hand towards *God the Father,* and the *Holy Ghost*; and with his Left, he seems to Court and Invite all Comers. *Eu.* And he Greets you in three Languages too, *Ego sum via, Veritas, & Vita.* I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. *יְרֵאָה אֱלֹהִים אֲלֵפָא, וְיְרֵאָה אֱלֹהִים אֵוָּא.* I am the Alpha and Omega. *יְרֵאָה אֱלֹהִים אֲרַמְרָם.* Come ye Children unto me; I will teach ye the fear of the Lord. *Ti.* This Greeting looks like a good Omen. *Eu.* And it is but just and devout to pay back an Acknowledgment with Supplications to our Blessed Saviour, that he will vouchsafe (since we can do nothing of our selves) by his infinite Goodness, to keep us in the right Way, and bring

us by the Truth of the Gospel to everlasting Life, drawing us by himself, to himself, all Superstitious Vanities and Delusions apart. *Ti.* It is most reasonable that we should Pray, and the very place invites us to't. *Eu.* Strangers are generally pleas'd with this Garden; and hardly a Man that passes by this place without an Ejaculation. Instead of the Infamous *Priapus*, I have committed, not only my Gardens, but all my Possessions, both of Body and Mind, to the Protection of my *Saviour*. This bubbling Fountain of *Living Waters* represents that only Fountain of *Life* that refreshes all that are weary, and oppress'd, with it's Divine Streams: the *Fountain*, which the languishing Soul longs for, as the *Hart*, in the *Psalmist*, does for the *Brooks*: The Fountain which whoever Thirsts for may have his fill *gratis*. Some that come hither, make it a matter of Religion to sprinkle themselves with it, and others to drink of it. You are loth, I perceive, to leave this place: But let's go on, and I'll shew you a square wall'd Garden here beyond, that's better worth your seeing. After Dinner we'll view what's within doores, for till towards Evening 'twill be so hot, there's no looking out of our shells. *Ti.* Bless me, what a delicious Prospect is here! *Eu.* And so it ought to be, for this Garden was design'd for Pleasure; but for Honest Pleasure; the Entertainment of the Sight, the Smell, and the Refreshment of the very Mind. You have nothing here but Sweet Herbs, and those only choice ones too; and every Kind has its bed by it self. *Ti.* I am now convinc'd that the Plants are not mute, as you were saying c'en now. *Eu.* Y'are in the Right: My House was never made for Magnificence, but for Discourse. So that I can never be alone in't, as you your self shall confess when you have seen it through. As I have rang'd my several Plants into several Troops, so every

every Troop has its *Standard* to it self, with a peculiar *Motto*. The *Marjorams* word is *Abstine Sus, non tibi spiro*: My *Perfume* was never made for the Snout of a Sow; being a Fragrancy to which the Sow has a natural Aversion, And so every other Herb has something in the Title, to denote the Particular Virtue of the Plant. *Ti.* I have seen nothing yet that pleases me better than this Fountain. It is the Ornament, the Relief, and Security of the whole Garden. But, for this *Cistern* here, that with so much satisfaction to the Eye, Waters the whole Ground in Channels, at such Equal Distances, that it shows all the Flowers over again, as in a Looking-Glass; this *Cistern*, I say, is it of *Marble*? *Eu.* Not a word of that, I prithee. How should *Marble* come hither? 'Tis only a *Paste* that's cover'd over with an Artificial Counterfeit. *Ti.* And where does this delicious Rivulet discharge it self at last? *Eu.* Just at the rate of Human Obligations. when we have serv'd our own Turns; so is it with this Delicate Brook: when we have had the Pleasure, and the Benefit of it in the Garden, it washes the Kitchen, and then passes through the Sink into the Common-shore. *Ti.* A most Inhuman Cruelty, as I am a Christian! *Eu.* And I should think it so too, if the Bounty of Providence had not appointed it in Common for all these Uses. If you call this a Cruelty, what shall we say of those that with their Lusts, and Appetites, Pollute the Fountain of Divine Truth, which was given us for the Composing, and Purgings of our Minds; and abuse the Unspeakable Goodness of the Almighty? *Ti.* You speak Reason. But how comes it that all your *Made-Hedges* are Green too? *Eu.* Because I would have every thing Green here. Some are for a mixture of Red to set off the other. But I am still for Green; as every Man has his Phancy, though it be but in a

Garden. *Ti.* The Garden is very fine of it self, but these three Walks, methinks, take off very much from the lightsomness and Pleasure of it. *Eu.* There do I either Study, or Walk, or Talk with a Friend, or Eat a Dish of Meat, according as the Humour takes me. *Ti.* Those speckled particolour'd Pillars there, are not they *Marble*? *Eu.* Out of the same Quarry with the *Cistern*. *Ti.* 'Tis a pretty Cheat; I should have Sworn they had been *Marble*. *Eu.* Take it for a Warning then that you Swear nothing rashly, for you see how a Man may be mistaken. What I want in my Purse, I am fain to supply with Invention. *Ti.* And could you not content your self with so neat and well-finish'd a Garden in *Substance*, without more Gardens in *Picture*, over and above? *Eu.* First, one piece of Ground will not hold all sorts of Plants. Secondly, 'Tis a double pleasure to compare Painted Flowers with the Life. In the one we Contemplate the admirable work of Nature: In the other, the Skill of the Artist; and in both, the Goodness of God, who gives us all things for our use, and shews himself to be Wonderful and Amiable together. And lastly, the Painting holds fresh and Green all the Winter, when the Flowers are dead and wither'd. *Ti.* But what sweetness is there in a Picture? *Eu.* Consider on the other side, that it requires no dressing. *Ti.* It only delights the Eye. *Eu.* But then 'tis beautiful in all Seasons. *Ti.* Pictures themselves grow old. *Eu.* They do so, but yet they'l out-live us; beside, that whereas Wee are the worse for Age, They are the better for't. *Ti.* That's too true, if it could be otherwise. *Eu.* These Walks serve me to many purposes. In one of them I take the benefit of the *Morning-Sun*; In another, I take Sanctuary against the Heats of the *Meridian*, and refresh my self in the cool of the shade. And in the Third I sit airing my self

self sometimes. But if you please, we'll take a view of 'em nearer hand. See how green 'tis under foot; and ye have the beauty of Painted Flowers in the very Chequerings of the Pavement. Here's a Wood now in *Fresco*; there's a strange variety of matter in't; so many Trees, and but one of a sort; and all express'd to the Life: And so for the Birds too, especially if any way remarkable: As for Geese, Hens and Ducks, they are not worth the drawing. Underneath, are Four-footed Creatures, or such Birds as live upon the ground, and keep them company.

Ti. The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every thing in *Action*; either doing, or imitating something. There's an *Owl* sits peeping through the Leaves, with a Label in her mouth. What says she?

Eu. She's an *Athenian* her self, and so speaks *Greek*: *σωφροσύνη*, says she, & *μηδὲν ἰσχυρῶς*. *Be wise, I do not fly to all.* She bids us do nothing rashly. There's an *Eagle* Quarrying upon a *Hare*, and a *Bittle* interceding, but to no purpose. The *Wren*, that mortally hates the *Eagle*, seconding the *Bittle*.

Ti. That *Swallow*, What has she got in her mouth?

Eu. A Leaf of *Celandine*; (Don't you know the Plant) she cures the Eyes of her young ones with it.

Ti. What an odd kind of *Lizard* is there?

Eu. You're mistaken, 'tis a *Chamæleon*.

Ti. Not the *Chamæleon* there's so much talk of. I took that for a *Beast* twice as big as a *Lyon*, The Name on't is twice as long too.

Eu. This *Chamæleon* is always hungry and gaping; especially near a *wild Fig-Tree*, for that's his Aversion. He's otherwise harmless, and yet the little Creature has Poyson in him.

Ti. I do not find that he changes his Colour.

Eu. But if you saw him change his place, you would see him change his Colour too.

Ti. What's the meaning of that *Piper*?

Eu. Don't you see a *Camel* Dancing there hard by?

Ti. A very pleasant Phan-

cy truly, the *Ape Whistles*, and the *Camel Dances*.
Eu. It would ask at least three days to run thorough the particulars one by one. So that we had better take some other time for that, and content our selves with what we have had for the present. You have here all sorts of famous Plants, describ'd according to Nature; and (to encrease the wonder) the strongest Poysons in the World, which ye may both look upon and handle without any danger. *Ti.* Here's a *Scorpion*: they are common in *Italy*, and very mischievous, but rarely seen here. Has the Painter given it the true Colour? *Eu.* Why do ye ask? *Ti.* This is too pale methinks; for those in *Italy* are blacker. *Eu.* Do you know the Plant it's fall'n upon? *Ti.* Not very well. *Eu.* That's no wonder, for we have none of it in these Parts. They call it *Woolfs bane*, so deadly a Poyson, that upon the very touch of it, a *Scorpion* presently turns pale, is stupified and overcome. But then when he is wounded with one Poyson, he finds his Remedy in another; and if he can but get to the *White Helebore*, he recovers. Those Plants there, are the two sorts of *Helebore*. *Ti.* This *Scorpion* is undone then, for he is never like to remove from the place where he is. But do your *Scorpions* speak here? *Eu.* Yes, and they speak *Greek* too. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* *ἔυχα Θεός ἔ ἀλιτῶν.* *God hath found out the Guilty.* Now here in the Grass, you have all kinds of Serpents. Here's the *Basilisk*, that's not only terrible for his poyson, but the very Flash of his Eye is Mortal. *Ti.* And does not he say something to? *Eu.* Yes; and his word is *Oderint, dum Metuant.* *Let them hate me, so they fear me.* *Ti.* Spoken like an Emperor. *Eu.* Like a Tyrant you mean. Now for a Combat betwixt a *Lizard* and a *Viper*: and there again lies a *Snake*, (the *Dipsas*) upon the Catch, under an *Estrich* Egg-shell. You come now to the whole
 Polity

Polity of the *Ants* (that industrious Creature, which we are call'd upon to imitate, by Authors both Sacred and Profane.) And here are your *Indian Ants* that both Carry Gold, and Hoard it up. *Ti.* Good God, how is't possible for any man to be weary of this Entertainment! *Eu.* And yet some other time you shall see I'll give you your Belly full on't. Now before ye, at a good distance, there's a third wall, where you have *Lakes, Seas, Rivers,* and all sorts of choice *Fishes.* Here's the *Nile,* and a *Dolphin* grappling with a *Crocodile.* The natural Friend of Mankind with our greatest Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores, ye see several *Amphibia,* as *Crabs, Seals, Beavers;* Here's a *Polypus* catcht in an *Oyster.* *Ti.* And what is't that he says? ἀισὼν ἂ ἀισώμευ. *The Taker taken.* *Ti.* This water is rarely done. *Eu.* If it were not we should have needed other Eyes. Look ye; there's another *Polypus,* see how he cuts it away above water like a wherry; and there lyes a *Torpedo* upon the sand (both of a colour) you may touch 'em here without any sort of danger. But let's to something else; for this feeds the Eye, but not the Belly. *Ti.* Is there any more to be seen then? *Eu.* Wee'll look into the Backside by and by. Here's an indifferent fair Garden cut into two. The one's for the Kitchen, and that's my Wives, the other is a *Phisique Garden.* Upon the left hand, you have an open Green Meadow enclosed with a Quickset Hedg. There do I take the Air sometimes, and divert myself with good Company. Upon the Right-hand there's a Nursery of Forreign Plants, which I have brought by degrees to endure this Climate. But these things you shall see at better leisure. *Ti.* The King himself has nothing like ye. *Eu.* At the end of the upper Walk, there's an *Aviary,* which I'll shew you after Dinner. And among the Birds you'll see as great a Diversity of Humors as of Plumes

and Notes: For they have their Kindnesses and their Feuds as well as we. And then they're so tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper, they'll come flying in at the Window to me at the very Table, and eat for Company. When they see me there upon the Draw-bridge (talking perhaps with a Friend, or so) they'll sit some of them observing and hearkning, others fluttering about me, and lighting upon my Head or my Shoulders, without any sort of Fear, for they find that no body hurts 'em. At the further end of the Orchard, I have my *Bees*, which is a Sight worth your Curiosity. But I'll keep that in reserve for ye till by and by.

Servant. My Mistris bids me tell you, Sir, that Dinner will be spoil'd. *Eu.* A little Patience, tell her, and we come. Let's wash first, my Masters, that we may bring clean hands to the Table, as well as clean Hearts: the very Pagans us'd a kind of Reverence in this Case; how much more then should Christians do it; if it were but in Imitation of that sacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Disciples at his last Supper? The washing of the Hands is but an Emblem of purging the Mind. And so long as there is any Uncleaness in the one, or any Envy or Rancour in the other, we ought not to usurp upon the Blessings of the Table: The very Body is the soulder, the Meat the wholsomer for a purified Mind. *Ti.* Most undoubtedly. *Eu.* It is evident from several Instances in the Scriptures, that it was the Practice of our Saviour to bless the Table, both before and after Meat. Wherefore, if you please, I'll say you a Grace that St. *Chrysofome*, in one of his Homilies, commends to the Skies, and he himself was the Interpreter of it. *Ti.* Pray'e do.

Blessed

Blessed be thou, O God, who hast sustained us from our Youth, and providest Food for all Flesh: Fill our Hearts with Joy and Comfort, that partaking abundantly of thy Bounties, we may likewise abound in all good Works, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be Glory, Honour and Power, World without end. *Ti. Amen.*

Eu. Sit down now, and let every man take his Friend next him. The first Place is yours, *Timothy*, in the Right of your Grey Hairs. *Ti.* The only thing in the World that gives me a Title to't. *Eu.* We can judge but of what we see, and must leave the rest to God. *Sophronius*, keep you close to your Principal. There's the right side of the Table for *Theophilus* and *Eulalius*; and the left for *Chryso-glottus* and *Theodidactus*. *Euranius* and *Nephalius* must make a shift with what's left, and I'll stick here to my old Corner. *Ti.* This must not be; the Master of the House sure shall take the first place. *Eu.* The House is as much yours as mine, Gentlemen; or however, if I may govern within my own Jurisdiction, I'll sit where I please, and I have made my Choice. Now *Christ be with us and among us; without whom there can be no true Joy and Comfort.* *Ti. Amen.* But where shall *He* sit? for the places are all taken up. *Eu.* I would have him in every Drop, and Morsel that we Eat, or Drink; but principally in our minds. And the better to fit us for the reception of so Divine a Guest, if you please, wee'll have some piece of Scripture read in the *Interim*, which will not at all hinder us in the business of our Dinner. *Ti.* With all my Soul. *Eu.* This Entertainment pleases me so much the better, because it puts off Vain and frivolous discourse, and brings profit beside. I am none of those that think no Society diverting, unless it be season'd
with

with the foppery of wanton Stories, and Bawdy Songs. There's no true joy but in a clear and open Conscience; and those are the happy Conversations, where only such things are spoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterward with Satisfaction, and without any Mixture either of Shame, or Repentance. *Ti.* It were well if we were as Careful in this point, as we are sure of the truth on't. *Eu.* And 'tis not all neither, that the Benefit is valuable and Certain; but one Months using of it would make it pleasant too. *Ti.* And therefore 'tis the best Course we can take to wont our selves to that which is good.

Eu. Read us something, Boy, and speak out and distinctly. *Boy.* *Prov. 21. The Kings heart is in the hand of the Lord as the Rivers of Water: he turneth it whithersoever he will. Every way of man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts. To do Justice and Judgment, is more acceptable to the Lord, then Sacrifice, v. 1, 2, 3.* *Eu.* Hold there; 'tis enough; for 'tis better to take down a little with an Appetite, then to devour more than a man can digest. *Ti.* 'Tis better I must confess in many cases. *Pliny* would have *Tully's Offices* never out of your hand: and I'm so far of his Mind, that I could wish the whole World, especially States-men, had him by heart: and for this little Book of the *Proverbs*, I have always lookt upon as the best of Manuals. *Eu.* 'Tis a good Sauce however to a flat Dinner. *Ti.* That Compliment might have been spar'd. where every thing is excellent. But if you had given us this Lecture to a Dish of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine, or Vinegar, it had been a most delicious Treat. *Eu.* I could commend it however with a better Grace, if I did but perfectly understand that which I have heard: And I would we had

had but some able Divine among us, that might fully expound it: But I do not know how far a Layman may be allowed to descant upon such a Subject. *Ti.* I see no hurt in't, even for the meanest Skipper to do it, bating the Rashness of passing Sentence in the Case. And who knows but that Christ himself (who has promised his Grace and Favour even to two or three that are gathered together in his Name) may vouchsafe his Assistance also unto us who are somewhat a larger Congregation. *Eu.* What if we should take these three Verses then, and divide them among us Nine Guests. *Ti.* We are all content, provided that our Patron lead the Way *Eu.* I should not scruple it, but that I am loth to use ye worse in my Exposition, than I have done in my Dinner. But Ceremony apart, and waving all other Interpretations, I take this to be the Moral of the first Verse. That *Private Men may be wrought upon by Admonition, Reproof, Laws and Menaces; but Kings that are above Fear, the more they are oppos'd, the fiercer their Displeasure. And therefore Princes in their Passions should be left to themselves; not in respect of any Confidence in the goodness of their Inclinations, but they are many times the Instrument of Providence for the Punishment of the Wicked, tho' by their own Cruelties, and Errors: was not Nebuchadnezzar a Scourge to his People? And yet God commanded that Obedience should be paid him. And that of Job, Cap. 34. of the Hypocrites Reigning, peradventure looks this way. And so that of the Prophet David, lamenting his Sins, Psal. 51. 4. Against Thee only have I sinned and done this Evil in thy sight. Not as if the Iniquity of Princes were not also fatal to the People: but they are only accountable still to Almighty God; from whose Judgment there lies no Appeal. Ti.* It goes well thus far. But what's meant by *the Rivers of Waters?* *Eu.* The very Comparison explains it.

The Wrath of a Prince is Impetuous, and Impotent ; not to be led This way or That ; or to be manag'd : but it presses forward with a Restless Fury. There's no stopping, or diverting of a Sea-breach ; but the interposing of Banks and Walls only makes it the more Outrageous. Let it but alone, and it will at last sink of it self ; as it falls out in many great Rivers. There is, in one word, less hazard in yielding, then in striving.

Ti. Is there no remedy then against the extravagancies of unruly Governors. *Eu.* The first Expedient is, not to receive a Lyon into the City. The second, so to hamper him with Laws, and Restrictions, as to keep him within bounds, but the best of all would be to train him up from his Childhood, in the Love and Exercise of Piety, and Virtue ; and to form his Will before he comes to understand his Power. Good Counsel, and Perswasion goes a great way ; provided it be seasonable and Gentle : but the last resort must be to Almighty God, for the moving of his heart towards things becoming his Dignity and Profession. *Ti.* And do you excuse your self because you are a Layman ? Where's the Graduate in Divinity, that will take upon him to mend this Comment ? *Eu.* Whether it be Right or wrong I cannot tell ; but if it be not Heretical, or Impious, I'm satisfi'd. But whatever it be, I have done as ye bad me ; and now, according to the Rules of Conversation, do you take your turns too.

Ti. The Complement you pass'd upon my gray Hairs, gives me some kind of Title to speak my sense next : which is, that the Text will bear yet a more mysterious meaning. *Eu.* I believe it may : and I should be glad to hear it. *Ti.* By the word King, may be signified a man so perfected, that he has wholly subdu'd his Lusts ; and is only led by the guidance of a Divine Impulse. Now it may not be proper, perhaps to tie up such a Person to the Conditions of Humane

mane Laws; but rather to remit him to his Master, by whose Spirit he is govern'd, Neither is he to be judg'd according to the Measures by which frail and imperfect Men advance themselves toward true Holiness: but if he steer another Course, we must say with St. Paul, Rom. 14. God hath received him, and to his own Master he standeth, or falleth. And so 1 Cor. 2. 15. He that is Spiritual, judgeth of all things, yet he himself is judged of no Man. To such therefore, let none prescribe; for the Lord, who hath appointed bounds to the Seas, and the Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which way soever pleases him. Now to what End should we prescribe to him, that does better things of himself than Humane Laws oblige him to? And how great a rashness were it, to restrain that Person to Political Constitutions, who is manifestly directed by the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost? *Eu.* You have not only the pretences of Wisdom (*Ty. othy*) in your Grey hairs, but the substance of it in your Reasoning. And I would to God that we had more such Kings as this of yours among Christians, for in truth, they ought all of them to be such. But we have Dwelt long enough upon our Herbs and Eggs, let them be taken away, and something else set in the Room. *Ti.* We have done so well already, there's no need of more. *Eu.* Now since by God's help, our success has been so good upon the first Verse; I should be glad to hear your *Shadow* (for so the *Latin* calls your *Guest*) explain himself upon the next; which I take to be the darker of the Two. *Soph.* If you'll pardon me at a venture, or if a *Shadow* may pretend to give *Light* to any thing, you shall have my thoughts upon't. *Eu.* You will lay an Obligation upon the whole Company: And I dare assure ye, that such a *Shadow* casts as much light as our Eyes will well bear. *Soph.* St. Paul tells us, that there are several ways of life that lead to Holiness.

lines. One's Genius lyes to the Church; another is for a Marry'd State; a Third for a single Life; Others for Privacy, and some again are pleas'd with publick Administrations in the Government; according to the various dispositions of Bodies and Minds. To one Man, all Meats are indifferent: Another distinguishes betwixt this Meat and that; and betwixt one day and another; and some again pass a judgment upon every day. In these things, St. Paul would have every Man enjoy his own Freedom, without reproaching another. Neither should we Censure any Man in these Cafes; but leave him to be judg'd by him that weighs the Heart. It falls out many times that he that Eats may be more acceptable to God than he that forbears; he that breaks a Holy-Day, than another that seems to Observe it; he that Weds, than another that lives single. I have done. *Eu.* You have hit the Nail o'th' head: And so long as I may converse with such Shadows, I shall never desire other Company. But here comes one that has liv'd single, and an *Eunuch*; not upon the score of Religion, but to gratifie our Pallates; It is a Capon from my own Barn dore. I am a great Lover of boyl'd meats. Take where ye like. Methinks this Soup, with Lettuce, favours very well. But wee'll have something from the Spit; and after that, some small Desert; and there's an End. *Ti.* But where's your Lady all this while? *Eu.* When you bring your own Wives, mine shall keep 'em Company. But she's more at liberty among the Women; and so are we too, by our selves: And if she were here she must sit like a Mute. *Socrates*, ye know, with some Philosophers at his Table, that lov'd their Discourse better than their Meat, had all thrown on the floor by his Wife, for the Companies talking more (as she thought) then came to their share. I should be loth that my *Xantippe* should shew us such another

Trick.

Trick. *Ti.* What your Wife? She's certainly one of the best Women in the World; and you're in no danger of such an Exploit. *Eu.* Truly such as she is, I should be loath to change her if I might; and 'tis my great happiness that she proves so. There are several *People* that are apt to say, such or such a man is happy; for he never had a Wife: But I say rather (with the wise Man) *he that has a good wife, has a good Lot.* *Ti.* 'Tis Commonly our own fault if we have ill Wives; either for loving those that are Bad, or for making 'em so; or else for want of instructing them better. *Eu.* You say right. But all this while who shall expound the Third Verse? Methinks the Divine *Theophilus* looks as if he had a mind to do it. *Th.* Truly my mind was upon my Belly. But I'll do my best however, if I may venture upon't without Offence. *Eu.* Nay it will be a favour to us, if, even by a Mistake you should give us occasion of finding the Truth. *Th.* *It seems to me, that the Prophet Hosea 6. 6. expounds that Verse very well* I desire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more then Burnt Offerings. *This is fully explain'd, and to the life, by our Saviour in St. Matthew; Chap. 9. When being at the Table of a Publican, with several others of the same Stamp and Profession; the Pharisees that valu'd themselves upon their external Observance of the Law, without any regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon depend the Law and the Prophets; the Pharisees, I say, askt the Disciples (to alienate their Affections from him) what their Master meant, to Eat with Publicans and Sinners. This is a Point, of which the Jews made a Conscience to so high a Degree, that if the stricter sort had but met any of 'em by chance, they would presently go home, and wash themselves.* This Question put the Disciples to a Loss, till their Master made Answer, both

both for himself and them. They (*says he*) that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick: But go you and learn what that meaneth; I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice; for I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners. *Eu.* This way of comparing Texts is the surest Rule of Expounding the Scriptures. But I would fain know what is't he calls *Sacrifice*, and what, *Mercy*; For how should we reconcile it, that God who has appointed and required so many *Sacrifices* should be against them? *Th.* How far God is against *Sacrifices*, he himself teaches us in the Prophet *Isaiah*, Chap. 1. There were certain *Legal Obligations* among the Jews, that were rather *Significations* of Holiness, than of the *Essence* of it: and there were certain other *Obligations* of *Perpetual Force*, being Good in their own *Natures*, without any *Respect* to the *Command*. Now God was not displeas'd with the Jews for *Observing* the *Rites* and *Ceremonies* of the *Law*; but for placing all their *Holiness* upon that outward performance; to the neglect of *Necessary* and more *Important Duties*: As if they had *Merited Heaven* by keeping their *Holy Days*; offering up of *Sacrifices*, abstaining from *Meats* forbidden, and by their frequent *Fastings*: whereas all this while they lay wallowing in their *Sins*; as *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Rapine*, *Hatred*, *Envy*, and other *Iniquities*; embracing only the *Shadow* of Religion, without minding the *Substance*. But where he says, I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice, I take it to be an *Hebraism*; that is to say, *Mercy* rather than *Sacrifice*; after the *Interpretation* of *Solomon* in this *Text*. And again, the *Scripture* expresses all *Charitable Offices* to our *Neighbour* under the term of *Mercy* and *Eleemosynary Tenderness*, which derives its very *Name* from *Pitty*. By *Sacrifices*, I suppose, is intended whatsoever respects *corporal Ceremonies*, under any *Affinity* with *Judaism*. As the choice of *Meats*, appointed *Garments*, *Fasts*,
Sacrifices,

Sacrifices, Resting upon Holy Days; and the saying over Prayers as a boy says his Lesson. *These things, as they are not to be neglected in their due seasons, so if a man relies too much upon these Observances, and sees his Brother in Distress, without Relieving him; these bare Formalities are very unpleasing to God. It has some appearance of Holiness, to have nothing to do with wicked men. But this Caution ceases, wheresoever there is place for the exercise of our Charity. It is a point of just Obedience to rest on Holy Days; but it were most Impious to make such a Conscience of the Day, as not to make a greater of saving his Brother upon that Day, if he were in Danger. Wherefore to keep the Lords day is a kind of Sacrifice, but to be Reconcil'd to my Brother is a Point of Mercy. And then for the Judgment of things, though the Weak are commonly oppress'd by the more Powerful, who are to pass the Sentence; yet it seems to me reasonable enough, that the Poor Man should mind him of that in Hosea, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. No Man can be said to keep the Law but he that observes the Will in it of the Law Maker. The Jews could take up an Ass upon their Sabbath that was fallen into a Pit; and yet they calumniated our Saviour for preserving a Man upon that day. This was a preposterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledge of God, for they never consider'd that these provisions were made for Man, and not Man for them. But I should think my self Impudent in saying thus much, if you had not commanded it; and I had rather learn of others. Eu. This Discourse is so far from Impudent, that it looks rather like an Inspiration: But while we are feeding of our Souls, we must not forget our Companions. Th. Who are those? Eu. Our Bodies; and I had rather call them *Companions*, then *Instruments, Habitations, or Sepulchers*. Ti. This is a sure way of Satisfaction, when the whole man's relie-*

ved. *Eu.* We are long a coming to't methinks; wherefore if you please, wee'll call for a roasted Bit, without staying any longer for a little. And now ye see your Ordinary. Here's a good shoulder of Mutton, a Capon, and two brace of Patridges. These Patridges came from the Market; and I'm beholden to my Farm for the rest. *Ti.* Here's a Dinner for a Prince. *Eu.* For a *Carmelite*, you would say; but such as it is you're welcome to't; and that must supply your Entertainment. *Ti.* This is the talkingst place that ever I set my Foot in. Not only the Walls, but the very Cup speaks. *Eu.* And what does it say? *Ti.* *No man is hurt, but by himself.* *Eu.* The Cup pleads for the Wine; for if a man get a Feaver, or a pain in the Head with over-drinking, we are subject to curse the wine, when we should rather impute it to our selves for the Excess. *Soph.* Mine speaks *Greek* here. *Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλήθεια.* *In Wine there's Truth.* *Eu.* This gives to understand, that 'tis not safe for Priests, or Courtiers to drink deep; for fear of throwing their hearts out at their mouths. *Soph.* The *Egyptians* would not allow their Priests to Drink any Wine at all: and yet in those Days, there was no *Auricular Confession*. 'Tis become lawful now for all people to drink Wine; how convenient, I know not. What Book is that, *Eulalius*, you take out of your Pocket? It must needs be a good one sure, there's so much cost bestow'd upon it. *Eula.* It has a Glorious outside, I must confess, and yet 'tis infinitely more precious within. Here are the *Epistles* of *St. Paul*, which I still carry about me, as my beloved Entertainment, and I take 'em out now upon something you said, that minds me of a place which I have beat my head about a long time, and I am not yet resolved in. It is in the *6th. Chapter* of the *first Epistle* to the *Corinthians*. *All things are*
Lawful

Lawful unto me, but all things are not Expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any. First, (if we may trust the *Stoiques*) Nothing can be profitable to us which is not *Honest*. Therefore how comes *St. Paul* to distinguish betwixt *Lawful* and *Expedient*? It is not *Lawful* sure to Whore, or to drink drunk. How is it said then that *All things are Lawful*? But if *St. Paul* speaks of some particular things only, which he would have to be *Lawful*; how shall I divine from the Tenour of the place, which those particular things are? From that which follows, it may be gathered that he there speaks of the Choice of Meats. For some abstain from things offer'd to *Idols*, others, from Meats that were forbidden by *Moses's Law*. In the *Eighth Chapter*, he Treats of the former, and then in the *Tenth*, unfolds the Intention of this place; saying, *All things are Lawful for me; but all things are not expedient: All things are Lawful for me, but all things Edify not. Let no man seek his own but every Man anothers Wealth. Whatsoever is sold in the Shambles, Eat,* And that which *St. Paul* subjoyns, agrees with what he said before. *Meat for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; God shall destroy both It and Them.* Now that this was spoken of the *Judaical choice of Meats*, appears by the close of the *Tenth Chapter*. *Give none Offence neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles; nor to the Church of God, even as I please all Men in all Things; not seeking my own Profit, but the Profit of many that they may be saved:* Where he speaks of the *Gentiles*, he seems to reflect upon things offer'd to *Idols*, and in naming the *Jews*, he refers to the *Choice of Meats*: Under the *Church of God* comprehending the weak that are collected out of both sorts. It was *Lawful*, it seems, to eat of all Meats whatsoever, and all things are clean to the clean: But the remain-

ing question is, whether or no it be *Expedient*. The Liberty of the Gospel makes all things Lawful ; But for the avoiding of scandal, Charity has a regard to the Conscience of my Neighbour. Upon that score, I would forbear, even things the most *Lawful* : rather choosing to gratifie the scruples of Another, than to insist upon the Exercise of my own freedom. But now here arises a double difficulty. First, That there's nothing in the Context to warrant this Construction either before, or after. For his charge against the *Corinthians* was, that they were *Seditious, Fornicators, Adulterous, Incestuous* and given to *Contention* before *Wicked Judges*. Now what coherence is there after all this, to say, *all things are Lawful for me, but all things are not expedient* ? After this Passage, he returns to the point of *Incontinence*, which he had also repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of *Contention* : *But the Body, says he, is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord is for the Body*. But this may be Salv'd too, because a little before in the Catalogue of Sins, there was mention made of *Idolatry*. *Be not deceived ; neither Fornicators, Idolaters, nor Adulterers* ; and then the Eating of things offer'd to *Idols*, is a spice of *Idolatry*. Wherefore he follows it with this expression, *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats*. Intimating, that in Case of Necessity, and for a Season, a man may Eat any thing, as far as Charity will permit ; but that uncleanness, is in all persons, and at all times, to be detested. It is matter of Necessity, that we Eat : But that Necessity shall be taken away at the last day. If we be lustful, it is voluntary and malicious. There is yet another scruple which I cannot either dissolve, or reconcile to that passage : *but I will not be brought under the Power of any* : For he says, that he has the Power of all things, and yet he will not be brought under any ones Power.

If

If he may be said to be in another mans Power, that abstains for fear of offending; it is no more then what in the ninth Chapter he speaks of himself: *For tho' I be free from all men, yet have I made my self Servant unto all, that I might gain the more.* St. *Ambrose* stumbling, as I suppose, at this scruple, takes this to be the Genuine sense of the Apostle, for the better understanding of him in another Place, where he claims to himself the Power of doing as the rest of the Apostles. (either true or false) the Liberty of receiving Maintenance from those to whom he Preached the Gospel. But yet he forbore this, tho' he might have done it, as a thing expedient among the *Corinthians*, whom he charg'd with so many, and so Enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives is in some degree in the Power of him that gives; and suffers some kind of Abatement in his Authority: For he that takes, cannot so freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives, will not easily take a reprehension from him that he has oblig'd. Therefore did St. *Paul* abstain from many things that were *Lawful*, for the Credit of his *Apostolical Liberty*, which he chose rather to support at the height, that he might maintain the Dignity of his Commission, for the Reprehension of their Sins. This Explication of St. *Ambrose*, I am well enough pleas'd with: and yet if any body had rather apply this passage to Meats. St. *Paul's* saying, *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*, may in my opinion, bear this Explanation. Although I may sometime abstain from Meats offer'd to Idols, or forbidden by the *Mosaical Law*, out of a Tenderness to the scruples of a weak Brother; my mind is never the less Free: Well knowing that Necessity makes all Meats Lawful. But there were some false Apostles, that would perswade the World that some Meats were in themselves impure; and that

not only upon Occasion, but in all Extremities, they were to be forborn, as *Adultery*, or *Murther*. Now those that were thus misled, fell from their *Gospel-Liberty* under a *foreign Power*. Only *Theophilact*, as I remember, has an Opinion by himself. It is Lawful, says he, to Eat of all Meats, but it is not expedient to eat to Excess; for from Luxury comes Lust. There's no Impiety now in this sense, but I take it to be forc'd. I have now shew'd you my scruples, and it will become your Charity to set me at Ease. *Eu.* Your Discourse is certainly answerable to your Name. And the Questions you have propounded, cannot be better resolv'd, then by your self: For your manner of Doubting has put me out of all doubt. Altho' *St. Paul*, proposing to do many things together, passes so often from one thing to another, repeating what he had intermitted, and going over with the same thing again, in the same Epistle, that it is a hard matter to disentangle it. *Chrysoglottus*. If I were not afraid of talking ye out of your Dinners; and if I did not make a Conscience of mingling things profane, with sacred, there is something that I would venture to propound to you: I read it this day with singular delight. *Eu.* Whatsoever is pious, and conducing to good Manners, should not be called profane. The first place must be granted to the Authority of the Holy Scriptures; and yet, after That, I find among the Ancients, nay the *Ethniques*, and, which is yet more, among the Poets, certain Precepts, and Sentences, so clean, so sincere, so divine, that I cannot persuade my self but they wrote them by Holy Inspiration. And perhaps the Spirit of Christ diffuses it self further then we imagine. There are more Saints then we find in our Catalogue. To confess my self now among my Friends, I cannot read *Tully*, *Of old Age*; *of Friendship*; *his Offices*; or his *Tusculans*

lane Questions, without kissing the Book; without a Veneration for the Soul of that *Divine Heathen*; and then on the contrary, when I read some of our Modern Authors, their *Politiques*, *Oeconomies*, and *Ethiques*; Good God! how Jeune, and Cold they are? And so insensible, compar'd with the other, that I had rather lose *all Scotus*, and twenty more such as he, than *one Cicero*, or *Plutarch*. Not that I am wholly against them neither; but from the reading of the One, I find my self to become Honester, and Better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, and indifferent in the point of Virtue; but most violently bent upon Cavil, and Contention. Wherefore never fear to make your Proposition, whatever it is. *Ch.* Tho' all *Tully's Philosophy* carries upon it the stamp of something that is Divine, yet that Treatise of *Old Age*, which in his Old Age he wrote; that Piece, I say, do I look upon, according to the *Greek Proverb*, to be the *Song of the dying Swan*. I read it this day; and these words I remember in it, that pleas'd me above the rest. *Should God now put it into my Power to begin my life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run the course over of the years I have liv'd, I should not upon any Terms agree to't. For what's the Benefit of Life; or rather, how great is the Pain? Or if there were none of this, there would be yet undoubtedly in it Satiety, and Trouble. There are many (I know) and Learned men, that have taken up the humour of deploring their past Lives. This is a thing which I can never Consent to; or to be troubled that my Life is spent, because I have so liv'd as to perswade my self that I was not born in vain. And when I leave this Body, 'tis but as an Inn, not as a place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies only to Lodge in, not to dwell in. Oh! How glorious will That day be, when I shall leave the Rabble, and the Trash of this World be-*

bind me, to joyn in Counsel, and Society with those Illustrious Spirits that are gone before, Thus far *Cato*. What could a Christian have said more? The Dialogue of this *Aged Pagan*, with the Youth of his times, will rise up in Judgment against many of our Monks, with their *Holy Virgins*. *Eu*. It will be objected, that this Colloquy of *Tully's* was but a Fiction. *Ch*. 'Tis all one to me, whether the honour be *Cato's*, for the sense and expression of this Rapture, or *Cicero's*, for the Divinity of the Contemplation, and the Excellency of representing his thoughts in words answerable to the Matter. Tho' I'm apt to think, that although these very Syllables were not *Cato's*, yet that his familiar Conversations were not far from this purpose. Neither had *Tully* the Confidence to draw a *Cato* fairer than he was; especially in a time, when his Character was yet fresh in the Memories of all men. Beside that such an Unlikeness in a *Dialogue*, would have been a great *indecorum*, and enough to have blasted the Credit of the Discourse. *Tb*. That which you say, is very likely; but let me tell you what came into my head upon your Recital. I have often wonder'd with my self, considering that long Life is the Wish, and Death the Terrour of all Mortals, that there is scarce any man so happy (I do not speak of *Old*, but of *middle-ag'd-men*) but if it should be offer'd him to be young again, if he would; upon Condition of running the same Fortune over again of Good and Ill, he would make the same Answer that *Cato* did: especially passing a true reflection upon the mixture of his past Life. For the remembrance, even of the pleasantest part of it, is commonly attended with shame and sting of Conscience; insomuch, that the Memory of past delights, is more painful to us, than that of past misfortunes. Wherefore it was wisely done of the

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Antient Poets in the Fable of *Lethe*, to make the Dead Drink the Water of *Forgetfulness*, before their Souls were affected with any desire of the Bodies they had left behind 'em. *Ur.* It is a thing that I my self have observ'd in some Cases, and well worthy of our Admiration. But that in *Cato*, which takes me the most, is his Declaration, that *he did not repent himself of his past Life.* Where's the Christian that lives to his Age, and can say as much? 'Tis a common thing for Men that have scrap'd Estates together, by hook or by crook, to value themselves at their Death, upon the Industry and Success of their Lives. But *Cato's* saying, That he had not liv'd *in vain*, was grounded upon the Conscience of having discharg'd all the Parts of an honest, and a resolute Citizen, and Patriot, and untainted Magistrate; and that he should transmit to Posterity the Monuments of his Integrity and Virtue. *I depart* (says he) *as out of a Lodging, not a Dwelling-Place.* What could be more Divine? I am here upon sufferance, till the Master of the House says, *Be gone.* A Man will not easily be forc'd from his own Home; but the fall of a Chimney, the spark of a Coal, and a Thousand petty Accidents drive us out of this World, or at the best, the Structure of our Bodies falls to pieces with Old Age, and moulders to Dust; every moment admonishing us, that we are to change our Quarters. *Nephalius.* That expression of *Socrates* in *Plato*, is rather methinks the more significant of the Two. *The Soul of a Man* (says he) *is in the Body as in a Garison.* There's no quitting of it, without the leave of the *Captain*; nor any longer staying in't, then during the pleasure of him that plac'd it there. The Allusion of a *Garison* is much more Emphatical, than that of a *House*. For in the *One* is only imply'd an *Abode*, (and that per-

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haps an idle one too) whereas, in the Other, we are put upon Duty by our *Governour*; And much to this purpose it is; that the *Life of Man*, in *Holy Writ*, is one while called a *Warfare*, and another-while, a *Race*. *Ur*. But *Cato's* Speech methinks has some affinity with that of *St. Paul*, *2 Cor. chap. 5.* where he calls that Heavenly Station which we look for after this Life, in one place a *House*, in another, a *Mansion*; and the Body he calls *σκηνή*, or a *Tabernacle*. For *we also* (says he) *in this Tabernacle, groan, being burthened.* *Neph.* So *St. Peter*, *2. 1.* *And I think it meet* (says he) *as long as I am in this Tabernacle, to stir ye up, by putting you in mind; being assured, that I shall shortly put off this my Tabernacle.* And what says *Christ* himself, *Mat. 24. Mar. 13. and Luke 21.* That we should so live, and Watch, as if we were presently to Die; and so apply our selves to honest things, as if we were to live for ever. Now who can hear these words of *Cato*, *Oh that glorious Day!* without thinking of *St. Paul's*, *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ?* *Ch.* How happy are they that wait for Death in such a state of Mind? But yet in *Cato's* Speech, tho' it be great, there is more boldness, and Arrogance in it methinks, then would become a *Christian*. No, certainly, never any *Ethnique* came nearer up to us, then *Socrates* to *Crito*, before he took his Poyson. *Whether I shall be approved, or not, in the sight of God, I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have most affectionately endeavour'd to please him. And I am in good hope that he will accept the Will for the Deed.* 'This great Man's Diffidence in himself, was yet so comforted by the Conscience of Pious Inclinations, and an absolute Resignation of himself to the Divine Will; that he deliver'd up himself, in a dependence upon God's Mercy and Goodness, even for the Honesty of his Intentions. *Neph.* What
a won-

a wonderful Elevation of Mind was this in a Man that only Acted by the light of Nature ! I can hardly read the Story of this Worthy without a *Sancte Socrates Ora pro nobis, Saint Socrates pray for us*, and I have as much ado sometime, to keep my self from wishing well to the Souls of *Virgil and Horace*. But how distracted and fearful have I seen many *Christians* upon the last Extremity ! Some put their Trust in things not to be Confided in ; others breath out their Souls in desperation ; either out of a Conscience of their lewd Lives, or some scruples perhaps injected into their thoughts, by meddling with indiscreet Men, at their dying hours. *Ch.* And 'tis no wonder to find those disorder'd at their Deaths, who have spent their whole Lives in the Formality of Philosophizing about Ceremonies. *Neph.* What do you mean by *Ceremonies* ? *Ch.* I'll tell ye ; but with this Protestation over and over, before-hand ; that I am so far from Condemning the Sacraments, and Rites of the Church, that I have them in high Veneration. But there are a wicked, and superstitious sort of People, (or, in good Manners, I shall call them only Simple, and unlearned Men) that cry up these things as if they were Foundations of our Faith, and the only Duties that make us truly Christians. These, I must Confess, I cannot but infinitely blame. *Neph.* All this is not yet enough to make me understand what it is you would be at. *Ch.* Ill be plainer then. If ye look into the ordinary sort of Christians, you will find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion rested in *Ceremonies*. With how much Pomp are the Antient Rites of the Church set forth in *Baptism* : The Infant waits without the Church-door ; the *Exorcism*, the *Catechism*, is dispatch'd ; the *Vow* is past ; the *Devil* with all his Pomps and Pleasures is *abjur'd* ; and then the Child is *Anointed*, *Signed*, *Season'd* with

with *Salt, Dipt*, a Charge given to his *Sureties* to see him well brought up, and then follows their *Oblation*; and by this time the Child passes for a Christian, as in some sense it is. After this, it comes to be Anointed again; and, in time, learns to *Confess*, take the *Eucharist*, Rest on *Holy-Days*, to observe *Fasts*, and *Publick Prayers*, and to abstain from *Flesh*, and observing all these things, it goes for an absolute *Christian*. The Boy grows up then, and Marries, which draws on *another Sacrament*; he enters into *Holy Orders*, is *Anointed again*, and *Consecrated*, his *habit chang'd*, and so to *Prayers*. Now the doing of all this, I like well enough; but the doing of it more out of *Custom* than *Conscience*, I do not like; as if this were all that is needful to the making up of a *Christian*. There are but too many in the World, that so long as they acquit themselves in these outward Forms, think 'tis no matter what they do else: but Rob, Pillage, Cheat, Quarrel, Whore, Slander, Oppress and Usurp upon their Neighbours, without Controll. And when they are brought through this Course of Life, to their last Prayers, then there follow *more Ceremonies*; *Confession* upon *Confession*, more *Unction* still, the *Eucharist*, *Tapers*, the *Cross*, *Holy Water*, *Indulgences* and *Pardons*; if they be to be had for Love or Money: Order is then given for a *Magnificent Funeral*; and then comes *another solemn Contract*. When the Man is come to agonizing, there's one bawls in his Ear, and dispatches him now and then before his time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or to have better Lungs than ordinary. Now though these things may be well enough, so far as they are done in Conformity to *Ecclesiastical Customs*; there are yet some Inward and Spiritual Impressions that do more fortifie us against the Assaults of Death, even to the degree of filling our hearts with Joy and Confidence

at our last Breath. *Eu.* All this is Pious, and True: but in the mean time, here's no body Eats. I told you at first what you were to trust to: and if you look for any think more now, then a Dish of Nuts, and Apples, you'll find your selves ministaken. Come take away this, Boy, and set the rest on. Take what ye like, and thank my Gardiner for't. *Ti.* There's so much Choice, and they're so well dispos'd, it does a Man good to look upon't.

Eu. 'Tis no despicable piece of Thrift I'll assure ye. This Dish would have cheared up the heart of the old *Evangelical Monk Hilarian*, with a hundred more of his Fellows at's heels: But *Paul* and *Anthony* would have liv'd a whole Month upon't. *Ti.* Yes, and *Prince Peter*, I phansie, would have leapt at it too, when he Lodg'd at *Simon the Tanners*. *Eu.* Yes, and *Paul* too, I believe, when he sat up a Nights to make *Tents*. *Ti.* How much do we owe to the Goodness of God! But yet I had rather Fast with *Peter*, and *Paul*, upon Condition that what I wanted for my Carkass, might be supply'd in the Satisfaction of my Mind. *Eu.* Let us learn of *St. Paul* to abound, and to suffer want. When we have it not, God be prais'd, that we have still a Subject for Frugality, and Patience: when we abound, let us be Thankful for that Munificence, and Liberality, by which we are both invited, and oblig'd to Love, him. And let us still use his Blessings and Bounties with Moderation, and Temperance; and remember the Poor. For God has given to some, too little for their Convenience, and to others, more than they need; that neither side may want an occasion for their Virtue. He bestows upon us sufficient for the Relief of our Brethren; that we may obtain his Mercy; and the Poor, on the other side, when they are refresh'd by our Liberality, give God
thanks

thanks for putting it into our hearts, and recommend us to him in their Prayers. And now I think on't. Come hither, Boy, Bid my Wife send *Gudula* some of the Meat that's left : 'Tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood ; her Husband's lately dead (a Profuse Lazie Fellow) and has left his Wife nothing but a number of Children. *Ti.* 'Tis Christ's Command that we should give to every one that asks. But yet if I should follow that Rule, within one Month, I should go a Begging my self. *Eu.* This is said, I suppose, of those that Ask only Necessaries. For 'tis Charity to deny to many what they ask. There are, that not only Beg, but importune, or rather extort great Sums from People to furnish voluptuous Entertainments, or which is worse, to nourish Luxury, and Lust. It is a kind of Rapine, to bestow that which we owe to the present Necessities of our Neighbours, upon those that will abuse it. Upon this Consideration it is, that I can hardly excuse those from a Mortal Sin, who, at prodigious Expence, either build, or beautifie Monasteries or Churches; when so many living Temples of Christ are ready to starve for want of Food, Cloathing, and other Necessaries. When I was in *England*, I saw *St. Thomas's* Tomb; so prodigiously Rich, in Plate, and Jewels, that the Value was almost inestimable. Now had it not been better if these superfluities had been rather apply'd to Charitable Uses, for the Relief of the Poor, than reserv'd for those Ambitious Princes, who shall have the Fortune one day to make a Booty of it. The Holy Man, I am Confident, would have been very well content with Leaves, and Flowers, instead of them. In *Lombardy* I saw a Cloyster of *Carthusians*; (not far from *Pavia*) the Chappel, within, and without; is white Marble, from the top to the bottom, the Altars, Pillars, Tombs in it (and almost every

ry thing else) are all Marble. To what end was this vast Expence upon a Marble Temple for a few solitary Monks to Sing in? And 'tis of more Burthen then Use too. For they are perpetually troubled with Strangers that come only out of mere Curiosity to see it. And which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there, that they are Indow'd with Three thousand Duckets a Year, for Building and Maintenance of the Monastery. It pass'es for little better than Sacrilege, to bestow one penny of that Mony upon Pious Uses; beside the Intention of the Testator. And they had rather pull down that they may rebuild, then not to go on with Building. We have a World of Instances up and down in our Churches of this kind; but I shall content my self with these, as being somewhat more remarkable than Ordinary. This is rather Ambition, then Charity. Great Men now adays will have their own Monuments in Churches, whereas in times past they could hardly get room for the Saints. They must have their Pictures there, and their Images, forsooth; with their Names at length, their Titles, and their Benefits: And this takes up a considerable part of the Temple. Who knows (if they may have their Wills) but their own Carcases may come hereafter to be laid upon the Altars? But this Munificence of Great Men, you'll say, must not, upon any Terms, be discourag'd. And I say so too; If that which they offer to the Temple of God, be worthy of it. But if I were a Priest, or a Bishop, I would hammer it into the heads of those thick-skull'd Courtiers, and Merchants; that if they would attone themselves to Almighty God, they should privately bestow their Liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as good as lost, that goes out so by Parcels, and is so secretly distributed toward the succour of the Needy, that the next Age shall have

have no Memorial of the Bounty. But can any Money be better bestow'd then that which makes Christ himself a Debtor? *Ti.* Do not you take that Bounty to be well plac'd then, that's bestow'd upon Monasteries? *Eu.* Yes, and I would be a Benefactor my self, if I had a fortune for't; but it should be such a Provision for their Necessities, as should not reach to Luxury. And I would give something too, wheresoever I found a Religious man that wanted it.

Ti. I have heard many find fault with giving to publique Beggars. *Eu.* I would do something that way too, but with Caution and Choice. It were well if every City were to maintain its own Poor,

without suffering Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars, which want Work rather than Money. *Ti.* To whom is it then that you would give? How much? And to what Purposes? *Eu.* 'Tis hard to answer all these Points exactly. There should be First, an Inclination to oblige all; and then the Proportion must be according to a mans Ability, as often as he has occasion. And for the Choice of the men,

I would be satisfi'd that they are Poor, and Honest; and where my Purse fails me, I would Preach Charity to others. *Ti.* But will you give us leave now to discourse at Liberty in your Dominion? *Eu.* You are not so free in your own Houses. *Ti.* You do not like Prodigious Excesses, it seems upon Churches; and they might have been built Cheaper, you say.

Eu. Truly I take this house of mine to be within the Compass of Cleanly and Convenient; far from any pretence of Luxury, or I am mistaken. I have seen many a more chargeable Building that has been erected by a Beggar; and yet out of these Gardens of mine (such as they are) I pay a kind of Tribute to the Poor, and daily lessen my own expence, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. *Ti.* If all men were of your mind, it would

be better with many that are now in extream Want ; and on the other side many of those pamper'd Carcasses would be brought down, whom nothing but Penury can ever teach to be either modest or sober. *Eu.* This may very well be. But shall I mend your Entertainment now with the best bit at last ? *Ti.* We have had more then enough already. *Eu.* But that which I am now to give ye, I'll undertake for't shall never charge your Stomachs. *Ti.* What is it ? *Eu.* The *four Evangelists*, which I have reserv'd to Crown your Treat. Read, Boy, from that place where ye left off last.

Boy. *No man can serve two Masters ; for either he will hate the One, and love the Other, or else he will hold to the One, and despise the Other. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your Life, what you shall Eat, or what you shall Drink ; nor yet for your Body, what you shall put on. Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body then Raiment ;*

Eu. Give me the Book. In this place our Saviour seems to me to have said the same thing twice. In one place 'tis said, *he will Hate*, and in the other, *he will Despise*. And for the word he will *Love*, it is afterward turn'd, he will *hold to* the other. The sense is the same, tho' the persons be chang'd. *Ti.* I do not very well apprehend you. *Eu.* Let us go mathematically to work then. Let *A*, in the first part, stand for *one*, and *B*, for the *other* : And in the latter part, put *B*, for *one*, and *A*, for the *other*. inverting the Order. For either *A* will *Hate*, and *B*, *Love*, or *B* will hold to, and *A* will *Despise*. Is it not clear now that *A* is twice *Hated*, and *B* twice belov'd. *Ti.* 'Tis very Clear. *Eu.* This Conjunction, *Or*, especially repeated, has the Emphasis of a Contrary, or at least of a different mean-

ing. Would it not be otherwise, absurd to say, *Either Peter shall overcome me, and I'll yield, or I'll yield, and Peter shall overcome me.* *Ti.* A pleasant Crotchet, as I'm an honest man. *Eu.* I shall think it so, when you have unridd'd it. *Th.* I have something in my head, I know not what; it may be a Dream, but I am big till 'tis out: but whatever it is, if you'll have it, you shall. *Eu.* 'Tis ill Luck, they say, to talk of Dreams at the Table; and if ye're big, this is no place neither for Midwifery. But let it be what it will, we should be glad to have it. *Th.* In my Judgment,, it is rather the Thing that is chang'd in this Text, then the *Person*; and the words *One*, and *One*, do not refer to *A*, and *B*, but *either part*, to which of the other you please. So that chuse which you will, it must be oppos'd to that which is signifi'd by the other. As if you should say, *either you shall exclude A, and admit B, or you shall admit A, and exclude B.* Here's the *thing chang'd*, and the *Person the same*. And it is so spoken of *A*, that 'tis all a Case, if you should say the same thing of *B*. As thus; *either you shall exclude B, and admit A, or admit B, and exclude A.* *Eu.* A Problem so artificially solv'd, that *Euclide* himself could not have done it better. *Soph.* The greatest difficulty to me is this; That we are forbidden to take thought for to morrow, when yet *Paul* wrought with his hands for his Bread; and falls bitterly upon Lazie people, and those that live upon other mens Labour; exhorting them to take pains, and get their livings with their fingers, that they may have wherewithal to relieve others in necessity. Are not these, holy; and warrantable Labours, by which a Husband provides for his Wife and Children? *Ti.* This is a question, which in my opinion, may be resolv'd several ways. First, *This Text had a particular regard to those times; when*

the Apostles, being dispersed far and wide for the Promulgation of the Gospel, they were to cast themselves upon Providence for their support, without being solicitous for it themselves; having neither leisure to get their living by their labour, nor any thing to trust to for it, beside Fishing. But the World is now at another pass: and we are all for Ease. Another way of expounding it, may be this. *Christ has not forbid Industry, but Anxiety of thought; such as commonly possesses those men that are hard put to't for a Livelihood; and set all other things apart only to attend this.* This is intimated by our Saviour himself, when he says that one man cannot serve two Masters. For he that wholly delivers himself up to any thing, is a Servant to't. Now tho' the Propagation of the Gospel ought to be our Chief, yet it is not our only Care. For he says, First, (not Only) seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and these things shall be added unto you. The word, *To morrow, I take to be Hyperbolical, and to signifie a time to come. Uncertain; it being the Custom of the World to be scraping and solicitous for Posterity.* Eu Your Interpretation we allow of. But what is his meaning when he says, *Ne solliciti sitis Animæ vestræ, quid Edalis.* The Body is Cloath'd, but the Soul does not Eat. *Ti.* By *Animæ*, is meant *Life*, which cannot subsist without Meat: This does not hold in our Garments which are more for Modesty than Necessity. For a Body may live without Cloaths, but without Meat it is certain Death. *Eu.* I do not well understand how to reconcile this Passage, with that which follows. *Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body more then Raiment?* For if Life be so precious, we should take the more Care of it. *Ti.* This Argument does rather encrease our trouble then lessen it. *Eu.* But this is none of our Saviours meaning. *Who by this Argument creates in us a stronger Confidence in the Father; for if a bountiful Father hath given us*

gratis, that which is more valuable, he will, by a stronger reason, confer upon us; that which is Cheaper. He that has give us Life, will certainly give us Food. He that has given us Bodies, will not deny us Cloaths. So that upon the experience of his Divine Bounty, there is no reason why we should afflict our selves with any Anxiety, of Thought, for things below. What remains then but that using this World as if we used it not, we transfer our whole study and application to the love of Heavenly things: and rejecting the World, and the Devil, with all their Vanities, and Impostures, we chearfully serve God alone, who will never forsake his Children. But here's no body takes any Fruit! 'Tis a Scripture Dinner you have had; for there was little care beforehand to provide it. *Ti.* We have sufficiently pamper'd our Carcasses. *Eu.* I should be glad that ye had satisfi'd your Souls. *Ti.* That's done I assure ye in a larger measure. *Eu.* Take away Boy, and bring some Water; Now if you please we'll wash; and conclude with a *Hymn* out of *Chrysofome*. And Pray'e let me be your Chaplain. *Glory be to thee O God, O Holy, O King; as thou hast given us Meat for our Bodies, so replenish our Souls with Joy and Gladness in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and not be confounded when thou shalt come to render unto every man according to his Works.* Boy, Amen. *Ti.* A Pious, and a most pertinent *Hymn*. *Eu.* Of *St. Chrysofoms* Translation too. *Ti.* Where is it to be found? *Eu.* In his *Fifty sixth Homily* upon *St. Matthew*. *Ti.* God willing I'll read it before I sleep. But tell me one thing; why these three Atributes of *Lord, Holy, and King*? *Eu.* Because all honour is due to our Master, and principally in these three respects. We call him *Lord*, as the *Redeemer* of us from the Tyranny of the Devil, with his Holy Blood, and taking us to himself. We stile him *Holy* as the
Sanctifier

Sanctifier of all men, and not only forgiving us all our sins *gratis*, but by the Holy Spirit cloathing us with his Righteousness; that we might follow Holiness. And then *King*, as heirs to a *Heavenly Kingdom* from him who sits, and reigns himself at the Right hand of God the Father. And all this we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have *Jesus Christ* for our Lord, and not *Satan*; that we have Innocence, and Sanctity, instead of the Filth and Uncleanness of our Sins; and for the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life everlasting. *Ti.* 'Tis a very Godly discourse. *Eu.* This is your first Visit, Gentlemen, and I must not dismiss ye without Presents, but plain ones, and suitable to your Entertainment. Bring 'em out here Boy; These are all of a Price, that is to say, they are of no value. 'Tis all one to me now whether you will draw Lots, or chuse. You will not find it *Heliozabulus's Lottery*, for one to draw 100 Horses, and another as many Flies. Here are four little Books, two Clocks, a Lamp and a Standish; which I suppose you will like better then either Balsoms, Dentifrices, or Looking-glasses. *Ti.* They are all so good that there's no place for a Preference; but rather distribute them you self. They'll come the welcomer where they fall. *Eu.* In this little Book are the Proverbs of *Solomon* in Parchment. It teaches Wisdom; and the Gilding is a Symbold of it. This must be yours, *Timotheus*, that according to the Doctrine of the Gospel, *to him that has Wisdom, shall Wisdom be given.* *Ti.* I will make it my study to stand in less need of it. *Eu.* This Clock must be yours, *Sophonius*, for I know you count your hours, and husband your time. It came out of the farther part of *Dalmatia*, and that's all the Commendation I'll give it. *Soph.* 'Tis a good way of advising a Slaggard to be diligent. *Eu.* You have in this Book, the Gospel of St. *Mat-*

thew. I would recommend it to be set with Diamonds, if a sincere and candid Breast were not more precious. Lay it up there, *Theophilus*, and be still more and more suitable to your name. *Th.* I will endeavour to make such use of it, that you may not think it ill bestow'd. *Eu.* St. Paul's Epistles (your constant Companions *Eulalius*) are in this Book. You have them often in your mouth, which would not be if they were not also in your heart. Hereafter keep 'em in your hand, and in your eye. *Eu.* This is a Gift with good Counsel over and above; which is of all Gifts the most precious. *Eu.* This Lamp must be for *Chrysofottus*, a Reader as insatiable as *Tully's devourer of Books.* *Ch.* This is a double obligation. First, for the Choice of the Present it self, and next for the means of keeping a Dreamer waking. *Eu.* The *Standish* belongs to *Theodidastes*, who writes much, and to excellent purpose; and I dare pronounce these Pens to be happy, that shall be employed to the honour of our Saviour, by so great a Master. *Th.* I would ye could as well have supply'd me with Abilities, as ye have with Instruments. *Eu.* This is a Collection of some of *Plutarch's* choicest *Morals*; and written in a very fair Character. They have in them so much Purity of thought, that it is my Amazement how such *Evangelical Notions* could come into the heart of an *Ethnique.* This I shall present to young *Euranius.* (a Lover and a Master of the Language.) This *Clock* I have reserv'd for *Nephalius*, as a thrifty dispenser of his Time. *Neph.* We are all of us to thank you, not only for your Gifts, but for your Compliments. *Eu.* But I must return you double thanks. First, for taking these small things in so good part: And Secondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd from your learned and pious Discourses. What Effect this meeting may have upon you, I know

know not, but I shall certainly find my self both the wiser, and the better for't, You take no pleasure I'm sure, in Fiddles, Fools, and Dice; (after the common Mode) wherefore if you please, we'll pass away an hour in seeing the rest of our little Palace.

Ti. The very thing we were about to beg of you.

Eu. To a man of his word, there's no need of entreating. This *Sommer-hall*, I suppose, you have had enough of. It looks three ways you see, and which way soever you turn your Eye, you have a most delicate Green before you. If either the Wind or the Sun be troublesome, here are both *Shutters* and *Chassies* to keep them out. Here do I eat in my House, as if I were in my Garden; for the very walls have their Greens, and their Flowers intermixt, and 'tis no ill Painting. Here's our *Saviour* at his last Supper; and here you have *Herod's* bloody Banquet. Here's *Dives* in the height of his Luxury; little thinking how soon he's to be torn from his delicates, and cast into Hell: And here's *Lazarus* beaten away from the Door, and soon after to be receiv'd into *Abraham's* Bosom. *Ti.* We do not well know this Story. *Eu.* 'Tis *Cleopatra* in a Contention with *Anthony*, which should be most luxurious. She has drunk the first Pearl, and now reaches out her hand for the other. Here's the Battle of the *Centaurs*; and here *Alexander* the Great, with his Lance through the Body of *Clytus*. These Examples do as good as Preach Sobriety to us at the Table, and give a man a loathing for Gluttony and Excess. You shall now see my Library: 'Tis no large one, but furnish'd with very good Books. *Ti.* You have brought us into a little Heaven, every thing shines so. *Eu.* You have now before you, my chiefest Treasure. You saw nothing but Glass and Tin at the Table, and I have in my whole house but one piece of Plate, and that is a Guilt

Cup, which I preserve; most religiously for his sake that gave me it. This hanging Sphere gives you a prospect of the whole World; and this wall shows you the Situation of the several parts of it, more at large. In those other walls, you have the Images of all Eminent Authors; The rest are numberless. In the first place, here's *Christ* upon the *Mount*, stretching forth his hand: Over his head, comes a Voice from Heaven, saying, *Hear him*. The *Holy Ghost*, with out-stretch'd wings, and in a *Glory*, embracing him. *Ti.* A work worthy of *Apelles*; as God shall bless me! *Eu.* Near the Library, there's a little Study, but a very pretty one, and 'tis but removing a Picture in cold weather, and there's a Chimney behind it. In Summer it passes for a part of the solid wall. *Ti.* Every thing's as clear here as Chrystal; and what a Perfume's here! *Eu.* Above all things I love to have my house neat and sweet, and this may be done with little Cost. To my Library, there belongs a Gallery that looks into the Garden; and adjoyning to it, I have a Chapel. *Ti.* The place it self deserves a Deity! *Eu.* Let's go to those three Walks now, above the other, that I told you look'd into the *Kitchin-Garden*. These upper walks have a prospect into both Gardens, but only through windows with shutters; especially in the walls that have no view into the Inner Garden, for the safety of the house. Upon this wall, on the left hand; (having fewer Windows in't, and a better light.) There is painted the whole Life of *Jesus*, out of the Story of the *four Evangelists*, to the *Mission* of the *Holy Ghost*, and the first Preaching of the Apostles out of the *Acts*, with such notes upon the places, that the Spectator may see, near what Lake, or upon what Mountain, such or such a thing was done. There are also Titles to every Story, with an Abstract of the Contents; as that

of our Saviour, *I will, be thou clean.* Over against it, you have the *Tipes* and *Prophefies* of the *Old Testament*, especially out of the *Prophets* and *Pfalms*, which are little other than the *Story* of *Christ* and his *Apostles*, told another way. Here do I sometimes walk, discoursing and Meditating with my self upon the unspeakable Counsel of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind: My wife, or some friend at my Elbow perhaps, that takes delight in Holy things. *Ti.* 'Tis impossible for a man to be weary in this House. *Eu.* Provided it be one that has learn'd to live by himself. Upon the upper Border, are all the *Popes heads* with their *Titles*; and against them, the heads of the *Cæsars*, as *Memorials* of the *History*. At each corner, there's a lodging Chamber, where I can repose my self, within sight of my Orchard, and my little Birds. There's an Out-house, you see in the furthest nook of the Meadow: there in Summer do I Sup sometimes, and make use of it upon occasion of any contagious sickness in the Family. *Ti.* Some are of opinion that those Diseases are not to be avoided. *Eu.* Why do men shun a Ditch then or Poison? Do they fear this the less because they do not see it? Neither does a *Basilisk* see the Venom that he shoots from his own Eyes. In a good cause, I would not stick to venture my Life; but to do it without a cause, is madness; as it is Cruelty to bring others into danger. There are yet other things worth the seeing here, but my wife shall shew you them. Entertain your Eyes and your Minds as long as you will; and be in this house, as if you were at home. There's some business calls me away here into the Neighbourhood, so that I must take my Nagg and be gone. *Ti.* Mony perhaps. *Eu.* I should be loath to leave such Friends for Mony. *Ti.* Perhaps you are call'd a Hunting. *Eu.* A kind of Hunting indeed

indeed, but not for Bores or Stags. *Ti.* What then?
Eu. I'll tell ye. I have a Friend in a Village hard by,
that lies dangerously sick; The Physitian fears his
Life, but I'm in more fear of his Soul; for he is
not so well compos'd for his End as a Christian
should be. I'll go give him some Counsel, that
he may be the better for, live or dye. In another
Village, there are two Men bitterly at Odds, and
no Ill Men neither, but obstinate to the highest de-
gree. If the difference be exasperated, I'm afraid
it may run into a Feud; they're both my Kinsmen,
and I'll do all I can in the World to reconcile
'em. This is my Hunting, and if I succeed in't,
we'll drink their Healths. *Ti.* A Christian Em-
ployment! Heaven prosper ye in it. *Eu.* I had
rather have them Friends than Two thousand Du-
ckets. *Ti.* We shall see you again by and by. *Eu.*
Not till I have made all Tryals; so that I cannot
set an hour. In the *Interim*, enjoy one another,
and be happy. *Ti.* God be with you, forward
and backward.

T H E
MARRIAGE HATER.

C O L. VII.

A Girl takes a Phansie to a Cloyster; Her Parents Violently against it; and she herself in great Affliction for want of their Consent. A Friend Disswades her; and lays before her the Snare and Danger of that Course of Life; the Cheats, Artifices, and Abuses of the Monks; Preaches Obedience to her Parents, and Advises her rather to Work out her Salvation in her Fathers House, then in a Convent.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. I Am e'en so glad Supper's over, that we may go walk; 'tis so delicate an Evening.
Ca. And I was so *Dog-weary* of sitting too.
Eu. How Heaven and Earth smile upon one another! The Spring of the year makes the World look young again. *Ca.* So it does. *Eu.* But why is it not Spring with you too? *Ca.* What's your meaning?
Eu. Because methinks you are a little off the hooks.
Ca. Why sure I look as I use to do. *Eu.* Shall I tell

tell ye now how 'tis with ye? *Ca.* With all my Heart. *Eu.* Do ye see this Rose, how it droops, and contracts it's self now towards night? *Ca.* Well, I see't; And what then? *Eu.* 'Tis your very Picture. *Ca.* A gay Resemblance. *Eu.* If you will not believe me, look only into this Fountain. What was the matter with you to sit Sighing, and thinking all Supper? *Ca.* Pray'e lets have no more Questions, for the thing does not at all concern you. *Eu.* But, by your favour. I am very much concern'd, when I cannot be Merry my self, unless you be so too. What a Sigh was there now; enough to break your heart! *Ca.* Nay, there is somewhat that presses me, but 'tis not a thing to be told. *Eu.* Out with it I prithee, and whatever it be, upon my Soul, thou'rt safe. My own Sister is not so dear to me as thou art; *Ca.* Nay, I dare Swear you would not betray me. but the mischief of it is, you can do me no good. *Eu.* That's more then you know. As to the Thing it self, perhaps I cannot, but in the matter of Advice, or Consolation, 'tis possible I may serve ye. *Ca.* It will not come out. *Eu.* What should this be? Dost thou not hate me? *Ca.* Less then I do my own dear Brother: And yet my heart will not serve me to speak it. *Eu.* Shall I guess at it? And will you tell me if I'm right? Nay, give me your word, or you shall never be quiet; and we'll have no shifting neither. *Ca.* Agreed then: I do promise it. *Eu.* Upon the whole matter, I cannot so much as imagine why you should not be perfectly happy. *Ca.* I would I were so. *Eu.* Not above *Seventeen years of Age*, as I take it; the very Flower of your Life! *Ca.* That's true. *Eu.* So that the fear of *Old Age* can be no part of your Trouble. *Ca.* Nothing less, I assure ye. *Eu.* Every way lovely, which is a singular Gift of Heaven! *Ca.* Of my Person

Person (such as it is) I can neither Glory, nor Complain. *Eu.* And then the very Habit of your Body, and your Complexion, speak ye in perfect health. So that your Grief must certainly be some trouble of Mind. *Ca.* I have my Health very well, I thank God. *Eu.* And then your Credit's fair. *Ca.* I should be sorry else. *Eu.* Your Understanding suitable to the Perfections of your Body; and as capable of the Blessings of Wisdom, as any mortal can wish. *Ca.* Whatever it be, it is still the Gift of God. *Eu.* And again; for the Graces of your Manners, and Conversation (a thing rarely met with) they are all answerable to the Beauties of your Person. *Ca.* I could wish they were what you are pleas'd to term them. *Eu.* Many People are troubl'd for the meanness of their Extraction; but your Parents, are both of them well Descended, and Virtuous, of Plentiful Fortunes, and infinitely kind to you. *Ca.* And I have no ground of Affliction here neither. *Eu.* In one word, you are the Woman of the World (if I were in a condition to pretend to't) that I would wish to make my Wife. *Ca.* And if I would Marry any Man, you are he that I would make my Husband. *Eu.* This Anxiety of Mind must have some extraordinary Foundation. *Ca.* No slight one, believe it. *Eu.* Will you not take it ill if I guess at it? *Ca.* You have my word that I will not. *Eu.* I know by Experiment, the Torments of Love. Confess now, is That it? *Ca.* There is Love in the Case, but not of that sort you imagine. *Eu.* What kind is it then? *Ca.* Can't you Divine? *Eu.* I have spent all my Divining Faculties: But yet I'll never let go this Hand till I have drawn it from ye. *Ca.* You are too Violent. *Eu.* Lay it up in my Breast, whatever 'tis. *Ca.* Since there's no denying of ye, I will.

From my very Infancy, I have had a strange kind of Inclination. *Eu.* To what, I beseech ye? *Ca.* To put my self into a *Cloyster*. *Eu.* And turn *Nun*? *Ca.* That's the very thing. *Eu.* 'Tis well: I have digg'd for *Silver*, and I have found *Coals*. *Ca.* What's that ye say? *Eu.* Nothing, nothing, my dear *Mol*; My Cough troubles me. *Ca.* This was my Inclination, and my Parents most desperately against it. *Eu.* I hear ye. *Ca.* On the other side, I strove as passionately, by Entreaties, fair Words, and Tears to overcome that Pious Aversion. *Eu.* Most wonderful! *Ca.* At length, when they saw that I would take no Denial, they were prevail'd upon, by Importunities, Submissions, and Lamentations, to Promise, if I continu'd in the same Mind till I were *Seventeen years of age*, they would leave me to my self. The time is now come; I continue still in the same Mind, and they go from their words. This is the Sum of my Misfortune; and now I have told ye my Disease, be you my Physitian, and help me if ye can. *Eu.* My Advice must be, (my sweet Creature) to moderate your Affections; and if ye cannot do all that ye would, to do however as much as ye can. *Ca.* It will certainly be my Death if I be disappointed. *Eu.* What was it that gave the first Rise to this fatal Resolution? *Ca.* When I was a little Girl, they carry'd me into one of these *Cloysters*, and shew'd me the whole Colledge; the Chappels were so neat, and the Gardens so clean, so delicate, and so well order'd, that I fell in Love with 'em: and then they themselves were so pure, and glorious, they look'd like Angels: so that (in short) which way soever I turn'd my eye, there was comfort and pleasure; and then I had the prettiest discourses with the *Nuns*! I found *Two* there, that had been my *Play-Fellows*, when I was a Child; but I have always had a strange passion for that kind of Life.

Eu. I have no Quarrel to the *Rules* and *Orders* of *Cloysters*; though the same thing can never agree with all Persons. If I were to speak my opinion, I should think it more suitable to your *Genius* and *Manners*, to take a Convenient *Husband*, and set up a *Colledge* in your own *House*, where *He* should be the *Father* of it, and *You* the *Mother*. *Ca.* I'll rather Die, then quit my Resolution of *Virginitie*.

Eu. Nay, 'tis an Admirable thing to be a pure Maid. But cannot you keep your self so, without running your self into a *Prison*, never to come out again? Cannot you keep your Maidenhead, I say, at home with your *Parents*, as well as in a *Cloyster*? *Ca.*

Yes, *I* may, but 'tis not so safe tho'. *Eu.* Much safer truly, in my Judgment, than with these *Brawny Swill-belly'd Monks*. They are no *Capons*, I'll assure, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very probably be called *Fathers*; for they commonly make good their Calling to the very *Letter*.

In times past, Maids liv'd no where honest than at home; when the only *Metaphorical* Father they had, was the *Bishop*. But *I* prethee tell me, What *Cloyster* hast thou made choice of to be a *Slave* in? *Ca. Chrysertium.* *Eu.* Oh! *I* know it: It is a little way from your *Fathers House*. *Ca.* Ye're in the right. *Eu.* I'm very well acquainted with the whole *Gang*. You'l have a sweet Catch on't to renounce your *Father*, *Mother*, *Friends*, and a worthy *Family*, for that precious *Fellowship*! The *Patriarch* there; What with *Age*, *Wine*, and a certain *natural drowziness*, has been mop'd this many a day. He poor *Man*, tastes nothing now but *Florence Wine*: and he has two *Companions* there *John* and *Jodocus*) that match him to a hair. And yet *I* cannot say, that *John* is an *Ill Man*, for he has nothing at all of a *Man* about him but his *Beard*: Not a grain of *Learning* in him, and about the same *Proportion*

tion of common Prudence. Now for *Jodocus*; he's so errant a Sot, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a *Fools Cap*, with *Ears* and *Bells* at it. *Ca.* Truly they seem to me, to be very good Men, these. *Eu.* But you must give me leave (*Kitty*) to know 'em better than you. They'l do good Offices perhaps betwixt you and your Father, to gain a *Profelyte*. *Ca.* *Jodocus* is very Civil to me. *Eu.* A Transcendent favour! But suppose 'em good, and learned Men to day, you'l find 'em the contrary Perhaps to morrow: And yet then be what they will, you must still bear with 'em. *Ca.* You would not think how I'm troubl'd at my Fathers House, to see so many entertainments there; and then the *Marry'd Women* are so given to talk *Smutty*: And besides, I'm so put to't sometimes, when People come to Salute me, and ye know no Body can tell how to deny 'em a Kissing. *Eu.* He that would avoid every thing that offends him, must go out of the World. There's no hurt in using our selves to hear all things, so we take nothing into the Mind, but what's good. I suppose you have a Chamber to your self at home. *Ca.* Yes, I have. *Eu.* You may withdraw then, if you find the Company grow Troublesome; and while they are chaunting and Trifling, you may entertain your self with (*Christ*) your Spouse, Praying, Singing, and giving Thanks, your Father's House will not defile ye, and your Goodness on the other hand will turn it into a Chappel. *Ca.* But 'tis easier yet to be in a *Cloyster*. *Eu.* I do not disallow of a Modest Society; but yet I would not have you delude your self with false Imaginations. When ye come once to be wonted there; and see things nearer hand, you'll tell me another Story. There are more *Vails* than *Virgins*, believe me. *Ca.* Good words, I beseech ye. *Eu.* Those are *good words* that are true

true Words ; and I never read of any more *Virgins* than *One*, that was a *Mother*. *Ca.* I abhor the Thought on't. *Eu.* Nay, and more than That, the *Maids* you speak of (let me assure you) do *more than Maids Business*. *Ca.* Why so ? If you please. *Eu.* Because there are more *Sappho's* among 'em for their *Bodies*, than for their *Brains*. *Ca.* I do not understand ye. *Eu.* And I talk in Cipher (my dear *Kitty*) because I would not have thee understand me. *Ca.* My Head runs strangely upon this Course of Life tho' ; and my Passion for it grows every Day stronger and stronger. Now if it were not inspir'd into me from above, this Disposition (I am perswaded) would have gone off long ago. *Eu.* Nay but the Obstinacy of it makes me the rather to suspect it, considering that your Parents are so fiercely bent against it. If it were good, Heaven would as well have inclin'd your Parents to favour the Motion, as you to entertain it. But the *Gay Things* you saw when you were a *Child* ; the *Tit-tattles* of the *Nuns*, and the hankering you have after your *Old Acquaintances* : The *External Pomp* of their *Worship*, the *Impertunities* of their *Senseless Monks*, that only hunt for *Profelytes*, that they may cram their own *Paunches* ; *here's the Ground of your Affection*. They know your Father to be Frank, and Bountiful ; and that this is the Way to make sure of their *Tipple* : For either they drink with him, or else they invite him, and he brings as much Wine along with him as ten lusty Sokers can Swallow. Do nothing therefore without your Parents Consent (whom God has set over you as your Guardians.)

Ca. But what's a *Father* or a *Mother*, in Respect of *Christ* ? *Eu.* This holds, I grant ye, in some Cases ; but suppose a *Christian Son* has a *Pagan Father*, who has nothing but a Son's Charity to support him ; It were an Impiety in him to leave even that Father,

to starve. If you were at this Day *Unchristen'd*, and your *Parents* should forbid your *Baptism*, you were undoubtedly to prefer *Christ*, before a *Wicked Father*: Or if your *Parents* should offer to force ye upon some *Impious Thing*, their Authority in that Point were to be contemned. But what's this to the Case of a *Convent*? Have you not *Christ* at Home? The *Dictate* of *Nature*, the *Approbation* of *Heaven*, the *Exhortation* of *St. Paul*, and the *Obligation* of *Humane Laws*, for your *Obedience* to *Parents*? And will ye now withdraw your self from the Authority of *Good* and *Natural Parents*, in Exchange for *Figurative Ones*? Will ye take an *Imaginary Mother* for a *True one*? And deliver up your self a *Slave* to severe *Masters*, and *Mistresses*, rather than live happily under the *Wing* of *Tender* and *Indulgent Parents*? So long as you are at Home, as you are Bound in some things, so in many things you are wholly *Free*; as the Word *Liberi* (or *Children*) denotes; in *Contradistinction*, to the Quality of *Servants*. You are now, of a *Free Woman*, about to make your self a *Voluntary Slave*. A *Condition* *Christianity* has long since cast out of the *World*; saving only some obscure *Footsteps* of it, and in some few *Places*. But there is now found out (under *Pretence* of *Religion*) a new Sort of *Servitude*, which I find practis'd in the *Monasteries*. You must do nothing but by a *Rule*; and then all that you *Lose*, they *Get*. Set but one *Step* out of the *Way*, and ye're lugg'd back again, like a *Criminal* that would have *Poyson'd* his *Father*: And to make the *Slavery* yet more evident, ye change the *Habit* that your *Parents* gave ye; and (after the *Old Example* of *Slaves*, bought and sold in the *Market*) ye change the very *Name* that was given you in *Baptism*. *Peter* is called *Francis*, and (*John* for the *Purpose*) is called *Dominicus*, or *Thomas*. *Peter* gives his *Name* first

first up to *Christ*; and when he gives up his Name to *Dominicus*, he's call'd *Thomas*. If a Servant taken in *War* do but so much as *Cast off* the Garment that his *Master* gave him, it is look'd as a *Renouncing* of his *Master*; and yet we applaud him that lays down the *Body of Christ* (who is the *Master* of us all) and takes up *another Habit* that *Christ* never gave him. And if he should after That, presume to change the Other, his Punishment is a Thousand times heavier than for throwing away the Livery of his Heavenly Master, which is the Innocency of his Mind. *Ca.* But they say'tis a *Meritorius Work* for a Body to enter into this *Voluntary Confinement*. *Eu.* That's a *Pharisaical Doctrine*: *St. Paul* teaches us otherwise; and will not have him that's called *Free*, to make himself a *Servant*, but rather endeavour that he may be more *Free*. And that which makes the *Servitude* yet More *Unhappy*, is, that you must *serve many Masters*; and those most commoly *Fools* too, and *Debauchés*: Besides that they are both new, and uncertain. But say (I beseech ye) by what Law are you discharg'd from the Power of your Parents? *Ca.* Why truly by none at all. *Eu.* What if ye should buy, or sell your Father's Estate? *Ca.* I do not hold it Lawful. *Eu.* What Right have ye then to dispose of your Parents Child, to I know not whom? His Child; which is the Dearest, and most appropriate Part of his Possession. *Ca.* The Laws of Nature may be dispens'd withal, (I suppose) in the Business of Religion. *Eu.* The great Point of *Religion* lies in our *Baptism*: But the Matter in Question here, is only the changing of a *Garment*; or of such a Course of Life; which, in it self, is neither good nor evil. And now consider how many valuable Privileges ye lose, together with your Liberty: If ye have a Mind to Read, Pray, or Sing; you may go into your Chamber when you will, and take as much, or as

little on't as you please. When ye have enough of Privacy, you may go to Church, and hear Prayers, Sermons, Anthems; you may pick your Company among grave Matrons, and sober Virgins; and such as you may be the better for. And you may learn from Men too, where ye find any that are endow'd with Excellent Qualities; and you are at Liberty to place a more particular Esteem upon such as affectionately, and conscienciously Preach the Gospel. But there's none of this Freedom when ye come once into a Cloyster. *Ca.* In the mean time I shall be no Nun. *Eu.* Away with this Nicety of Names, and weigh the *Thing* it self. They make their Boast of *Obedience*; and why should not You value your self too upon *Obeying* your *Parents*, your *Bishop*, and your *Pastor*, whom God commands ye to Obey? Do they Profess *Poverty*? And so may you too; so long as all is in your Parents Hands. 'Tis true, the Virgins of former Times were commended by holy Men for their *Liberality* toward the Poor: But they could never have given any thing, if they had possess'd nothing; Nor is the Reputation of your *Chastity* ever the less, for living with your Parents. And what is there more now here? A *Vail*, a *Linnen Stole*, and certain *Ceremonies* that serve but little to the Advancement of *Piety*; and make us never the more acceptable in the Sight of God; who only regards the Purity of the Mind. *Ca.* All this is News to me. *Eu.* But Truth too. If you cannot dispose of so much as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, so long as you are under the Government of your Parents; what Right can you pretend to, for the Disposing of your self into the Service of Another? *Ca.* The Authority of a Parent cannot interpose betwixt the Child, and a Religious Life. *Eu.* Did you not profess your self a Christian in your Baptism? *Ca.* I did so. *Eu.* And are not they Religious that conform

to the Precepts of Christ? *Ca.* They are so. *Eu.* What new Religion is that then; which pretends to frustrate what *the Law of Nature has established?* What the *Old Law taught*, what *the Evangelical Law has approv'd*, and what *the Apostles Doctrine hath confirm'd?* This is a Device that never Descended from *Heaven*, but was hatch'd by a *Monk* in his *Cell*. And at This rate, some of them undertake to justify a Marriage betwixt a Boy and a Girl, tho' without the Privity, and against the Consent of their Parents; if the Contract be (as they Phrase it) in Words of the *Present Tense*. And yet that Position is neither according to the *Dictate of Nature*, the *Law of Moses*, or the *Doctrine of Christ*, and his *Apostles*. *Ca.* But may not I espouse my self to Christ, without the Good-will of my Parents? *Eu.* You have already espoused him; and so we have All. Where's the Woman (I pray'e) that Marries the same Man Twice? The Question here is only concerning *Place, Garments, and Ceremonies*; which are not things to Leave *Christ* for. *Ca.* But I am told that in this Case 'tis Sanctity, even to Contemn our Parents. *Eu.* Your Doctors should do well to shew you a Text for't; but if they cannot do this, give 'em a Beer-Glass of *Burgundy*, and they'll shew their Parts upon it. It is Piety indeed to flee from *Wicked Parents*, to *Christ*; but from *Honest Parents* to *Monkery*, that is (as it proves too often) from Good to Ill; That's but a perverse Kind of Holiness. In ancient Times he that was converted from *Paganism* to *Christianity*, paid yet as great a Reverence, even to his *Idolatrous Parents*, (Matter of Religion a-part) as was possible. *Ca.* You are then against the main Institution of a *Monastical Life*. *Eu.* No, by no means: But as I will not perswade any body against it, that is already engaged in this Condition of Life; so I would most undoubtedly

caution young Women, (especially those of Generous Natures) not to precipitate themselves into this Gulph, from whence there is no returning. And the rather, because their Modesty is more in Danger in a Cloyster, than out of it : Beside that they may discharge their Duties of Devotion, as well at home, as there. *Ca.* You have said all (I believe) that can be said upon this Point, and my Affections, and Resolutions stand Firm. *Eu.* If I cannot succeed to my Wish, remember however, what *Eubulus* told ye before-hand. In the mean time, out of the Love I bear ye, I wish *Your Inclinations* may succeed better than *My Counsels*.

The

The Penitent Virgin.

COL. VIII.

A Virgin Seduc'd into a Cloyster, finds her Error; Repents of it; and in twelve Days gets off again.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. **H**EAVEN grant I may never have a worse Porter to let me in. *Ca.* Nor I a worse Guest to open the Door to. *Eu.* But fare ye well. *Ca.* What's the matter? Do ye take Leave before ye Salute? *Eu.* I did not come hither to see you Blubber. What should make this Woman fall a Crying as soon as ever she sees me? *Ca.* Why in such haste? Stay a little. Pray'e stay. I'll put on my best Looks, and we'll be merry together. *Eu.* What sort of Cattle have we got here? *Ca.* That's the *Patriarch* of the *College*: Rest your self a while; you must not go away. They have taken their Dose of *Fuddle*; and when he's gone, we'll discourse as we use to do. *Eu.* Well, I'll be good natur'd; and harken to You, tho' you would not to me.

Now we are alone, you must tell me the whole History, for I would fain have it from your own Mouth. *Ca.* I find now by Experience, that of all my Friends, (which I took for Wise Men too) your Advice, (tho' the youngest of all) was the best. *Eu.*

How came you to get your Parents Consent at last?

Ca. Betwixt the restless *Sollicitations* of the *Monks* and *Nuns*, and *my Own Importunities*, and *Tears*, my Mother at length relented, and gave way; but my Father was not yet to be wrought upon. In the End, being ply'd with several Engines, he was prevail'd upon to yield, as a Man absolutely oppress'd, and overcome. The Resolution was taken in their

Cups, and they Preach'd no less than Damnation to him, if he refused Christ his Spouse. *Eu.* A Pack of Flagitious Fools! But what then? *Ca.* I was kept close at home for three Days, and several of the *Convent* (which they call *Convertites*) were constantly with me; mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy Purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my Friends or Kindred should come at me, and make me change my Mind. In the *Interim*, my Habits were making ready, and other Necessaries for the Solemnity. *Eu.* And did not your Mind misgive you yet? *Ca.* No, not at all. And yet I had so horrid a Fright, that I had rather die Ten times over, than be in that Condition again.

Eu. What might that be? *Ca.* It is not to be utter'd. *Eu.* Come, Tell me frankly; I am your Friend. *Ca.* Will ye keep Counsel? *Eu.* Yes, yes; without Conditions: And I hope you know me better than to doubt it. *Ca.* I had a most dreadful Apparition. *Eu.* Your *Evel Genius* (it may be) that push'd ye forward into Disobedience. *Ca.* Nay, I am fully perswaded that it was no other. *Eu.* In the Shape I suppose that we use to paint it? With a

crooked Beak, long Horns, Harpies Claws, and a swinging Tail. *Ca.* You may laugh as you will, but I had rather sink into the Earth than see the Fellow on't. *Eu.* And were your Women-Sollicitresses then with you? *Ca.* No. And I would not so much as open my Mouth to 'em of it, tho' they sifted me most particularly;

particularly;

ticularly; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the Surprize. *Eu.* Shall I tell you now what it was? *Ca.* Do, if you can. *Eu.* These Women had absolutely bewitch'd you; or rather conjur'd your Brains out of your Noddle. But did you hold out for all this? *Ca.* Yes, yes; for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon the *First Consecration* of themselves to *Christ*; but that if they got the better of the Devil that Bout, he'd let 'em alone for ever after. *Eu.* You were conducted with great Pomp, and State, (I presume) were you not? *Ca.* Yes, yes; they put on all my Fineries, let down my Hair, and dress'd me, just as if't had been for my Wedding. *Eu.* To a Logger-headed Monk. Hem! Hem! This Villanous Cough—*Ca.* I was brought by fair Day-light from my Father's House to the College, and a world of People gaping at me. *Eu.* These Hoarson Jack-puddings, how they Coakes, and Wheadle the little People! How many Days did you continue in that holy College forsooth? *Ca.* Part of the *Twelfth-day*. *Eu.* But what was it that brought ye off again? *Ca.* It was something very considerable, but I must not tell ye what. When I had been there *six Days*, I got my Mother to me; I begg'd, and besought her as she lov'd my Life, to help me out again: But she would not hear on't; and bad me hold to my Resolution: Upon this, I sent to my Father, and he chid me too. He told me, That I had made him master his Affection, and that he would now make me overcome mine. When I saw that this would do no good, I told them both, that I would submit to Die, to please 'em, which would certainly be my Fate, if I staid there any longer; and hereupon they took me home. *Eu.* 'Twas well you bethought your self before you were in for good and all. But still ye say nothing of what it was that brought ye about so
 on

on the suddain. *Ca.* I never told it any Mortal yet, nor will I tell it you. *Eu.* What if I should Guess? *Ca.* You'll never hit it, I'm sure? Or if ye should, y'are never the nearer: For I'll not own it to ye. *Eu.* Leave me then to my Conjectures: But in the mean time, what a Charge have you been at? *Ca.* Above 400 Crowns. *Eu.* Oh! These Guttling Nuptials! But since the Money's gone, 'tis well that you your self are safe: Hereafter hearken to good Advice. *Ca.* So I will. *The burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

The

The Rich Beggars.

COL. IX.

A Pleasant and Profitable Colloquy, betwixt a German Host, and Two Franciscans: The true Character of an Ignorant Country-Pastor; with an Excellent Discourse concerning Religious Habits; The Original, the Intent, and Use of them.

CONRADUS, BERNARDINUS, PASTOR,
PANDOCEUS, UXOR.

Co. **B**UT still I say a *Pastor* should be *Hospitable*. *Paf.* I am a *Pastor* of *Sheep*, not of *Wolves*. Co. And yet though you hate a *Wolfe*, 'tis possible you may love a *Wench*; — they begin with a *Letter*.

Paf. *Pastor sum Ovium; Non amo * Lupos.* Co. *At non perindè fortassis odisti * Lupas.*

But why so crosses, (if a *Body* may ask ye) as not to admit a poor *Franciscan* so much as under your *Roof*? And we shall not trouble you neither for a *Supper*. *Paf.* Because I'll have no *Spies* upon me; for if you see but a *Hen* or *Chick*, stirring in a *bodies House*, (you know my meaning) the whole *Town* is sure to hear on't to morrow in the *Pulpit*. Co. We are not all such *Blabs*. *Paf.* Be what you will;

will ; if *St. Peter* himself should come to me in that Habit, I would not believe him. *Co.* If that be your Resolution, do but tell us where we may be else. *Paf.* There's a *Publick Inn* here in the Town. *Co.* What's the Sign? *Paf.* *The Dog's Head in the Porridge Pot.* You'll see't to the Life, in the *Kitchen*, and a *Wolf* at the *Bar.* *Co.* 'Tis an Ill-boding Sign. *Paf.* You may e'en make your best on't. *Be.* If we were at this *Pastor's* Allowance, he would starve us. *Co.* If he feeds his *Sheep* no better, he'll have but *hungry Mutton.* *Be.* Well, we must make the best of a bad Game. What shall's do? *Co.* What should we do? Set a good Face on't. *Be.* There's little to be gotten by Modesty in a Case of Necessity. *Co.* Very right. Come, we have *St. Francis* to befriend us. *Be.* Let's take our Fortune then. *Co.* And never stay for *Mine Host's* Answer at the Door, but press directly into the Stove, and when we are once in, let him get us out again if he can. *Be.* Would you have us so Impudent? *Co.* 'Tis better however than to lie abroad and freeze in the Street. In the *Interim* put your *Scruple* in your Pocket to day, and tak't out again to morrow. *Be.* In truth the Case requires it. *Pan.* What Animals have we here? *Co.* *We are the Servants of the Lord* (my good Friend) and the *Sons of St. Francis.* *Pan.* I don't know what Delight the *Lord* may take in such Servants, but I should take none, I assure ye, in having any of them about Me. *Be.* What's your Reason for't? *Pan.* Because you are such *Termagants* at eating and drinking ; But when you should do any *Work*; you can find neither *Hands*, nor *Feet.* Hear me a Word ; you *Sons of St. Francis.* You use to tell us in the Pulpit, that *St. Francis* was a *Virgin* ; How comes he by so many *Children* then? *Co.* We are the *Children* of his *Spirit*, not of his *Flesh.* *Pan.* He's a very unlucky *Father* then ; for your *Minds* are e'en the
worst

worst Part of ye ; and to say the Truth on't, your *Bodies* are better than is convenient ; especially for us that have *Wives* and *Children*. *Co.* You may suspect us perhaps to be of those that degenerate from their Founders Institutions ; but we, on the contrary, are strict Observers of them. *Pan.* And I'll observe you too, for fear of the worst ; for it is a mortal Aversion I have for that sort of Cattle. *Co.* What's your Quarrel to us ? *Pan.* Because you're sure to carry your *Teeth* in your *Heads*, and the Devil a Penny of *Mony* in your *Pockets*. Oh ! How I abominate such Guests ! *Co.* But still we take Pains for you. *Pan.* Shall I shew ye now the Pains ye take ? *Co.* Do so. *Pan.* See the hithermost Picture there, on your left Hand. There's a *Fox* preaching, and a *Goose* behind him with his Neck under a *Cowl* ; and there again ; there's a *Wolf* giving *Absolution* with a Piece of a *Sheeps Skin* hanging out under his *Gown* ; And once again, there's an *Ape* in a *Franciscan's Habit*, ministring to a *Sick Man*, with the *Cross* in one *Hand*, and his *Patients Purse*, in the other. *Co.* We cannot deny but that sometimes *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and *Apes*, nay *Hogs*, *Dogs*, *Horses*, *Lions*, and *Basilisks*, may lurk under a *Franciscan's Garment* ; and you cannot deny neither, but that it covers many a Good Man. A *Gown* neither makes a Man better, nor worse ; nor is it reasonable to judge of a Man by his Cloaths ; for by that Rule a body might pick a Quarrel with the Coat you sometimes wear, because it covers *Thieves*, *Murtherers*, *Conjurers*, and *Whoremasters*. *Pan.* If you'd but pay your Reckonings, I could dispense with your *Habits*. *Co.* We'll pray for you. *Pan.* And so will I for you ; and there's one for t'other. *Co.* But there are some People that you must not take *Mony* of. *Pan.* How comes it that you make a Conscience of touching any ? *Co.* Because it does not stand with our Profession. *Pan.*

And

And it stands as little with mine to give you your Dinner for Nothing. *Co.* But we are ty'd up by a Rule. *Pan.* So am I by the clean contrary. *Co.* Where shall a Body find your Rule? *Pan.* In these two Verses.

*Hospes, in hac Mensâ, fuerit cum Viscera Tensa,
Surgere ne properes, ni prius annumeres.*

'Tis the Rule of this Table; Eat as long as y^e are able;
But then pay your Score: There's no stirring before.

Co. We'll be no Charge to you. *Pan.* Then you'll be no Profit neither. *Co.* Your Charity upon Earth will be rewarded in Heaven. *Pan.* Those Words, Butter no Parsnips. *Co.* Any Corner of your Stove will content us, and we'll trouble no body. *Pan.* My Stove will hold no such Company. *Co.* Must we be thrown out thus? What if we should be worried this Night by *Wolves*? *Pan.* Neither *Wolves*, nor *Dogs*, prey upon their own Kind. *Co.* This were barbarous, even to *Turks*. Consider us as you please, we are still *Men*. *Pan.* I have lost my hearing. *Co.* You can indulge your self, and go from your Stove to a warm Bed; how can you have the Heart to expose us to be kill'd with *Cold*, even if the *Beasts* should spare us? *Pan.* Did not *Adam* live so in *Paradise*? *Co.* He did so; but *Innocent*. *Pan.* And so am I *Innocent*. *Co.* Within a Syllable of it. But have a Care you be not excluded a better Place hereafter, for shutting us out here. *Pan.* Good Words I beseech ye. *Ux.* Prethee, my dear, make 'em some amends for thy Severity, and let 'em stay here to Night; they are Good Men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't. *Pan.* Here's your Reconciler! I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter; Oh! How I hate to hear a Woman call any body a *Good Man*
(espe-

(especially in *French*.) *Ux.* Well, well, you know there's nothing of That. But think with your self how often you have offended God, by Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling? This Charity may perhaps make your Peace; And do not drive those out of your House, now you're well, whose Assistance you would be glad of upon your Death-Bed. Never let it be said that you harbour Buffons, and shut your Doors upon such Men as these. *Pan.* Pray'e be gone into the Kitchin about your Business, and let's have no more Preaching here. *Ux.* It shall be done. *Be.* The Man sweetens methinks; see, he takes his Shirt; and I hope all will be well yet. *Co.* And they're laying the Cloth for the Children: 'Tis happy for us there came no other Guests; for we should have been sent packing else. *Be.* 'Tis well we brought Wine, and Lamb with us from the next Village; for if a Lock of Hay would have sav'd a Man's Life, 'tis not here to be had. *Co.* Now the Children are plac'd, let's take part of the Table with 'em, there's Room enough. *Pan.* 'Tis long of you, my Masters, that I have never a Guest to Day, but those that I had better be without. *Co.* If it be a thing that rarely happens, impute it to us. *Pan.* Nay it falls out oftner than I wish it did. *Co.* Never trouble your self, Christ lives, and will not forsake those that serve him. *Pan.* You pass in the World for *Evangelical Men*. The Gospel, ye know, forbids carrying about Bread and Satchels. But your Sleeves, I perceive, serve for Wallets: And you do not only carry Bread about ye, but Wine and Flesh, the best that is to be gotten too. *Co.* Take part with us if you please. *Pan.* My Wine is *Hog-wash* to't. *Co.* Take some of the Flesh too, there's enough for us. *Pan.* O blessed Beggars! My Wife provided me nothing to Day but *Collworts* and a little *rusty Bacon*. *Co.* If you please let's joyn our Stocks,
for

for 'tis all one to us what we Eat. *Pan.* Why don't you carry *Cabbage-Stalks* about with you then, and *Dead Drink*? *Co.* They would needs force this upon us at a Place where we dined to Day. *Pan.* Did your Dinner cost you nothing? *Co.* No, not any thing; nay we had Thanks both for what we had there, and for what we brought away. *Pan.* Whence come ye? *Co.* From *Basil*. *Pan.* What, so far? *Co.* 'Tis as we tell you. *Pan.* You're a strange kind of People sure, that can travel thus without *Horse, Money, Servants, Arms, or Provisions*. *Co.* You see in us some Footsteps of the *Evangelical Life*. *Pan.* Or the Life of Rogues rather; that wander up and down with their Budgets. *Co.* Such as *We are*, the *Apostles were*, and (with Reverence) our Saviour himself. *Pan.* Can you tell Fortunes? *Co.* Nothing less. *Pan.* Why, how do you live then? *Co.* By his Bounty that has promis'd to provide for us. *Pan.* And who is that? *Co.* He that has said, *Take you no care, but all things shall be added to you*. *Pan.* But that Promise extends only to those that seek the Kingdom of Heaven. *Co.* And that do we, with all our Might. *Pan.* The *Apostles* were famous for *Miracles*: They cur'd the *Sick*; and 'tis no wonder then how they liv'd any where; but you can do no such thing. *Co.* We could, if we were like the *Apostles*, and if the matter requir'd a *Miracle*. But the Power of *Miracles* was only temporary to convince *Unbelievers*. There's nothing needful now but a *Holy Life*: Beside, that it is many times better to be sick than to be well; to die, than to live. *Pan.* What do you do then? *Co.* The best we can; every Man according to the *Talent* that God has given him. We comfort, exhort, admonish, reprove, as we see *Occasion*: Nay, sometimes we preach too, where we find *Pastors* that are *Dumb*; and where we can do no good, we make it our *Care* to do no
hurt,

hurt, either by our Words, or Examples. *Pan.* To-morrow is a *Holy-day*; I would you would give us a *Sermon* here. *Co.* What *Holy-day*? *Pan.* *St. Antony's*. *Co.* He was a good Man; but how came he to have a *Holy-day*? *Pan.* I'll tell ye; we have a world of *Swine-herds* hereabouts (for there's a huge Wood hard by here, for Acorns) and the People have an Opinion that *St. Antony* takes Charge of the *Hogs*, and therefore they worship him, for fear he should hurt 'em. *Co.* I would they would worship him affectionately as they should do. *Pan.* In what manner? *Co.* Whosoever follows his Example, does his Duty. *Pan.* We shall have such Drinking, Dancing, Playing, Scolding, and Boxing here to-morrow! *Co.* Like the *Pagans Bacchanals*. But these People are more sottish than the *Hogs* they keep; and I wonder that *Antony* does not punish 'em for it. What kind of Pastor have ye? Neither a *Mute* I hope, nor a *Wicked* one. *Pan.* Let every one speak as he finds, he's a good *Pastor* to me; for here he ropes it the whole live-long Day; and no Man brings me either more, or better Customers. 'Twas ten to one he would have been here now. *Co.* He's not a Man for our turn. *Pan.* What's that? Do you know him then? *Co.* We would fain have taken up a Lodging with him, but he bad us *begone*, and chac'd us away like so many Wolves. *Pan.* Very, very good. Now I understand the Business; 'Tis *You* that kept him *away*, because he knew you would be here. *Co.* Is he not Mute? *Pan.* Mute do you say? He's free enough of his Tongue in the Stove; and he has a Voice that makes the Church ring again, but I never heard him in a Pulpit. In short, I presume he has made you sensible that he wants no Tongue. *Co.* Is he a learned Divine? *Pan.* So he tells the World himself; but he's under an Oath perhaps never to make any other Discovery of it. In

one Word, the *People* and the *Pastor* are well agreed; and the *Dish* (as we say) *wears its own cover*. *Co.* Do you think he would give a Man Leave to preach in his Place? *Pan.* I dare undertake he shall, provided that there be no flurting at him, as 'tis a common Practice to do. *Co.* 'Tis an ill Custom. If I dislike any thing, I tell the *Pastor* of it privately; the rest belongs to the *Bishop*. *Pan.* We have but few of those Birds in our Country, tho' truly you seem to be good Men enough your selves.

Pray'e what's the meaning of such Variety of Habits? For some People judge amifs of you for your Cloaths. *Co.* What Reason for that? *Pan.* I cannot tell you the Reason, but I know the thing to be true. *Co.* Some think the better of us for our Habits, and some the worse. Now though they both do amifs, the former is the most generous Mistake. *Pan.* So let it be; but where's the Benefit of all those Distinctions? *Co.* What's your Opinion of them? *Pan.* Truly I see no Advantage at all; but in *War*, and *Procession*; for in the *latter* there are personated *Saints*, *Jews*, *Ethniques*, that must be discriminated in their Diverlity of Dress. And in *War* the Variety is good for the ranging of several Troops under several Colours, to avoid Confusion. *Co.* You speak to the Point; and so is this a *Military Garment*; some under *one Leader*, some under *another*; but we are all under *one General*, that is *Christ*. But there are three things to be consider'd in a Garment. *Pan.* What are those? *Co.* *Necessity*, *Use*, and *Decency*. Why do we *Eat*? *Pan.* To keep our selves from *Starving*. *Co.* Why do we *cover our Bodies*, but to keep us *warm*? *Pan.* It cannot be deny'd. *Co.* And in that Point, *my Garment* is better than *yours*, for it covers the *Head*, the *Neck*, and the *Shoulders*, where we are most in Danger. Now for our *Use*, we must have Variety of *Fashions*, and of *Stuffs*; A *short Coat* for

for a *Horseman*, a longer when we lie still : We are *thin clad in Summer*, *thick in Winter*. There are those at *Rome* that change their Cloaths twice a day. They take a fur'd Coat in the Morning, a single one at noon, and toward Night one that's a little warmer. But every Man is not furnisht with this Variety : Nor is there any Fashion that better answers several Purposes than this of ours. *Pan.* Make that out. *Co.* If the *Wind*, or the *Sun* trouble us, we put on our *Cowle*. In *hot Weather* out of the Sun we throw it *behind* us ; when we sit still we let the Gown fall about our *Heels* ; if we *walk* we *hold*, or tuck it *up*. *Pan.* He was no Fool, I perceive, that invented it. *Co.* Beside that, it goes a great way in a happy Life, the wonting of our selves to be Content with a Little : For if we once lash out into Sensuality and Pleasure, there will be no End. But can you shew me any other Garment that is so commodious in so many Respects ? *Pan.* Truly I cannot. *Co.* Consider now the *Decency* of it. Tell me honestly, if you should put on your *Wives Cloaths*, would not every body say you were *Phantastical* ? *Pan.* Nay, *Mad* perhaps. *Co.* And what if your Wife should put on *yours* ; what would you say to't ? *Pan.* I should not say much perhaps, but I should bang her handsomely. *Co.* What does it signifie now what Garment a body uses ? *Pan.* Oh ! Yes ; in this Case it is very material. *Co.* Beyond Controversie ; for the very *Pagans* will not allow a Man to wear a *Womans Cloaths*, or a Woman a *Mans*. *Pan.* And they are in the right for't. *Co.* 'Tis well. Put the Case now that a Man of *four score* should dress himself like a Boy of *fifteen*, or a Boy of *fifteen* like a Man of *four score* ; would not all the World condemn it ? Or the same thing in a *Woman* and a *Girl*. *Pan.* No Question of it. *Co.* Or if a *Layman* should go like a *Priest*, or a *Priest* like a *Layman* ? *Pan.* It were a great *In-*

decorum on both Sides. *Co.* Or if a *Private Man* should put on the Habit of a *Prince*, or a *particular Priest* that of a *Bishop*? *Pan.* It were a great Indecency. *Co.* What if a *Citizen* should sit in his *Shop* with his *Sword*, *Buff Coat*, and a *Feather in's Cap*? *Pan.* He would be pointed at. *Co.* What if an *English Ensign* should put a *white Cross* in's Colours; a *Swiss a Red one*; or a *French Man a Black one*? *Pan.* 'T would be very foolishly done. *Co.* Why do you wonder so much then at our Habit? *Pan.* I am not now to learn the Difference betwixt a *Private Man* and a *Prince*, or a *Man* and a *Woman*: But as to the Difference betwixt a *Monk* and *no Monk* I am utterly Ignorant. *Co.* What Difference is there betwixt a *Rich Man* and a *Poor*? *Pan.* *Fortune.* *Co.* And yet it would be very odd if a *Begger* should Cloath himself like a *Lord.* *Pan.* True, as *Lords* go now a-days. *Co.* What's the Difference betwixt a *Fool* and a *Wise Man*? *Pan.* A little more than betwixt a *Rich Man* and a *Begger.* *Co.* *Fools*, you see, are drest up after another manner than *Wise Men.* *Pan.* How well it becomes you, I know not; but *your Habit* wants very little more of a *Fools-Coat*; than *Ears* and *Bells* to't. *Co.* That's the Difference; and we are no other than the *Worlds Fools*, if we be what we profess. *Pan.* I cannot say what you are: But this I know, that there are of these *Idiots* with their *Ears* and *Bells*, that have more *Brains* in their Heads than many of our *square Caps* with their *Furrs*, *Hoods*, and other *Ensigns of Authority.* Wherefore it seems a *Madness* to me, to think any *Man* the *Wiser* for his *Habit.* I saw once an *Errant Tony*, with a *Gown* to his *Heels*, a *Doctors Cap*, and the *Countenance* of a very *Grave School Divine*; he disputed publickly; several *Princes* made much of him; and he took the *Right Hand* of all *other Fools*, himself being the most eminent of the *Kind.* *Co.* What would you be at now? Would
you

you have a *Prince* that makes Sport with a *Fool* change Cloaths with him? *Pan.* If your Proposition be true, that the *Mind* of a Man may be judg'd by his *Habit*; perhaps it might do well enough. *Co.* You press this upon me, but I am still of Opinion that there is very good Reason for allowing of *Fools Distinct Habits*. *Pan.* And what may that Reason be? *Co.* For fear any body should hurt 'em, if they mis-behave themselves. *Pan.* What if I should say on the contrary, that their *Habit* does rather provoke People to do 'em Mischief; insomuch that of *Fools* they come to be mad Men; and why shall not a Bull, or a Dog, or a Boar, that kills a Man or a Child, escape unpunisht as well as a Fool? But the thing I ask you is, the Reason of your *distinct Habits* from others? Why should not a *Baker* as well be distinguisht from a *Fisherman*, a *Shoemaker* from a *Taylor*, an *Apothecary*, from a *Vintner*, a *Coachman* from a *Waterman*? You that are *Priests*, why should you not be Cloath'd like other *Priests*? If you are *Layiks*, why do you differ from us? *Co.* In ancient time, *Monks* were only the purer Sort of the *Laity*; and there was no other Difference betwixt a *Monk* and another *Layik*, than betwixt an honest, frugal Man, that maintains his Family by his *Industry*, and a *Ruffling Hector*, that lives upon the High-way. In time, the Bishop of *Rome* bestow'd Honour upon us; and we gave some Reputation to the *Habit* our selves; which is not simply *Layik* or *Sacerdotal*; but such as it is, I could name you some *Cardinals*, and *Popes*, that have not been asham'd of it. *Pan.* But as to the *Decorum* of it, whence comes That? *Co.* Some time from the very Nature of the thing; other while, from Custom, and Opinions. If a Man should wear a *Buffles Skin* with the *Horns* upon his *Head*, and the *Tail* dragging after him, would not all the World laugh at him? *Pan.* I believe they would. *Co.* And again,

if a Man should cover himself to the middle, and all the rest naked? *Pan.* Most absurd. *Co.* The very *Pagans* censure Men for wearing their Cloaths so thin, that it were an *Indecency* even in a *Woman*. It is *modester* to be stark naked, as we found you in the *Stove*, than to be only cover'd with a *Transparent Garment*. *Pan.* The whole *Business* of *Habits*, I phan-
 sie, depends upon *Custom* and *Opinion*. *Co.* Why so? *Pan.* I had some Travellers at my House t'other Day, that had been up and down the World, as they told me, in Places that we have no account of in the very Maps; and particularly upon an Island of a very Temperate Air, where it was accounted dishonourable to cover their Nakedness. *Co.* They liv'd like Beasts perhaps. *Pan.* No, but on the contrary, they were a People of great Humanity. Their Government was Monarchical; and they went out with their Prince every Morning to work, for about an Hour a Day. *Co.* What was their Work? *Pan.* The plucking up of Roots, which they use instead of Wheat, and find it much more pleasant and wholesome. After one Hour, every Man goes about his own Business, or does what he has a mind to. They bring up their Children with great Piety; punishing all Crimes severely, but especially Adultery. *Co.* What's the Punishment? *Pan.* The Women, you must know, they spare, for 'tis permitted to the Sex; but if a Man be taken in't, they expose him in publick, with the Part offending cover'd. *Co.* A sad Punishment indeed! *Pan.* And so it is to them, as Custom has made it. *Co.* When I consider the Force of Perswasion, I could half believe it: For if a Man would make a Thief, or a Murtherer exemplary, would it not be a sufficient Punishment to cut off the hind Lappet of his Shirt, clap a Woolf's Skin upon his Buttocks, put him on party-coloured Stockins, cut the fore-part
 of

of his Doublet into the Fashion of a Net, leave his Breast and his Shoulders bare, turn up one Part of his Beard, leave another Part at length, and shave the rest? cut off his Hair, clap a Cap upon his Crown with a hundred Holes in't, and a huge Plume of Feathers, and then bring him in this Dress, into publick? Would not this be a greater Reproach, than a Fool's Cap to him with long Ears, and gingling Bubbles? And yet we find those that account this an Ornament, tho' nothing can be a greater Madness; nay, we see Souldiers every Day in this Trim, that are well enough pleas'd with themselves. *Pan.* Yes; and there are some honest Citizens, would strain hard to get into this Mode. *Co.* But now if a Man should dress himself up with Birds Feathers, like an *Indian*, would not the very Children think him Mad? *Pan.* Directly Mad. *Co.* And yet that which we admire, does still favour of a greater Madness. Now as it is true, that nothing is so ridiculous, but Custom may bear it out; so it must be allow'd, that there is a certain *Decorum* which all Wise Men will approve of: And somewhat again in *Garments*, that is Mis-becoming, and agreed by all the World, to be so. What can be more ridiculous than a *Burthen-some Gown* with a *Long Train*; as if the *Quality* of the *Woman* were to be measur'd by the *Length* of her *Tail*? Nay, and some *Cardinals* are not asham'd to imitate it: And yet so prevalent a thing is *Custom*, that there's no changing of a Fashion so received. *Pan.* So much for *Custom*. But tell me now, whether you think it better for *Monks* to wear *different Habits* or *not*? *Co.* I take it to be more agreeable to Christian Simplicity, not to pronounce upon any Man for's Habit, provided it be sober, and decent. *Pan.* Why do not you cast away your *Cowls* then? *Co.* Why did not the Apostles presently eat of all Sorts of Meats? *Pan.* I know not; and do you tell

me. *Co.* Because an Invincible Custom hinder'd it. For whatsoever is deep rooted in the Minds of Men, and by long Use confirmed, and turn'd as it were into Nature, can never be taken away on the sudden, without the Hazard of the Publick Peace: But it must be remov'd by Degrees, as the Horse Tail was pluckt off by single Hairs. *Pan.* I could bear this, if the *Monks* were but all *Habited alike*: But so many Diversities will never down with me. *Co.* You must impute this Evil to *Custom*, as well as all others. *St. Benedict's Habit* is no new one, but the same that he us'd with his Disciples, that were plain, and honest Men. No more is *St. Francis's*, but it was the Fashion of poor *Country Fellows*. Now some of their Successors, have, by new Additions, made the matter a little Superstitious. How many old Women have we at this Day that stick to the Mode they were brought up in, which is every jot as different from what is us'd now, as your Habit is from mine? *Pan.* There are indeed many such Women. *Co.* Therefore when you see this Habit, you see but the Reliques of past Times. *Pan.* But has your Habit no Holiness in it? *Co.* None at all. *Pan.* There are some of you make their Boasts that they were of *Divine Direction* from the *Holy Virgin*. *Co.* Those Stories were but Dreams. *Pan.* One Man has a Phansie that he shall never recover a Fit of *Sickness*, unless he cloath himself in a *Dominican's Habit*; Another will not be bury'd, but in a *Franciscan's*. *Co.* They that tell you these things, are either Cheats, or Fools, and they that believe 'em, are Superstitious. God Almighty knows a Knave as well in a *Franciscan's Habit*, as in a *Buff-Coat*. *Pan.* The Birds of the Air have not that Variety of Feathers which you have of Habits. *Co.* What can be better than to imitate Nature, unless to out-do it? *Pan.* I would you had as many Sorts of Books too. *Co.* But there's

there's much to be said for the Variety also. Has not the *Spaniard* one Fashion, the *Italian* another, the *French*, *Germans*, *Greeks*, *Turks*, *Saracens*, their several Fashions also? *Pan.* They have so. *Co.* And then in the same Country again, what Variety of Garments, among Persons of the same Sex, Age, and Degree? How different is that of the *Venetian* from the *Florentine*; and of *Both*, from the *Roman*: And this in *Italy* alone? *Pan.* I'm convinc'd of it. *Co.* And from whom comes our Variety? *Domini-cus* took his *Habit* from the *Honest Husbandmen* in that Part of *Spain* where he liv'd. *Benedictus*, his, from that Part of *Italy* where he liv'd. *Franciscus* from the *Husbandmen* of several Places; and so for the rest. *Pan.* So that for ought I find, you are never the *holyer* for your *Cowles*, if you be not so for your Lives. *Co.* Nay, we have more to answer for than you have, if by our lewd Lives we give Scandal to the Simple. *Pan.* But is there any Hope of *Us* then, that have neither *Patron*, nor *Habit*, nor *Rule* nor *Profession*? *Co.* Yes; You have *Hope*, but have a care you do not lose it. Go ask your Godfathers, what *Profession* you made in *Baptism*; and what *Order* you were initiated into. What signifies a *Humane Rule*, to him that's under the *Rule* of the *Gospel*? Or any *other Patron*, to him whose *Patron* is *Jesus Christ*? Did you profess nothing when you were Marry'd? Bethink your self, what you owe to your self, to your Children, your Family, and you will find a heavier Charge upon you as a *Christian*, than as a *Disciple* of *Saint Francis*. *Pan.* Do you believe that any *Inn-keepers* go to *Heaven*? *Co.* Why not? *Pan.* There are many things said and done in this House, that are not according to the *Gospel*. *Co.* As what? *Pan.* One *Fuddles*, another talks *Bawdy*, a third *Brawls*, a fourth *Detracts*, and I know not what beside. *Co.* These things must be avoided as much as may be: And

And however, you are not for your Profits sake to countenance, or to draw on this Wickedness. *Pan.* And sometimes I do not deal fairly with my Guests. *Co.* How's that? *Pan.* When I find them grow *hot*, I give them a good deal of *Water* with their *Wine*. *Co.* That's more Pardonable yet, than stumming of it. *Pan.* Tell me truly, how many Days have you been now upon your Journey? *Co.* Almost a Month. *Pan.* Who looks to ye in the mean time? *Co.* Are not they well look'd to, that have a *Wife*, *Children*, *Parents*, and *Kindred*? *Pan.* Abundantly. *Co.* You have but *one Wife*, *one Father*, *one House*; We have a *hundred*: You, but a *few Children*, a *few Kindred*; We *Innumerable*. *Pan.* How comes that about? *Co.* Because the Alliances of the Spirit are more Numerous than those of the Flesh; Christ has promis'd it, and all his Promises are made good. *Pan.* I have not met with better Company: Let me die, if I had not rather *Talk* with *Thee*, than *Drink* with *our Pastor*. Let's hear you Preach to morrow; and when you come this way next, let this be your Lodging. *Co.* But what if you have other Guests? *Pan.* They shall be welcome too, if they be like you. *Co.* Better, I hope. *Pan.* But among so many Wicked Men, how shall I know a Good One? *Co.* One Word in your Ear, I'll tell you. *Pan.* Say then. *Co.* — *Pan.* I'll remember it, and do't.

The Soldier and the Carthusian.

COL. X.

The Life of a Soldier of Fortune ; and of a Pious Carthusian ; With a Discourse upon Habits.

The Soldier and the Carthusian.

So. **M**orrow, Brother. *Ca.* My dear Cousin, God have ye in his keeping. *So.* Troth, I had much ado to know you. *Ca.* What? Such an Alteration in two Years? *So.* No. But your new *Dress*, and that *bald Crown*, make you look like quite another sort of Creature. *Ca.* You'd hardly know your *Own Wife*, perhaps, in a *New Gown*. *So.* In such a one as yours, truly, I think I should not. *Ca.* And yet I remember you perfectly well still; though you have chang'd *Habit, Face, Body*, and all. How come you to be so set out with Colours? Never had any Bird such a Variety of Feathers. You have nothing about you that's either *Natural*, or in *Fashion*. Was ever any Man's *Hair* cut so phantastically? Half a *Beard*, and the Crop of your Upper Lip grown so straggling, as if one Hair were afraid of another: A Man would think ye had chang'd Whiskers with a Cat. Your *Face* so cover'd with *Scars* too, that a

Bo-

Body would swear the *common Hangman had set his Mark* upon ye. *So.* No, no, Father, these are the Marks of Honour: But pray'e tell me, are there no *Surgeons* or *Physicians* in this *Quarter*? *Ca.* Why do you ask? *So.* Because your Brains should have been taken out, and wash'd, before you plung'd your self into this Slavery. *Ca.* You take me for a *Mad Man* then. *So.* As any thing in *Bedlam*; you would never have leapt into your *Grave* before your Time else; when you might have lived handsomly in a better *World*. *Ca.* So that I'm no longer a *Man of your World*. *So.* By *Jove*, I take it so. *Ca.* And what's your Reason for't? *So.* Because you are coop'd up, and cannot go where you will. Nay, your very *Habit* is *prodigious*: Your *shaving* as *extravagant*; and then perpetually to *eat* nothing but *Fish*, makes ye all stink like *Otters*: Your very *Flesh* is *Fish* too. *Ca.* If Men were turn'd into what they eat, your *Bacon-eating Chops* would have been *Swines-Flesh* many a fair Day ago. *So.* But you have enough of your Bargain, I suppose, by this; for I meet very few in your Condition, that are not sick on't sooner. *Ca.* 'Tis one thing for a Man to cast himself into a *Retreat*, as if it were into a *Well*; and another thing to do it *considerately*, and by *Degrees*, as I have done; upon a thorough Search of my own Heart, and a due Contemplation of Humane Life: For at the Age of Eight and Twenty a Man may be supposed wise enough to know his own Mind. As to the *Place*; what is the *Place* of any Man's Abode, compar'd with the *World*? And any Place is large enough, so long as it wants nothing for the Commodity of Life. How many are there that never stirr'd out of the *City* where they were born; and yet rest well enough contented within that *Compass*? But yet you'll say, If they were confin'd to't, it would give'em a longing to go out. This is a common Fancy, which I

am clear of. This Place is the whole World to me; and this Map here, shews me the Globe of the Earth; which I can travel over in a Thought, with more Security and Delight, than he that sails to the *Indies* for *Spice*, and *Pearl*. So. That ye say comes near the matter. *Ca.* Why should not I *shave my Head*, as well as you *clip yours*? If you do the one for *Commodities sake*, if there were nothing else in't, I would do the other for my *Health*. How many Noble *Venetians* shave their Heads all over? And then for our *Habit*, where's the Prodigy of it? Our *Garments* are for *two Ends*; either to defend us from *Heat* and *Cold*, or to *cover our Nakedness*: And does not this Garment now answer both these Ends? If the *Coloier* offend you; why should not that become all *Christians*, which was given to us in *Baptism*? It is said also, *Take a White Garment*; so that this Colour does but mind me of what I promis'd in that Sacrament, the perpetual Study of *Innocency*: And then if by *Solitude* you mean only a withdrawing from the Croud? you may reproach with this *Solitude* the *Ancient Prophets*, the *Ethnick Philosophers*, and many other Persons that have applied themselves to the gaining of a good Mind, as well as Us. Nay, *Poets*, *Astrologers*, and other *Eminent Artists*, whensoever they have any thing in hand that is extraordinary, do commonly betake themselves to a *Retreat*. But why should this kind of Life be call'd a *Solitude*, when one single Friend is a most delightful Contradiction to it? I have here almost twenty Companions, to all sociable, and honest Purposes; Visits more than I desire; and indeed more than are expedient. So. But you cannot have these always to talk with. *Ca.* Nor would I, if I could: For Conversation is the Pleasanter for being sometime interrupted. So. I fancy so too; for I never relish *Flesh* so well, as I do after a *strict Lent*. *Ca.* Neither am I without Companions,

panions, when you take me most to be alone; and for *Delight* and *Entertainment*, worth a Thousand of your *Drolls* and *Buffoons*. *So*. Where are they? *Ca*. Look you; here are the *four Evangelists*. In this Book, I can confer with him that accompanied the two Disciples in their way to *Emaus*, and with his Heavenly Discourse, made them forget the Trouble of their Journey: With Him that made their Hearts burn within them, and inflam'd them with a Divine Ardor of receiving his blessed Words. In this little Study I converse with *Paul*, *Isaiab*, and the rest of the Prophets: *Chrysofome*, *Basil*, *Austin*, *Jerome*, *Cyprian*, with a World of other *Learned*, and *Eloquent Doctors*. Where have you such Company *Abroad* as this? Or what do you talk of *Solitude*, to a Man that has always *this Society*? *So*. But these People will signify nothing to me, that do not understand 'em. *Ca*. Now for our *Diet*; as to the *Quantity*, Nature contents her self with a little; and for the *Quality* of it, *a Belly full's a Belly full*; no matter what it is. Your Palate calls for *Partridge*, *Pheasant*, *Capon*; and a Piece of *Stock-Fish* satisfies mine: And yet I am persuaded my Body is as good *Flesh* and *Blood* as yours. *So*. If you had a *Wife*, as I have, perhaps 'twould take off some of your *Mettle*. *Ca*. But however, we are at *Ease*, let our *Meat* be never so *plain*, or never so *little*. *So*. In the mean time, ye live like *Jews*. *Ca*. You are too quick; if we cannot come up to *Christianity*, we do at least aim at it. *So*. You place too much *Holiness* in *Meats*, *Formularies*, and other *Ceremonies*, neglecting *the more weighty Duties of the Gospel*. *Ca*. Let others answer for themselves; but for my own part, I place no sort of *Confidence* in those things; but only in *Christ*, and in the *Sanctity* of the *Mind*. *So*. Why do ye observe these things then? *Ca*. For the preserving of *Peace*, and the avoiding of *Scandal*. There's little *Trouble* in such

a Conformity; and I would not offend my Brother for so small a matter. Let the *Garment* be what it will, Men are yet so nice, that Agreement, or Disagreement even in the smallest Matters, has a strange Influence upon the publick Peace. The *shaving* of the *Head*, or the *colour* of the *Habit*, gives me no Title (of it self) to *God's Favour* and *Protection*: And yet if I should let my *Hair grow*, or change my *Gown* for a *Buff-coat*, would not the People take me for a *phantastical Coxcomb*? I have now told you my Sense; and pray'e let me have yours in Requital. You ask't me e'en now, If there were no Physicians in this Quarter, when I put my self into a Cloyster: Where were they, I beseech you, when you left your young Wife, and pretty Children at Home, to enrol your self a Soldier? *A Mercenary Bravo*, to cut the *Throats of your Fellow Christians* for *Wages*? And your Business did not lye among *Poppyes*, and *Bushes* neither, but with *Pikes* and *Gun-shot*; where, over and above the miserable Trade of cutting their Throats for Money that never did you Hurt, you expose your Self, Body, and Soul, to eternal Damnation. But here's none of this in a Cloyster. *So*. Is it not Lawful then to kill an Enemy? *Ca*. Yes, and Pious too, if it be in the Defence of your Country, your Wife, and Children, your Parents and Friends, your Religion, Liberties, and the publick Peace. But what is this to a *Soldier of Fortune*? If you had been knockt on the Head in this Service, I would not have given a Nut-shell to redeem the very Soul of you. *So*. No? *Ca*. As I am honest I would not. Speak your Conscience: Is it not better to be under the Command of a *Good Man*, whom we call our *Prior*; one that summons us to *Prayers*, *Holy Lectures*, the hearing of saving *Doctrines*, and the Glorifying of *God*, than to be subject to some *barbarous Officer*, that posts you away upon *Marches* at *Midnight*, sends you at his
Plea-

Pleasure hither and thither, backward and forward; exposes you to Shot, great and small, and assigns you your *Station*, where upon Necessity you must either *kill* or be *kill'd*? *So*. And all this is short yet.

Ca. In Case of any *Transgression*, here, upon the Point of *Discipline*, the Punishment is only *Admonition*, or some such slight Business. But in *War*, you must either *hang* for't, (if you cannot *compound* for *beheading*) or run the *Gantlope*. *So*. All this is too true.

Ca. And what have ye got now by all your great Adventures? Not much, if a Man may judge by your *patch'd Breeches*. *So*. Nay, my own Stock is gone long since, and a good deal of other Peoples Money too: So that my Business here is only to entreat you for a *Viaticum*.

Ca. I would you had come hither before you embark'd your self in this lewd Employment. But how come you to be so *bare*? *So*. So *bare*, do ye say? Why all's gone in *Wenches*, *Dice* and *Tipple*. My *Pay*, my *Plunders*, and all the Advantages I made by *Rapine*, *Theft*, and *Sacrilege*.

Ca. Miserable Creature! And all this while, your Wife, and your poor Children left to the wide World, to grieve themselves to Death; the Woman, that you promis'd to forsake Father and Mother for. And still you call this *Living*, which was but wallowing in your Iniquities. *So*. The thing that egg'd me on was, that I sinn'd in so much Company.

Ca. Will your Wife know you again, do you think? *So*. Why not? *Ca.* Your Scars have made you the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have you got here in your Forehead, as if you had had a Horn cut out? *So*. But if you knew the Business, you'd say I came off well with a Scar.

Ca. What was the matter? *So*. There was an Engine brake, and a Splinter of it struck me there.

Ca. And that long Scar upon your *Cheek*? *So*. This I received in a *Battle*.

Ca. What Battle? In the Field? *So*. No, It

was a *Battel at Dice*, upon a Quarrel about the Cast.
Ca. Your Chin too looks as if 'twere stuck with Rubies. *So.* That's a small matter. *Ca.* Some Blow with a *French Faggot-stick*, (as they say.) *So.* Right: It was my *third Clap*, and it had like to have been my last. *Ca.* But you walk too, as if your Back were broke, like a Man of a hundred Years old; what makes you go double so, as if you were a Mowing? *So.* 'Tis a kind of a *convulsive Distemper*. *Ca.* A wonderful *Metamorphosis!* From a *Horseman*, to a *Centaur*, and from a *Centaur*, to an *Insect*; a Kind of *Creeper*. *So.* The Fortune of the War. *Ca.* Or the Madness of your Mind. But what *Spoils* have you brought home for your Wife and Children? The *Leprosie*, I see; for that Scab is only a Spice on't, and only privileg'd from the Pest-House, because 'Tis a Disease in Fashion: For which very reason, it should be the rather avoided. This is now to be rubb'd upon the Face of your poor Wife; to whom, instead of an *Industrious Husband*, you have only brought back *Innumerable Diseases*, and a *Living Carcass*. *So.* Pray'e give over Chiding of me; for I'm miserable enough without it. *Ca.* Nay, this is the least Part of your Calamity, for your *Soul* is yet fouler than your *Body*; more *putrid* and *ulcer'd*; and yet more dangerously wounded. *So.* It is more unclean, I do confess, than a publick *Fakes*. *Ca.* But to God and his Angels it is still more offensive. *So.* If you have done wrangling, pray'e think of some Relief to help me on in my Journey. *Ca.* I have nothing myself to give you, but I'll speak to the *Prior*. *So.* But if any thing should be allow'd me, will you receive it for me? There are so many Rubs in the way in Cases of this Nature. *Ca.* Others may do as they please, but I have no Hands, either to give Money, or to take it. We'll talk more on't after Dinner, for 'tis now Time to sit down.

The Apotheosis of Capnio; or the Franciscan's Vision.

COL. XI.

A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream; and St. Jerome's coming to him, and Cloathing him, to take him up into Heaven: With several Comical Circumstances that past upon the Way, betwixt his Death, and his Canonization or Ascension.

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

Po. **W**HERE have you been, with your Spatter-Lashes? Br. At Tubingua. Po. Have ye any News there? Br. 'Tis a wonderful thing that the World should run so strangely a madding after News. I heard a Camel in a Pulpit at Louvain, charge his Auditory upon their Salvation, to have nothing to do with any thing that was New. Po. Thou mean'st a Carmelite; but it was a Conceit indeed fit for a Camel: Or if it were a Man, by my Consent, he should never change his Shoos, his Linnen, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted

dieted with Souce, Musty Drink, and Rotten Eggs.
Br. But yet for all this, you must know that the Good Man had rather have his Porridge Fresh, than Stale. *Po.* Præthee come to the Point; and tell me what News. *Br.* Nay, I have News in my Budget too; but *News*, he says, is a *wicked thing*. *Po.* Well; but that which is *New*, will come to be *Old*. Now if all *Old* things be *Good*, and all *New* things *Bad*; that which is *Good* at present, will hereafter be *Bad*; and that which is now *Bad*, will hereafter be *Good*. *Br.* According to the Doctrine of the *Camel*, it must be so; and a *young wicked Fool*, will come to be an *old good One*. *Po.* But præthee let's have the News whatever it is. *Br.* The famous *Tripple-Tongued Phoenix* of Erudition, *John Reuchlin*, is departed this Life. *Po.* For certain? *Br.* Nay, it is too certain. *Po.* And where's the hurt on't, for a Man to leave an Immortal Memory of his Name, and Reputation behind him, and so pass from this miserable World, to the Seats of the Blessed? *Br.* How do you know that to be the Case? *Po.* It cannot be otherwise, if his Death was answerable to his Life. *Br.* And you'd be more and more of that Opinion, if you knew as much as I. *Po.* What's that, I pray? *Br.* No, no; I must not tell ye. *Po.* Why not? *Br.* Because he that told me the thing, made me promise Secrecy. *Po.* Trust me, upon the same Condition; and upon my honest Word, I'll keep your Counsel. *Br.* That same *Honest Word* has so oft deceived me. But yet I'll ventur't; especially, being a matter of such a Quality, that it is fit all good Men should know it. There is a certain *Franciscan* at *Tubinga*, (a Man of singular Holiness, in every Bodies Opinion but his own.) *Po.* The greatest Argument in the World of true Piety! *Br.* If I should tell you his Name, you'd say as much; for you know the Man. *Po.* Shall I guess at him? *Br.* Do so. *Po.* Hold your

Ear then. *Br.* Why? Here's no Body within hearing. *Po.* But however for fashion sake. *Br.* The very Man. *Po.* Nay, ye may swear it; for if he says it, 'tis as true as Gospel. *Br.* Mind me then, and I'll give ye the naked Truth of the Story. My Friend *Reuchlin* had a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs; but not without ſome Hope of Recovery neither. What Pity 'tis that ſo admirable a Man ſhould ever grow Old, Sicken, or Dye! One Morning I made my *Franciſcan* a Viſit, to put off ſome Trouble of Thoughts, by diverting my ſelf in his Company; for when my Friend was Sick, (do ye ſee?) I was Sick; and I lov'd him as my own Father. *Po.* As if ever any honeſt Man would have done otherwiſe! *Br.* My *Franciſcan* bad me chear up; for *Reuchlin* (ſays he) is well. What? (ſaid I) Is he well again ſo ſoon? For but two Days ago the Doctors deſpair'd of him. Then ſatisfy your ſelf, ſays he, for he's ſo well, that he ſhall never be Sick again. The Tears ſtood in my Eyes, and my *Franciſcan* taking notice of it, Pray'e be patient, (ſays he) till I have told you all. I have not ſeen the Man this Week, but I pray for him every Day that goes over my Head. This very Morning, after *Mattins*, I threw my ſelf upon my Bed, and fell into a gentle, pleaſant Slumber. *Po.* My Mind gives me already there will come ſome good on't. *Br.* And yours is no *ill Genius*. Methought I was ſtanding by a little Bridge that led into a Meadow, ſo wonderfully Fine, what with the Emerald Verdure, and Freshneſs of the Trees and Graſs; the Infinite Beauty, and Variety of Flowers, and the Fragrancy of all together, that all the Fields on this Side the River lookt dead, blaſted and withered, in Compariſon. In the *Interim*, while I was wholly taken up with this Proſpect, who ſhould come by (in a lucky Hour) but *Reuchlin*? And as he paſs'd, he gave me (in *Hebrew*) his Bleſſing. He

was

was gotten above half over the Bridge, before I was aware; and as I was about to run up to him, he lookt back, and bad me stand off. *Your Time* (says he) *is not yet come; but five Years hence you are to follow me. In the mean while, be you a Witness, and a Spectator of what's done.* I put in a Word here, and ask'd him if *Reuchlin* was cloth'd or naked; alone or in company. He had nothing upon him (says he) but one Garment, and that was *White*, and *Shining*, like *Damask*; and a very pretty Boy behind him, with *Wings*, which I took for his *good Genius*. *Po.* Then he had no *evil Genius* with him? *Br.* Yes; the *Franciscan* told me, he thought he had; for there followed him a good way off, certain *Birds* that were Black all over, saving, that when they spread their *Wings*, they seem'd to have a Mixture of Feathers that were betwixt *White* and *Carnation*. By their *Colour* and *Cry*, one might have taken them for *Pyes*; but that they were sixteen times as big; and about the Size of *Vultures*. They had *Combs* upon their *Heads*, and a kind of *Gorbelly'd Kites*, with *crooked Beaks*, and *Tallons*. If there had been but three of them, I should have taken them for *Harpyes*. *Po.* And what did these Devils do? *Br.* They kept their Distance, Chattering and Squalling at the *Heroick Reuchlin*, and would certainly have set upon him if they durst. *Po.* Why, what hinder'd 'em? *Br.* *Reuchlin's* turning upon 'em, and making the Sign of the Cross at 'em. *Be gone*, says he, *ye cursed Fiends, to a Place that's fitter for you. You have Work enough to do among Mortals, but you have no Commission to meddle with me, that am now listed in the Roll of Immortality.* The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, says my *Franciscan*, but these filthy Birds took their Flight, and left such a Stink behind them, that a Close-stool would have been Orange-flower-water to it; and he swore, that he would rather go to Hell, than

even snuff up such a Perfume again. *Po.* A Curse upon these Pests! *Br.* But hear what the *Franciscan* told me more. While I was musing upon this, *St. Jerome* (says he) was gotten close to the Bridge; and saluted *Reuchlin* in these very Words, *God save thee my most Holy Companion. I am commanded to conduct thee to the blessed Souls above, as a Reward from the Divine Bounty, of thy most pious Labours.* With that, he took out a Garment, and put it upon *Reuchlin*. Tell me then, (said I) in what Habit or Shape *St. Jerome* appear'd? Was he so old as they paint him? Did he wear a *Cowl*, or a *Hat*; and the Dress of a *Cardinal*? Or had he a *Lion* for his Companion? Nothing of all this (said he) but his Person was Comely, and his Age was only such, as carried Dignity with it, without the Offence of any Sort of Sluttery. But what need had he there of a *Lion* by his Side, as he is commonly painted? His Gown came down to his Heels, as transparent as *Christal*, and of the same Fashion with that he gave to *Reuchlin*. It was painted over with *Tongues* of three several Colours; in Imitation of the *Ruby*, the *Emerald*, and the *Saphyre*. And beside the Clearness of it, the Order made it exceeding graceful. *Po.* An Intimation, I suppose, of the three *Tongues* that they profess'd. *Br.* No doubt on't; for upon the very Borders of his Garments, were the *Characters* of these three *Languages*, in many Colours. *Po.* Had *Jerome* no *Company* with him? *Br.* No *Company*, do ye say? The whole Field swarm'd with *Myriads* of *Angels*, that flew in the Air as thick as *Atoms*: (Pardon the Meanness of the Comparison) If they had not been as clear as the *Glass*, there would have been no *Heaven* nor *Earth* to be seen. *Po.* How glad am I now for poor *Reuchlin*! But what followed? *Br.* *Jerome*, says he, for *Respects* sake, giving *Reuchlin* the *Right Hand*, and embracing him; carry'd him into the *Meadow*; and so

fo up to the Top of a Hill that was in the Middle of it, where they kiss'd and hugg'd one another again. And now the *Heavens* open'd to a prodigious Wide-ness, and there appear'd a Glory so unutterable, as made every thing else that pass'd for wonderful before, to look mean and sordid. *Po.* Cannot you give us some Representation of it? *Br.* No, How should I-without seeing it? But he that did see it, assures me, that the Tongue of Man is not able to express the very Dream of it. And further, that he would dye a thousand Deaths to see it over again, tho it were but for one Moment. *Po.* Very good. And how then? *Br.* Out of this *Overture*, there was let down a great *Pillar of Fire*, which was both *transparent*, and very agreeable. By the means of this *Pillar*, two holy Souls embraced one another, ascend- ed to *Heaven*; a Quire of Angels all the while ac- companying them, with so charming a Melody, that the *Franciscan* says, he is not able to think of the Delight of it, without weeping. And after this, there followed an incomparable *Perfume*. His Sleep (or rather the Vision) was no sooner over, but he started up like a Mad-man, and call'd for his Bridge, and his Meadow, without either speaking or thinking of any thing else; and there was no perswading of him to believe that he was any longer in his Cell. The *Seniors* of the *Convent*, when they found the Sto- ry to be no Fable (for 'tis clear, that *Reuchlin* dy'd at the very Instant of this Appearance to the Holy Man) they unanimously gave Thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good Men for their good Deeds. *Po.* What have we more to do then, but to enter this holy Man's Name in the *Kalendar* of our *Saints*? *Br.* I should have taken care for that, tho the *Franciscan* had seen nothing of all this: And in Golden Letters too, I'll assure ye, next to St. *Jerome* himself. *Po.* And let me dye, if I don't put him in my Book

so too. *Br.* And then I'll set him in Gold, in my little Chappel, among the choicest of my Saints. *Po.* If I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds. *Br.* He shall stand in my Library the very next to *St. Jerome.* *Po.* And I'll have him in mine too. *Br.* We live in an ungrateful World, or else all People would do the same thing too, that love Learning and Languages ; especially the holy Tongues. *Po.* Truly it is no more than he deserves. But does it not a little stick in your Stomach, that he's not yet *canoniz'd* by the Authority of the Bishop of *Rome* ? *Br.* I pray'e who *canoniz'd* (for that's the Word) who *canoniz'd* *St. Jerome, Paul, the Virgin Mother* ? Tell me, whose Memory is more sacred among all good Men, those that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their *Learning*, and good *Life*, have entituled themselves to the Veneration of Posterity ; or *Catherina Senensis* (for the Purpose) that was *Sainted* by *Pius 2.* in Favour of the *Order and City* ? *Po.* You say true ; that's the right Worship that's paid voluntarily to the Merits of the Dead ; whose Benefits will never be forgotten. *Br.* And can you then deplore the Death of this Man ? If long Life be a Blessing, he enjoy'd it ; he left immortal Monuments of his Virtue ; and by his good Works, consecrated himself to Eternity. He's now in Heaven, above the Reach of Misfortune, and conversing with *St. Jerome.* *Po.* But he suffer'd a great deal, tho in this Life. *Br.* And yet *St. Jerome* suffer'd more. 'Tis a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked Men, for being Good. *Po.* I confess it ; and *St. Jerome* suffered many Indignities from wicked Men for his Virtues. *Br.* That which *Satan* did formerly by the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* against our *Saviour*, he continues still to do by *Pharisees* against *Good Men*, that have deserved well from the World by their Studies. He does now reap the

Fruit

Fruit of the Seed that was sow'd. In the mean time it will be our Part to preserve his Memory Sacred, to glorify him, and to address him in some such manner as follows. *Holy Soul! Be propitious to Languages, and to those that cultivate and refine them. Favour holy Tongues, and destroy evil Tongues, that are infected with the Poyson of Hell.* Po. I'll do't my self, and perswade all my Friends to do't. I make no Question, but we shall find those that will employ their Interest to get some little Form of Prayer, according to Custom; to perpetuate the Honour and Memory of this blessed Hero. Br. Do you mean that which they call a Collect? Po. Yes. Br. I have one ready, that I provided before his Death. Po. I pray'e let's hear it. Br. *O God that art the Lover of Mankind, and by thy chosen Servant John Reuchlin, hast renewed to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which thy holy Spirit from above did formerly enable the Apostles for their preaching of the Gospel: Grant that all People may in all Tongues, preach the Glory of thy Son, to the confounding of the Tongues of the false Apostles, who being in Confederacy, to uphold the wicked Tower of Babel, endeavour to obscure thy Glory, by advancing their own; when to thee alone is due all Glory, &c.* Po. A most elegant and holy Prayer! And it shall be my daily one. How happy was this Occasion to me, that brought me to the Knowledg of so edifying, and so delightful a Story? Br. May that Joy last long too; and so Farewel.

The Funeral.

COL. XII.

In the differing Ends of Belearicus and Montius, here is set forth the Vanity, Pomp, and Superstition of the Funerals of some Rich and Worldly Men: With the Practices of too many of the Monks upon them in their Extremities. As also, how a Good Christian ought to demean himself when he comes to Dye.

MARCOLPHUS, PHÆDRUS.

Ma. **W**HY, how go Matters, *Phædrus?* Thou look'st methinks, as if thou hadst been eaten, and spew'd up again. *Ph.*

Why so, I beseech ye? *Ma.* So sad, so fowre, so ghastly, so forlorn a Wight: Thou hast not one bit of *Phædrus* about thee. *Phæd.* What can you expect better, from one that has been so many Days among the *Sick*, the *Dying*, and the *Dead*? You might as well wonder to see a *Black-Smith*, or a *Chimney-Sweeper* with a *dirty Face*. Well, *Marcolphus!* Two such Losses are enough to put any Man out of Humour. *Ma.* Have you bury'd any of your Friends then? *Ph.* You knew *George Balcaricus*. *Ma.* Only his *Name*, but I never saw his *Face*. *Ph.* He's one, and *Cornelius Montius* the other; (my very particular Friend) but he, I suppose, was wholly a Stran-

Stranger to you. *Ma.* It was never my Fortune yet to see any Man breathe his last. *Ph.* But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my Wish. *Ma.* Pray' tell me, is Death so terrible as they make it? *Ph.* The *Way* to't is worse than the *Thing it self*; for the *Apprehension* is the greatest Part of the *Evil*. Beside, that our Resignation to the Will of God makes all the Bitterness, as well of Sickness, as of Death, easie to us. There can be no great Sense of any thing in the Instant of the Soul's leaving the Body. For before it comes to that Point, the Faculty it self is become dull and stupid; and commonly laid asleep. *Ma.* What do we feel when we're born? *Ph.* The *Mother* feels something however, if we do not. *Ma.* Why would not Providence let us go out of the World as smoothly as we came into't? *Ph.* Our Birth is made painful to the Mother, to make the Child dearer to her; and Death is made formidable to Mankind, to deter us from laying violent Hands upon our selves; for if so many make away themselves as the Case stands already, what would they do if the Dread of Death were taken away? If a Servant, or a Child were but corrected; a Family-quarrel started, a Sum of Money lost, or any thing else went cross, Men would presently repair to Halbers, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, Poysons, for their Relief. It is the *Terror of Death*, that makes us set the greater Value upon *Life*; especially, considering that ther's no Redemption; for the Dead are out of the Reach of the Doctor. Now so it is, that we do not all either come into the World, or go out of it alike. Some dye sooner, others later; some one way, some another: A Lethargy takes a Man away without any Sense of Death; as if he were stung with an Asp, he goes off in's Sleep. Or be it as it will, there is no Death so tormenting, but that a Man may overcome it with Resolution.

solution. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, which of your two Friends bore his Fate the most like a Christian? *Ph.* Why truly, in my Opinion, *George* dy'd the more like a *Man of Honour*. *Ma.* Is there any Sense of *Ambition* then, when we come to that Point? *Ph.* I never saw two People make such different Ends. If you'll give it the Hearing, I'll tell you the Story, and leave you to judge which was likest a Christian. *Ma.* Let's have it, I beseech ye, for I have the greatest Mind in the World to hear't. *Ph.* I'll begin with my Friend *George*.

So soon as ever it could be certainly known that his Hour was drawing on; the *Physicians* that had attended him throughout his Sicknes, gave to understand the Pains they had taken, and that there was matter of Money in the Case; but not a Word of the Despair they had of his Life. *Ma.* How many *Physicians* might there be? *Ph.* Sometimes *ten*; sometimes *twelve*; but never under *six*. *Ma.* Enow in all Conscience to have done the Business of a Man in perfect Health. *Ph.* Their Money was no sooner paid, but they privately hinted to some of his near Relations, that his Death was at hand, and advis'd them to take the best Care they could for the Good of his Soul, for his Body was past Hope. This was handsomely intimated by some of his particular Friends to *George* himself, desiring him, that he would remit the Business of his *Life* to *Providence*, and turn his Thoughts now toward the Comforts of another *World*. Upon this News, *George* cast many a soure Look at the *Physicians*, taking it very heinously, that they should now leave him in his Distress. They told him, that *Physicians* were but *Men*, not *Gods*; and that they had done as much as *Art* could do to save him; but there was no Remedy against *Fate*; and so they went into the next Chamber. *Ma.* What did they stay for after they were paid? *Ph.* They

They were not yet agreed upon the *Disease*. One would have it to be a *Dropsy*; another, an *Apostheme* in the *Guts*; *Every Man* of them would needs have it a several *Disease*; and this Dispute they were very hot upon, throughout his whole Sickness. *Ma.* The Patient had a blessed Time on't all this while! *Ph.* For the deciding of this Controversy, *First*, They desir'd by his Wife that the Body might be open'd; which would be for his Honour, a thing usual among Persons of Quality. *Secondly*, they suggested how beneficial it might be to others, which he would have the Comfort of, by increasing the Bulk of his *Merits*, and then they promis'd him *thirty Masses* at their own Charge, for the good of his *Soul*. There was much ado to bring him to't; but at last, by *Importunities* and *fair Words*, the thing was obtain'd; and so the whole Consultation was dissolv'd; for Physicians, whose Business it is to preserve Life, do not think it convenient to be present, either at their Patients Death, or Funeral. By and by, *Bernardinus* was sent for to take his *Confession*: a Reverend Man, ye know, and *Warden* of the *Franciscans*. His *Confession* was no sooner over, but there was a whole *Housefull* of the *four Orders* of *begging Fryers*. *Ma.* What, so many *Vultures* to one *Carkass*? *Ph.* And now, the *Parish Priest* was call'd to give him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Sacrament* of the *Eucharist*. *Ma.* Religious People! *Ph.* But there had like to have been a bloody Fray, betwixt the *Priest*, and the *Monks*. *Ma.* What? At the *Patient's Bed-Side*? *Ph.* Nay, and *Christ* himself looking on too. *Ma.* Upon what Occasion? *Ph.* The *Parish-Priest*, so soon as ever he found that *George* had confessed to a *Franciscan*, did Point-blank refuse to give him, either the *Sacrament* of *Unction*, or the *Eucharist*; or so much as the *common Rights* of *Burial*; unless he heard his *Confession* with his own *Ears*.

He

He was to be accountable for his Flock *himself*, he said; And how could he answer for any Man, without knowing the *Secrets* of his *Conscience*? *Ma.* And don't you think he was in the right? *Ph.* They did not think so, for they all fell upon him, especially, *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius* the *Dominican*. *Ma.* What did they urge? *Ph.* They told the *Curate*, he was an *Ass*, and fitter for a *Hogdriver*, than a *Pastor*, and rattled him to some tune. I am a *Batchelor of Divinity*, (says *Vincentius*) and shortly to be *Licenc'd*, and take my *Degree of Doctor*; and shall such a *Dunce* as thou art, that can hardly read a Letter in the Book, be peeping into the *Secrets* of a Man's *Conscience*? If you have such an Itch of *Curiosity*, you had better enquire into the *Privacies* of your *Concubine*, and your *Bastards* at *Home*. I could say more, but I am asham'd of the Story. *Ma.* And did he say nothing to all this? *Ph.* Nothing, do ye say? Never was any Man so nettled. I'll make a *better Batchelor* than you are, says he, of a *Bean-Stalk*. I pray, what were your *Masters*, *Dominicus* and *Franciscus*? Where did they ever learn *Aristotle's Philosophy*; the *Arguments* of *Thomas*, or the *Speculations* of *Scotus*? Where did they take their *Degree of Batchelors*? Ye crept into a *believing World*, a Company of poor, humble Wretches of ye, (tho some, I must confess, were devout and learned.) Ye nestled at first, in *Fields* and *Villages*, and so by *Degrees*, transplanted your selves into *Opulent Cities*, and none but the best Part of them neither, would content ye. Your *Business* lay then only in Places that could not maintain a *Pastor*; but now, forsooth, none but great Mens Houses will serve your turn. You value your selves much upon the Title of *Priests*, but all your *Privileges* are not worth a Rush, unless in the *Absence* of the *Bishop*, *Pastor*, or his *Curate*. Not a Man of you shall come into my *Pulpit*, I assure ye,

so long as I am *Pastor*. 'Tis true, I am no *Bachelor*; No more was *St. Martin*, and yet he discharg'd the Office of a *Bishop*. If I have not so much Learning as I should, I'll never come a begging to you for't. The World is grown wiser now a-days, than to think that the *Holiness*' of *Dominicus* and *Franciscus* is entail'd upon the *Habit*. You're much concern'd what I do in my own House: 'Tis the common Talk of the People what you do in your Cells; and at what rate you behave your selves, with your *Holy Virgins*; and how many *Illustrious Palaces* ye have turn'd into *direct Bawdy-Houses*. *Marcolphus*, you must excuse me for the rest, for it is too foul to be told: But in truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers without *Mittens*: And there would have been no End on't, if *George* had not held up his Hand, in token that he had something to say. With much ado, the Storm was laid at last, and they gave the Patient the Hearing. *Peace* (says he) *be among ye: I'll confess my self over again to my Parish-Priest: And see all the Charge of Ringing, of my Funeral Rites, Burial and Monument, paid ye before ye go out of the House; and take such Order, that ye shall have no Cause to complain.* *Ma.* I hope the *Parish-Priest* was pleas'd with this. *Ph.* He was pacifi'd in some measure; only something he mutter'd about *Confession*; but he remitted it at last, and told them that there was no need of troubling either the Priest, or the Patient, with the same things again; but if he had confess'd to me in time (says he) he would have made his Will perhaps upon better Considerations. But now we must e'en take it as it is; and if it be not as it should be, it must be at your Door. This Equity of the Sick Man's gall'd the Monks to the very Heart; to think that any Part of the Booty should go to the Priest of the Parish. But upon my Intercession Matters were compos'd; and the *Parish-Priest* gave the Sick

Sick Man the Unction and the Eucharist, receiv'd his Money, and so went his way. *Ma.* And now all was well again, was it not? *Ph.* So far from it, that this Tempest was no sooner laid, but a worse follow'd. *Ma.* Upon what Ground, I pray thee? *Ph.* To the four Orders of Beggars, that were gotten into the House, there was now join'd with them a Fifth one, of Cross-bearers, which put the other Mendicants into a direct Tumult against the Fifth Order, as Illegitimate and spurious. *Where did you ever see* (says one of them) *a Waggon with Five Wheels? Or with what Face will any Man pretend to reckon more mendicant Orders; than there were Evangelists? At this rate, you may e'en as well call in all the Beggars to ye from the Bridges and Cross-ways.* *Ma.* What said the Cross-bearers to this? *Ph.* They ask'd how the Waggon of the Church went, before there was any Order of Mendicants at all? And so after that, when there was but *One Order*; and then again, when there were *Three*: For the *Number of the Evangelists* (say they) has no more Affinity with *our Order*, than with the *Dye*, for having *four Angles*. Who brought the *Augustines*, or the *Carmelites* into that Order? Or when did *Augustine*, or *Elias beg*? (whom they make to be the *Principals* of their Order.) This, and a great deal more, they thunder'd out; but being over-power'd with Numbers, they were forc'd to give way; but not without threatenng a Revenge. *Ma.* I hope all was quiet now. *Ph.* No, no; for *this Confederacy* against the *fifth Order*, was come almost to *Daggers drawing*; the *Franciscan*, and *Dominican* would not allow the *Augustines* and *Carmelites* to be *True Mendicants*; but only *Bastard*, and *Supposititious*. The Brawl went so high, that every body expected it would have come to *Blows*. *Ma.* And was the *Sick Man* forc'd to suffer all this? *Ph.* They were not in his *Bed-Chamber*, now, ye
must

must know ; but in a Court that join'd to't: Which was all one, for he heard every Word that was spoken; there was no whispering, believe me, but they very fairly exercis'd their Lungs: Beside, that in a Fit of Sickness, Men are commonly quicker of Hearing than ordinary. *Ma.* But what was the End of this Dispute? *Ph.* The Patient sent them Word by his Wife, that if they would but be quiet a little, and hold their Tongues, all things should be set right: And therefore desir'd, that for the present, the *Augustines*, and *Carmelites* would depart, and they should be no Losers by it: For they should have the same Proportion of Meat sent them home, which the rest had that staid. He gave Direction, to have all the *five Orders* assist at his *Funeral*; and for an *equal Dividend* of *Money*, to every one of them: But to have taken them all to a *common Table*, would have endanger'd a *Tumult*. *Ma.* The Man understood *Oeconomy*, I perceive, that had the Skill, even at his Death, to atone so many Differences. *Ph.* Alas! He had been an *Officer* a long Time in the *Army*, where he was us'd to *Mutinies*. *Ma.* Had he any *great Estate*? *Ph.* A very *great* one. *Ma.* But *ill gotten*, as commonly, by *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Ex-tortions*. *Ph.* After the *Soldiers Method*; and I will not swear for him neither, that he was one jot better than his *Neighbours*. But still, if I do not mistake the Man, he made his *Fortune*, rather by his *Wit*, than by *downright Violence*. *Ma.* How so? *Ph.* He had very great Skill in *Arithmetick*. *Ma.* And what of that? *Ph.* Why he would reckon 30000 *Soldiers*, when there were but 7000: And those not paid neither. *Ma.* Truly a *Compendious Way* of *Arithmetick*! *Ph.* And then he was a great *Master* of his *Trade*; for he had a *Way* of getting *Monthly Contributions* on both *Sides*: From his *Enemies*, that he might spare them; and from his *Friends*, as an

Allowance for them to deal with the *Enemy*. *Ma.* Well, well, I know the common Way of Soldiers; but make an End of your Story. *Ph.* *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius*, with some of their Fellows, continu'd with the *Sick Man*; and the rest had their Provisions sent them. *Ma.* But how did they agree among themselves that staid upon Duty? *Ph.* Not perfectly well: For I heard some grumbling among 'em about the *Prerogative* of their *Bulls*; but they were fain to dissemble the Matter, that they might go the better on with their Work.

The *Will* is now produc'd; and *Covenants* enter'd into before *Witnesses*, according to what they had agreed upon between *Themselves*. *Ma.* I should be glad to hear what that was. *Ph.* I'll tell ye in short: For the whole Bus'ness would be a long History. He leaves a *Widow* of *Thirty Eight Years of Age*; a *Sincere* and a *Virtuous Woman*. He leaves *two Sons*, the *one* of *Eighteen*, the *other* of *Fifteen*; and *two Daughters*, *both under Age*. He provided by his *Testament*, that since his *Wife* would not confine herself to a *Cloyster*, she should put on the *Habit* of a *Beghin*, (which is a middle Order, betwixt *Layick* and *Religious*.) The *elder Son*, because he could not be prevail'd upon to turn *Monk*—*Ma.* *There's no catching old Birds with Chaff*. *Ph.* He was immediately after his *Father's Funeral*, to ride Post to *Rome*; where being made a *Priest*, before his Time, by the *Pope's Dispensation*, he should for *one Year* say *Mass* every Day in the *Lateran Church*, for his *Father's Soul*; and every *Friday* creep upon his *Knees*, up the *Holy Steps* there. *Ma.* And did he take this Task upon himself, *willingly*? *Ph.* With as much *Submission* as an *Ass* bears his *Burthen*. His *younger Son* was dedicated to *St. Francis*; his *elder Daughter* to *St. Clare*; and the *younger* to *Catharina Senensis*. This was all could be obtain'd: For it was *George's*
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Purpose (to lay the greater Obligation upon God Almighty) to dispose of the *five Survivors* into the *five Orders of Mendicants* ; and it was hard press'd too : But his *Wife*, and his *eldest Son* were not to be wrought upon by any Terms, fair or foul. *Ma.* Why, this is a kind of *Disinheriting*. *Ph.* The *whole Estate* was so divided, that the *Funeral Charges* being first taken out, *one twelfth Part* of it was to go to his *Wife* : *One Half* of that for her *Maintenance*, and the *other* to the *Stock* of the Place where she dispos'd of her self. *Another twelfth Part* to go to the *elder Son* ; with a *Viaticum*, and as much *Money* as would purchase him a *Dispensation*, and maintain him at *Rome* : Provided always, that if he should *change his Mind*, and *refuse* to be initiated into *holy Orders* ; his *Portion* to be divided betwixt the *Franciscans*, and *Dominicans*. And that, I fear, will be the End on't : For he had a strange Abhorrence to that Course of Life. *Two twelfth Parts* are to go to the *Monastery* that receives his *younger Son* ; and *two more*, to those that should entertain his *Daughters* ; but upon Condition, that if they *refuse* to *profess* themselves, *all the Money* should go *whole*, to the *Cloyster*. *Another twelfth Part*, to *Bernardinus*, and as much to *Vincen-tius*. *Half a Share* to the *Carthusians* ; for the good Works of the *whole Order* ; *one remaining Part and Half*, to be divided among such *Poor* as *Bernardinus*, and *Vincen-tius* should judge worthy of the *Charity*. *Ma.* It would have been more *Lawyer-like* to have said *Quos, vel Quas*, instead of *Quos* only, as I find. *Ph.* The *Testament* was read ; and the *Stipulation* ran in these Words : *George Balearicus* ; Now whilst thou art in *Life*, and *sound Sense*, dost thou approve of this *Testament*, which has been made long since by thy *Direction and Appointment* ? I approve it. *Is this thy last, and unchangeable Will* ? It is. *And dost thou constitute me, and this Batchelor Vincentius, the Executors*

of this thy *Last Will*? I do so. And then he was commanded to *subscribe*. *Ma.* How could he *Write* when he was *Dying*? *Ph.* *Bernardinus* Guided his Hand. *Ma.* What did he *Subscribe*? *Ph.* *Whosoever shall presume to Violate this Testament, may St. Francis and St. Dominick confound him.* *Ma.* But what if they had brought an *Action, Testamenti Inofficiosi*? *Ph.* That *Action* will not hold in things dedicated to *God*; nor will any Man run the Hazard of a *Suit* with him. When this was over, the *Wife*, and *Children* give the *Sick Man* their *Right Hands*, and swear *Observance* to his *Directions*.

After this, they fell to treat about the *Funeral Pomp*; and there was a *Squabble* there too; but it was carried at last, that there should be present *nine*, out of every one of the *five Orders*, for the Honour of the *five Volumes* of *Moses*, and the *nine Quire* of *Angels*; every *Order* to carry its proper *Cross*, and sing the *Funeral Songs*. To these, beside the *Kindred*, there should be *thirty Torch-Bearers*, all in *Mourning*, and in Memory of the *thirty Pieces* of *Silver* that our *Saviour* was sold for; and for *Respect* sake, *twelve Mourners* to accompany them; as a *Number* sacred to the *Apostolical Order*. Behind the *Bier* follow'd *George's Horse*, all in *Mourning*; with his *Head* ty'd down to his *Knee*, as if he were looking upon the *Ground* for his *Master*. The *Pall* was hung round with *Escutcheons*, and so were the *Garments* both of the *Bearers*, and *Mourners*. The *Body* it self was to be laid at the *Right Hand* of the *high Altar*, in a *marble Tomb*, some *four Foot* from the *Ground*; and he himself at his *Length*, upon the *Top* on't. His *Image* cut in the *purest Marble*, and in *Armour* from *Head* to *Foot*: To his *Helmet*, a *Crest*: which was the *Neck* of an *Onocrotalus*; a *Shield* upon his *Left Arm*, charged with *three Bores Heads*, Or, in a *Field Argent*; a *Sword* by his *Side*, with a *Golden Hilt*,

Hilt, and a *Belt* embroidered with *Gold*, and *Pearl*: *Golden Spurs*, and all, *Gold*, for he was *Eques Auratus*. He had a *Leopard* at his Feet, and an *Inscription* worthy of so great a Man. His *Heart* was to be laid in the *Chappel* of *St. Francis*, and his *Bowels* bequeath'd to the *Parish*, to be honourably interr'd in our *Ladies Chappel*. *Ma.* This was a noble *Funeral*, but a dear one. Now at *Venice* a *Cobler* should have as much *Honour* done him, and with little or no *Charge* at all. The *Company* gives him a handsom *Coffin*; and they have *six hundred Monks*, all in their *Habits*, many times, to attend one *Body*. *Ph.* I have seen it my self, and cannot but laugh at the *Vanity* of those poor People. The *Fullers* and *Tanners* march in the *Van*, the *Coblers* bring up the *Rear*, and the *Monks* march in the *Body*. This Mixture made it look like a *Chimera*; and *George* had this *Caution* too, that the *Franciscans*, and *Dominicans* should draw *Lots*, who should go *first*; and after them, the rest, for Fear of a *Tunnult*, or *Quarrelling* for *Place*. The *Parish-Priest* and his *Clerks* went *last*: For the *Monks* would never indure it otherwise. *Ma.* *George* had Skill, I find, in *marshalling* of a *Ceremony*, as well as of an *Army*. *Ph.* And it was provided, that the *Funeral Service*, which was to be perform'd by the *Parish-Priest*, should proceed in *Musick*, for the greater *Honour* of the *Defunct*. While these things were a doing, the *Patient* was seiz'd with a *Convulsion*, which was a certain *Token* that his *Dissolution* was at Hand: So that they were now come to the *last Act*. *Ma.* Why, is not all done yet? *Ph.* No; for now the *Pope's Bull* is to be read, wherein he is promised a total *Pardon* of all his *Sins*, and an *Exemption* from the Fear of *Purgatory*; with a *Justification* over and above, of his *whole Estate*. *Ma.* What? Of an *Estate* gotten by *Violence*? *Ph.* Gotten by the *Law*,

and *Fortune* of the *War*: But it happen'd that a Brother of his Wives, one *Philip*, a *Civilian*, was by at the reading of the *Bull*; and took notice of one Passage in it, that was not as it should be, which made him jealous of *foul Play*. *Ma.* This came very unseasonable; or if there had been any *Error*, it might have been *dissembled*, and the *sick Man* never the worse for't. *Ph.* You say very well; and I assure ye it wrought upon *George* so, that it had like to have cast him into an *absolute Despair*. And here, *Vincentius* shew'd himself a *Man* indeed; *Courage*, *George*, (says he) for I have an *Authority* to correct, or to supply all *Errors*, or *Omissions* in this *Case*: So that if this *Bull* should deceive thee, my *Soul* shall stand engag'd for thine, that thine shall go to *Heaven*, or mine be damn'd. *Ma.* But will *God* accept of this *Way* now of *changing Souls*? Or if he does, is the *Pawn* of *Vincentius's Soul* a sufficient *Security*? What if *Vincentius's Soul* should go to the *Devil*, whether he changes it, or no? *Ph.* I only tell ye *Matter of Fact*. *Vincentius* enter'd formally into this *Obligation*, and *George* seem'd to be much comforted with it. By and by the *Covenants* are read; by which, the whole *Society* promise to transfer to *George* the *Benefits* of the *Works* of all the *five Orders*. *Ma.* I should be afraid that such a *Weight* should sink me to *Hell*. *Ph.* I speak of their *good Works* only; for they help a *Soul* in mounting to *Heaven*, as *Feathers* help a *Bird*. *Ma.* But who shall have their *evil Works* then? *Ph.* The *Dutch Soldiers* of *Fortune*. *Ma.* By what *Right*? *Ph.* By *Gospel-Right*; for to him that has, shall be given. And then they read over how many *Masses* and *Psalms* were to accompany the *Soul* of the deceased; which indeed were *innumerable*. His *Confession* was repeated, after this; and they gave him their *Benediction*. *Ma.* And so he dy'd. *Ph.* Not yet. They laid a *Mat* upon the *Ground*, which was roll'd

up at one End into the Form of a *Pillow*. *Ma.* And what was this to do? *Ph.* They threw *Ashes* upon it; but thin spread; and there they laid the *sick Man's Body*; and then they consecrated a *Franciscan's Coat*, with certain *Prayers*, and *Holy Water*, and cast that over him: They laid his *Cowl* under his *Head* (for there was no putting of it on) and his *Pardon* with it. *Ma.* A new Way of leaving the World. *Ph.* But they affirm that the *Devil* has no *Power* over those that die in this Manner; for they do but follow *St. Martin*, *St. Francis*, and *others*, that have gone this Way before. *Ma.* But *their Lives* were *religious* as well as their *Ends*. But go on. *Ph.* They then presented the *sick Man* with a *Crucifix*, and a *Wax Candle*. Upon holding out the *Crucifix*; *I thought myself safe*, says *George*, *under the Protection of my Buckler, in War*; and now *this is the Buckler that I shall oppose to my Enemies*: So he kist it, and laid it to his *left Side*; and for the *holy Taper*, *I was ever held to be a good Pike-man in the Field*, and now *I shall make use of this Lance against the Enemy of Souls*. *Ma.* Spoken like a Man of War. *Ph.* These were the last Words he spake: For Death presently ty'd up his *Tongue*, and he fell into an *Agony*. *Bernardinus* kept close to him, in his *Extremity*, upon the *Right Hand*, and *Vincentius* upon the *Left*; and they had both of them their *Pipes* open: The *one* shew'd him the *Image* of *St. Francis*, the other that of *St. Dominick*, while the rest were up and down in the *Bed-Chamber*, mumbling over certain *Psalms* to a most *lamentable Tune*; *Bernardinus*, bawling in his *Right Ear*, and *Vincentius*, in his *Left*. *Ma.* What did they say? *Ph.* *Bernardinus* spake to this Purpose: *George Balearicus*, *if thou dost now approve of all that is here done, lean thy Head toward thy right Shoulder*. And so he did. *Vincentius*, on the other Side, *Have a good Heart, George*, (says he) *thou hast*

hast St. Francis and St. Dominick for thy Defenders ; fear nothing, but think of the Merits that are bestow'd upon thee ; the Validity of thy Pardon, and that I have engag'd my Soul for thine, if there should be any Danger. If thou understand'st all this, and approvest of it, lean thy Head toward thy left Shoulder ; and so he did. After this, they cry'd out as loud as before, if thou art sensible of all this, squeeze my Hand ; and he did so : So that betwixt the turning of his Head, and the squeezing of his Hand, there past almost three Hours. When George began to yawn, Bernardinus stood up, and pronounc'd his Absolution ; but he could not go through with it, before George's Soul was out of his Body. This was about Midnight ; and in the Morning, they went about the Anatomy. Ma. What did he die of? Ph. Well remembred, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a Piece of Lead that stuck to the Diaphragma. Ma. How came that? Ph. With a Musquet Shot, as his Wife told me ; and the Physicians conjectur'd that some Part of the melted Lead was yet in his Body. By and by, they put the dissected Corps, as well as they could, into a Franciscan's Habit ; and after Dinner they bury'd him in Pomp, as it was order'd. Ma. I never heard of more Bustle about a Man's dying, or of a more pompous Funeral : But I suppose you would not have this publickly to be known. Ph. Why not? Ma. 'Tis not good to provoke a Nest of Hornets. Ph. There's no Danger ; for if this be well done, the more publick, the better : But if it be ill, all good Men will thank me for the Discovery of it ; and for making the Impostors themselves, perhaps, asham'd of what they have done ; and cautious how they do the same thing again. Beside that it may possibly preserve the simple from falling any more into the like Mistakes. For I have been told by several learned and pious Men, that the Superstition,

tion, and *Wickedness* of some few, brings a *Scandal* upon the *whole Order*. *Ma.* This is well and bravely said.

But I would fain know what became of *Cornelius*. *Ph.* Why truly he *dy'd* as he *liv'd*, without troubling any *Body*: He had an *Anniversary Fever* that took him every Year at such a certain Time; but being worse now than ordinary, either by Reason of his *Age* (for he was above *Threescore*) or some other *Infirmity*, finding that his fatal Day was drawing on; he went to Church, upon a *Sunday* some four Days before his Death, and there *confess'd* himself to his *Parish-Priest*; heard *publick Service*, and *Sermon*; receiv'd the *Eucharist*; and so return'd to his own *House*. *Ma.* Had he no *Physicians*? *Ph.* Only one, who was an excellent Man, both in his *Morals*, and in his *Profession*, (one *James Castrutius*.) *Ma.* I know the Man; a very worthy Person. *Ph.* He told him, that he should be ready to serve him in any thing as a Friend; but that his *Business* lay rather with *God*, than with the *Doctors*. *Cornelius* took this Sentence as cheerfully, as if he had assur'd him of his Recovery. Wherefore, tho he had always been very charitable, according to his Power, yet he then enlarg'd himself, and bestow'd upon the Needy all that he could possibly spare from the Necessities of his Wife and Children: And not upon those that take a *Pride* in a *seeming Poverty*; (those are an *ambitious Sort* of *Beggars*, that are every where to be met withal :) But upon those good Men, that oppose a *laborious Industry* to an *innocent Poverty*. I desir'd him, that he would rest himself, and rather take a *Priest* to entertain him, than spend his wasted Body with more Labour than it would bear. His Answer was, that it had been his Practice, rather to ease his Friends where he could, by doing good Offices, than make himself troublesome by re-

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ceiving them; and that he would now *die* as he had *liv'd*. He would not lie down till the *last Day*, and *Part* of the *last Night* of his *Life*. In the *Interim*, he was forced to support his weak Body with a Stick; or else he would sit in a Chair, but very rarely came into his naked Bed: Only he kept himself in his Clothes, with his Head upright. In this Time, either he was giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, and of the Neighbourhood, (especially such as were known to him) or else he would be reading of those Scriptures that might fortifie him in his Faith toward God; and shew the infinite Love of God to Mankind. When he was not able to read himself, he had some Friend to read to him; and he would frequently, and with wonderful Affection encourage his Family to mutual Love, and Concord, and to the Exercise of true Piety; comforting his Friends with great Tenderness, and persuading them not to be over-sollicitous for his Death. He gave it often in Charge to his Family, to see all his Debts paid. *Ma.* Had he no *Will*? *Ph.* Yes, long since; he had dispatch'd that Affair in his best Health: For he was us'd to say, that what a Man does at his *last Gasp*, is rather a *Dotage*, than a *Testament*. *Ma.* Did he give any thing to *religious Houses*, or *poor People*? *Ph.* No, not a *Cross*. I have given already (says he) in my Life-time what I was able to give; and now, as I leave the Possession of what I have to my Family, they shall e'en have the disposing of it too; and I trust that they will yet employ it better than I my self have done. *Ma.* Did he send for no *holy Man* about him, as *George* did? *Ph.* Not a Man of 'em. There was only his own Family, and two intimate Friends about him. *Ma.* What did he mean by that? *Ph.* He was not willing, he said, to trouble more People when he went out of the World, than he did when he came
in

into't. *Ma.* When comes the End of this Story? *Ph.* You shall hear presently: *Thursday* came, and finding himself extreamly weak, he kept his Bed. The *Parish-Priest* was then call'd, gave him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Holy Communion*; but he made *no Confession*, for he had *no Scruple*, he said, that stuck upon him. The *Priest* began then to discourse of the *Pomp, Place, and Manner* of his *Burial*. *Buryme* (says he) *as you would bury the meanest Christian: Nor do I concern my self where ye lay my Body; for the last Judgment will find it out in one Place, as well as in another; and for the Pomp of my Funeral, I heed it not.* When he came to mention the ringing of *Bells*, the saying of *Masses*, the *Business of Pardons*, and purchasing a *Communion of Merits*; my good *Pastor* (says he) *I shall find my self never the worse, if never a Bell be rung; and one Funeral Office will abundantly content me: But if there be any thing else, which the publick Custom of the Church has made necessary, and that cannot well be omitted, without giving a Scandal to the weak; in that Case, I remit my self to your Pleasure: Nor am I at all desirous, either to buy any Man's Prayers, or to rob any Man of his Merits; those of Christ I take to be sufficient, and I wish only, that I my self may be the better for the Prayers, and Merits of the whole Church, if I live, and die, but a true Member of it. All my Hope is in these two Assurances. The one is, that my Sins are abolished, and nail'd to the Cross by my blessed Saviour, who is our chief Shepherd. The other is, that which Christ hath signed, and sealed with his holy Blood; by which we are made sure of eternal Salvation, if we place all our Trust in him. Far be it from me to insist upon Merits, and Pardons; as if I would provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whose Sight no Flesh living shall be justifi'd. His Mercy is boundless, and unspeakable, and thither it is that I must appeal, from his Justice.* The *parish-priest*, upon these

Words,

Words departed; and *Cornelius*, with great Joy and *Cheerfulness*, (as one transported with the Hope of a better Life) caused some Texts to be read, to confirm him in the Hope of a Resurrection; and set before him the Rewards of Immortality. As that out of the Prophet *Isaiab*, concerning the deferring of the Death of *Hezekias*, together with the *Hymn*; and then the *1 Cor. 15*. The Death of *Lazarus*, out of *St. John*; but especially, the History of *Christ's Passion*, out of the *Gospels*. With what Affection did he take in all these Scriptures! Sighing at some of Passages; closing his Hands, as in Thankfulness, at others: One while rapt, and overjoy'd at some Passages, and at others, sending up his Soul in short Ejaculations. After Dinner, when he had slept a little, he caused to be read the *twelfth of St. John*, to the End of the Story. And here the Man seem'd to be transfigur'd, and possess'd with a new Spirit. Toward Evening, he call'd his Wife and Children; and raising himself as well as he could, he thus bespake them.

My dearest Wife, the same God that joyn'd us doth now part us; but only in our Bodies, and that too, but for a short Time. That Care, Kindness, and Piety, that thou hast hitherto divided betwixt my self, and the tender Pledges of our mutual Love, thou art now to transfer wholly to them: Nor canst thou do any thing more acceptable to God, or to me, than to educate, cherish, and instruct those whom Providence has bestow'd upon us, as the Fruit of our Conjunction, that they may be found worthy of Christ. Double thy Piety towards them, and reckon upon my Share too, as translated unto thee. If thou dost this,

(as

(as I am confident thou wilt) thy Children are not to be accounted Orphans.

If ever thou shouldst Marry again----- With that his Wife gush'd out into Tears, and as she was about to forswear the thing, Cornelius thus interposed: My dearest Sister in Christ; if our Lord Jesus shall vouchsafe to thee such a Resolution, and Strength of Spirit, be not wanting to thy self in the cherishing of so divine a Grace; for it will be more commondious, as well to thy self, as to thy Children; but if thy Infirmary shall move thee another Way, know, that my Death has freed thee from the Bond of Wedlock, but not from that Trust, which in both our Names, thou owest in Common to the Care of our Children. As to the Point of Marriage, make use of the Freedom which God has given thee. This only let me intreat, and admonish thee, make such a Choice of a Husband, and so discharge thyself towards him, in the Condition of a Wife, that either by his own Goodness, or for thy Convenience, he may be kind to our Children. Have a Care then of tying up thy self by any Vow: Keep thy self free to God, and to our Issue; and bring them up in such a Frame of Piety and Virtue, and take such Care of them, that they may not fix upon any Course of Life, till by Age, and the Use of Things, they shall come to understand what is fittest for them.

Turning then to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Virtue; Obedience to their Mother; and mutual Friendship and Affection among themselves. He then kist his Wife, pray'd for his Children; and making the Sign of the Cross,

recommended them to the Mercy of *Christ*. After this, looking upon all that were present; *Yet before to Morrow-morning*, (says he) *the Lord that sanctified the Morning, by reviving upon it, will descend, out of his infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and the Darknes of this Mortality, into his Heavenly Light. I will not have ye tire your selves in your tender Age with unprofitable Watching; only let one wake with me, to read to me, and let the rest sleep by Turns.* When he had past the Night; about Four in the *Morning*, the whole Family being present, he caused that *Psalms* to be read, which our Saviour, praying, recited upon the Cross. When that was done, he call'd for a *Taper*, and a *Cross*; and taking the *Taper*, the Lord (says he) *is my Light, and my Salvation, whom shall I fear?* And then, kissing the *Cross*; the Lord (says he) *is the Defender of my Life, of whom then shall I be afraid?* By and by, with his Hands upon his Breast, and the Gesture of one praying, and with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *Lord Jesus* (says he) *receive my Spirit.* And immediately he closed his Eyes, as if he were only about to sleep; and so, with a gentle Breath, he deliver'd up his Spirit, as if he had only slumber'd, and not expir'd. *Ma.* The least painful Death that ever I heard of. *Ph.* His Life was as calm as his Death. These two Men were both of 'em my Friends; and perhaps I am not so good a Judge which of them dy'd the likest a Christian: But you that are unbyass'd, may perhaps make a better Judgment. *Ma.* I'll think of it; and give you my Opinion at Leisure.

The Exorcism: Or, the Apparition.

COL. XIII.

*A Dragon in the Air; with the Relation of an
artificial and famous Imposture.*

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

Th. **Y**OU have found a Purchase sure, that ye laugh to your self thus: What's the best News? *Ans.* Nay, you are not far from the Mark. *Th.* If there be any thing that's good, let your Friend take Part with ye. *Ans.* And welcome too; for I have been wishing a good while for some Body that would be merry with me for Company. *Th.* Let's have it then. *Ans.* I was told e'en now the pleasantest Story; and if I did not know the Place, the Persons, and every Circumstance, as well as I know you, I should swear 'twere a *Sham*. *Th.* You have set me a longing to hear it. *Ans.* Do not you know *Pool*, *Fawn's* Son-in-Law? *Th.* Perfectly well. *Ans.* He's both the *Contriver* of it, and the chief *Actor* in the *Play*. *Th.* I am apt enough to believe that; for he's a Man to do any Part to the Life. *Ans.* 'Tis right: Do you not know a Farm that he has a little Way from *London*? *Th.* Oh! Very well. He and I have crackt many a Bottle
to-

together there. *Ans.* There's a Way, you know, betwixt two streight Rows of Trees. *Th.* A matter of *two Flight Shot* from the House, upon the left Hand. *Ans.* That's it. One Side of the Way has a dry Ditch, that's over-grown with Brambles; and then there's a little Bridge, that leads into an open Field. *Th.* I remember it. *Ans.* There went a Report among the Country People, of a *Spirit* that walkt there; and of hideous *Howlings* that were heard about that Bridge, which made them conclude it to be the Soul of some Body that was miserably tormented. *Th.* Who was't that rais'd this Report? *Ans.* Who but *Pool*; that made this the *Prologue* to his *Comedy*? *Th.* What put it in his Head, I wonder, to invent such a *Flam*? *Ans.* I know nothing more than the Humour of the Man; for he loves to make himself Sport with silly People. I'll tell you a late Whimsy of his, of the same Kind. We were a good many of us, riding to *Richmond*, and some in the Company that you would allow to be no Fools. The Day was so clear, that there was not a Cloud to be seen. *Pool*, looking wishly up into the Air, fell on the sudden to *crossing* of himself, and with a strange Amazement in his Countenance; *Lord* (says he to himself) *what do I see!* They that rode next him, asking him what it was that he saw; he *cross'd* himself, *more and more.* *In Mercy* (says he) *deliver us from this Prodigy.* They still pressing him more earnestly, to say what was the Matter. Then *Pool* fixing his Eyes, and pointing toward such a Quarter of the Heaven, *That monstrous Dragon* (says he) *with fiery Horns*; (don't you see him?) *and look how his Tail is turn'd up into a Kind of a Circle.* Upon their Denial, that they saw any thing; and his urging them to look steadily just where he pointed; one of them, at last, for the Credit of his Eyes, yielded that

that he saw it too; and so one after another, they all saw it; for they were asham'd not to see any thing that was so plain to be seen. In short, the Rumour of this portentous Apparition was in three Days all over England; and it is wonderful, how they had amplifi'd the Story; and some were making Exposition upon the Meaning of this horrid Portent. But in the mean time, the Inventor of it had the Satisfaction of seeing the Success of his Project. *Th.* I know the Humour of the Man to a Hair. But to the Ghost again. *Ans.* While that Story was a Foot, there comes very opportunely to Pool, one Fawn, a Priest; (one of those which they call in Latin, *Regulars*) a Parish-Priest of a Village there in the Neighbourhood.) This Man took upon him to understand more than his Fellows in holy Matters. *Th.* Oh! I guess whereabouts ye are. Pool has found out one now to bear a Part in the Play. *Ans.* They were a Talking at Supper of this Report of the Spectrum, at the Table; and when Pool found that Fawn had not only heard of it, but believed it, he fell to entreating the Man, that as he was a holy, and a learned Person, he would do his best toward the relieving of a poor Soul out of that terrible Affliction. And if you make any Doubt of the Truth on't, says he, sift out the Matter; and do but walk about ten a Clock, towards that little Bridge, and there you shall hear such Cries and Groanings, as would grieve your Heart; but I would advise ye, however, for your own Security, to take some Company that you like, along with you. *Th.* Well, and what then? *Ans.* After Supper, out goes Pool, a hunting, or about his usual Sports; and when it grew Duskish, out went Fawn, and was at last, a Witness of those grievous Lamentations. Pool had hid himself thereabouts in a Bramble-Bush, and perform'd his Part incomparably well. His Instrument was an Earthen Pot, that

through the Hollow of it, gave a most mournful Sound. *Th.* This Story, for ought I see, out-does *Menander's Phasma*. *Ans.* You'll say more when you have heard it out. Away goes *Fawn* Home in great Impatience, to tell what he heard; while *Pool*, by a shorter Cut, gets Home before him. There does *Fawn* tell *Pool* all that past, with something of his own too, to make the Matter more wonderful. *Th.* Well, but could *Pool* hold his Countenance all this while? *Ans.* He hold his Countenance? Why, he carries his Heart in his Hand; and you would have sworn that the whole Action had been in Earnest. In the End, *Fawn*, upon the pressing Importunity of *Pool*, resolv'd to venture upon an *Exorcism*; and slept not one Wink that Night, his Thoughts were so taken up with the Consideration of his own Safety; for he was most wretchedly afraid. In the first Place, he got together the most powerful *Exorcisms* that he could find; to which, he added some new ones, as by the *Bowels* of such a *Saint*, the *Bones* of *St. Winnifrede*; and after this, he makes Choice of a Place in the Field, near the Thicket of Bushes, whence the Noise came. He draws ye a Circle, a very large one, with several *Crosses* in it, and a phantastical Variety of *Characters*; and all this was perform'd in a set *Form of Words*. He had there also, a great Vessel, full of *holy Water*, and the *holy Stole* (as they call it) about his Neck; upon which hung the Beginning of the Gospel of *St. John*. He had in his Pockets, a little Piece of *Wax*, which the Bishop of *Rome* us'd to consecrate once a Year, commonly call'd an *Agnus Dei*. With these Arms in Time past, they defended themselves against *evil Spirits*, till the *Cowl* of *St. Francis* was found to be more formidable. All these things were provided, for Fear the *Fiend* should fall foul upon the *Exorcist*. And all this was

not enough neither to make him trust himself alone in the Circle; but he concluded to take some other Priest along with him, to keep him Company. This gave *Pool* an Apprehension; that by the joyn- ing of some cunning Fellow with him, the whole Plot might come to be discovered. So that he took a *Parish-Priest* thereabouts, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Design; (and it be- haved him so to do) besides, that he was as fit as any Man for such an Adventure. The next Day, when every thing was ready, and in Order; about *ten a Clock*, *Fawn* and the *Parish-Priest* enter the Circle. *Pool*, that was gone before, yells and howls in the *Brambles*. *Fawn* gives a *God-speed* to the *Exorcism*. In the mean Time, *Pool* steals away in the Dark to the next Village, and from thence, brings another Person to act his Part; for there went a great many of them to the Play. *Th.* Well, and what are they to do? *Ans.* They mount them- selves upon *black Horses*, and privately carry *Fire* along with them. When they came near, they shew'd the *Fire* to fright *Fawn* out of the Circle. *Th.* *Pool* took a great deal of Pains, I see, to carry on the Work. *Ans.* His Fancy lies that Way; but there fell out an Accident that had like to have spoil'd the Jest. *Th.* How so? *Ans.* The sudden flashing of the *Fire*, so startled the *Horses*, that the Riders could hardly keep the Jades upon their Legs, or themselves in the Saddle. And here's an End of the first Act.

Upon *Fawn's* Return, *Pool* askt him very inno- cently what he had done, as knowing nothing at all of the Matter; and then *Fawn* up with his Story, and tells him of two dreadful *Cacodemons* that ap- pear'd to him upon *black Horses*, their Eyes spark- ling with Fire, and Flames coming out of their Nostrils; and what Attempts they made to pass

the Circle, but that by the Power and Efficacy of his Words, they were driven away with a Vengeance. This Encounter put *Fawn* into Courage; so that the next Day, with great Solemnity, he returned to his Circle. And when he had a long Time, with much Vehemence, provok'd the Spirit; *Pool* with his *Companion*, shew'd himself again upon their *black Horses*, and prest on with a most *outrageous Outcry*, as if they were fully determin'd to storm the Circle. *Th.* Had they no *Fire*? *Ans.* None at all; for that did not succeed well: But you shall now hear of another Device. They had a long *Rope*, which they drew gently over the Ground; and then hurrying from one Place to another, as if they had been frightened away by *Fawn's Exorcisms*; up went the Heels by and by of both the Priests, and down come they upon the Ground, with a great Vessel of *Holy Water*; the *Priests* and their *Holy Water*, both together. *Th.* And this was t'other Priest's Reward, for playing of his Part. *Ans.* It was so; and yet he would have endur'd a great deal more, rather than quit the Design.

After this Encounter, *Fawn* upon his Return, makes a mighty Business to *Pool*, of the Danger he had been in, and how valiantly he had defeated *both the Devils* with his *Charms*: And he was by this Time, absolutely perswaded, that all the Devils in Hell had not the Power to force his Circle, or the Confidence so much as to attempt it. *Th.* This same *Fawn*, I perceive, is next door to a Fool. *Ans.* Oh! You have heard nothing yet, to speak of. When the *Comedy* was thus far advanc'd, in very good Time came *Pool's Son in Law*. He's a pleasant Droll, ye know; the Young-man that married *Pool's eldest Daughter*. *Th.* I know him very well, and no Man fitter for such an Exploit.

Ans.

Ans. Fitter sayst thou? Why, I will undertake he shall leave his Dinner at any Time, for such a Comedy. His Father in Law acquaints him with the whole Business, and who but he to act a *Ghost*. He undertakes his Part; has every thing provided, and wraps up himself in a Sheet, like a Corps, with a live Coal in a Shell that shew'd through the Linnen, as if something were a burning. About Night he goes to the Place where the Scene of the Story lay. There were heard most doleful *Morcs*, and *Fawn* in the mean Time, lets fly all his *Exorcisms*. By and by, a good Way off in the Bushes appears the *Ghost*, shewing *Fire* by Fits, and groaning most rufully. While *Fawn* was beseeching him to say, who he was, immediately out leaps *Pool*, in his *Devil's Habit*, from the Thicket; and roaring and raging, *this Soul*, says he, *is mine, and you have no Power over it*; and with that, he runs up presently to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he were about to fall violently upon the *Exorcist*. After which, he loses Ground, and retreats, as if he had been either beaten off by the Words of the Exorcism, or by the Virtue of the *Holy Water*, which was thrown upon him in great Abundance. At last, when the Spirit's Protector was driven away, *Fawn* enters into a Dialogue with the *Ghost*; which, after much Intreaty and Importunity, confesses it self to be the Soul of a Christian; and being askt the Name; my Name (says the *Ghost*) is *Fawn*. Why, then (says *Fawn*) we are both of a Name; and the very Thought of delivering his *Namesake*, made him lay the Matter more to Heart. *Fawn* put so many *Questions*, that the *Ghost* began to fear, that a longer Discourse might make some Discovery, and so withdrew himself, upon Pretence that his Hour was come, that he was not permitted to talk any longer, and that he was now compell'd to

go away, whither it pleased the Devil to carry him; but yet promis'd to return again the next Day, at some lawful Hour. They meet again at *Pool's* House, who was the Master of the Shew; and there the *Exorcist* talks of his Atchievement; and tho in many things he help'd the Matter, he believ'd himself yet in all he said; so heartily was he affected to the Business in Hand. It was now manifest that it was the Soul of a Christian that was saln under the Power of some unmerciful Devil; and in the most cruel Torments; so that their Endeavour is now wholly bent that Way. There happen'd one pleasant Kind of a ridiculous Passage in this *Exorcism*. *Th.* I prethee what was that? *Ans.* When *Fawn* had call'd up the *Ghost*; *Pool*, that acted the *Devil*, leap'd directly at him, as if without any more ado, he would break into the Circle. *Fawn* fought him a great while with *Exorcisms*, and whole *Tubs* of *Holy Water*; and at last, the *Devil* cry'd out, *he did not value all that, any more than the Dirt under his Feet; you, Sirrah, (says he) have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own. Many a true Word has been spoken in jest: For so it proved, for the Exorcist finding himself touch'd with that Word, retir'd presently to the very Centre of the Circle, and mumbled something, I know not what, in the other Priest's Ear. Pool finding that, withdrew, that he might not hear more than did belong to him. Th. A very modest and religious Devil. Ans. Very right. Now the Action, you know, might have been blam'd, if he had not observ'd a Decorum. But yet he over-heard the Priest appointing him Satisfaction. Th. And what was the Satisfaction? Ans. That he should say the Lord's Prayer three times over; from whence he gather'd, that he had transgress'd thrice that Night. Th. A most irregular Regular. Ans. Alas, they are*

are but Men, and this is but humane Frailty. *Th.* But what follow'd next? *Ans.* *Fawn* advances now, with more Courage and Fierceness, up to the very Line of the Circle, and provok'd the Devil of his own Accord: But the Devil's Heart now fail'd him, and he fled back. *You have deceiv'd me,* says he; *what a Fool was I for giving you that Caution!* Many are of Opinion, that what you once confess to a Priest, is immediately struck out of the Devil's Memory, so that he shall never twit you in the Teeth for't. *Th.* A very ridiculous Conceit! *Ans.* But to draw toward a Conclusion. This Way of *Colloquy* with the *Ghost*, continu'd for some Days; and it came to this at last, that the *Exorcist* asking if there were any Way to deliver the Soul from Torment! The *Ghost* answer'd him, that it might be done, by restoring the ill-gotten-Money, which he had left behind him. What (says *Fawn*) if it were put into the Hands of your *People*, to dispose of for *pious Uses!* His Reply was, that it might do very well that Way; which was a great Consolation to the *Exorcist*, and made him very diligently enquire to what Value it might amount. The *Ghost* told him, that it was a mighty *Sum*, and a thing that might prove very good and commodious. He told him the very Place too (but a huge way off) where this Treasure was buried under Ground. *Th.* Well, and to what Uses? *Ans.* *Three Persons* were to undertake a *Pilgrimage*: One of them to the *Threshold* of *St. Peter*; another, to *James of Compostella*; and the *third* to kiss the *Comb* of our *Saviour*, which is at *Tryers*: And then a great Number of *Services* and *Masses* were to be perform'd by several *Monasteries*; and for the rest, he should dispose of them as he pleas'd. Now *Fawn's* Heart was wholly fixt upon the *Treasure*; which he had in a manner swallow'd already. *Th.*

That's a common Disease, tho' perpetually cast in the *Priest's Dish*, upon all Occasions. *Ans.* There was nothing omitted, that concern'd the Business of Money; and when that was done, the *Exorcist* (being put upon't by *Pool*) fell to question the *Ghost*, about *curious Arts*, *Chymistry* and *Magick*. But the *Ghost* put him off for the present, with some slight Answer; only giving him the Hopes of large Discoveries, so soon as ever he should get clear of the *Devil's Clutches*. And here's the End of the *third Act*.

In the *fourth*, *Fawn* began every where to talk high, and promise strange things, and to brag at the Table, and in all Companies, what a glorious Work he had in Hand, for the Good of the *Monasteries*, and he was elevated now into another manner of Stile and Behaviour. He went to the Place where the Treasure was hid, and found the Marks, but durst not venture to dig for't; for the *Ghost* had put into his Head, that it would be extreme dangerous to touch the Money, before the *Masses* were said. By this Time, there were a great many cunning Snaps that had the Plot in the Wind; but yet he was still making Proclamation every where of his Folly, tho' divers of his Friends, and his *Abbot*, particularly, caution'd him against it: And advis'd him, that having a long Time had the Reputation of a sober Man, he should not take so much Pains now to convince the World of the contrary. But his Mind was so possess'd with the Fancy of the thing, that all the Counsel in Nature could not lessen his Belief of it. All his *Discourses*, nay, his very *Dreams*, were of *Spectres* and *Devils*: The very Habit of his Soul was got into his Face; so pale, shrivled, and dejected, that he was rather a *Sprite*, than a *Man*. In one Word, he had certainly run stark mad, if it had not been seasonably prevented.

Th. Now this is to be the last *Act* of the *Comedy*.
Ans. It shall be so.

Pool and his *Son-in-Law* hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an *Epistle*, written in a *strange antick Character*, and upon such a Sort of Paper, as your *Guilders* use for their *Leaf Gold*; a kind of a *Saffron-colour'd Paper* you know. The *Form* of the *Epistle* was this.

FAwn, that has been long a *Captive*, now *Free*, to *Fawn* his *Gracious Deliverer*; Greeting. It is not needful, (my Dear *Fawn*) that thou shouldst *Macerate* thy self any longer upon this *Affair*; *Heaven* has regarded the *Pious Intentions* of thy *Mind*; and in *Reward* of thy *Merit*, I am deliver'd from my *Punishment*, and live now happily among the *Angels*. Thou hast a *Place* provided for thee with *St. Augustin*, which is the next *Range* to the *Quire* of the *Apostles*. When thou com'st hither, I'll give thee publick *Thanks*; in the mean *Time*, Live as merrily as thou canst.

From the *Empyrean Heaven*, the
Ides of *September*, 1498. under
the *Seal* of my own *Ring*.

This *Epistle* was laid privately under the *Altar*, where *Fawn* was to officiate; and there was one labour'd, upon the *Conclusion* of the *Office*, to advertise him of the thing, as found by *Chance*: And the good *Man* carries the *Letter* now about him; shews it, as a holy *Thing*, and makes it an *Article* of his *Faith*, that it was brought from *Heaven* by an *Angel*. *Th.* This is no *freeing* the *Man* of his *Madness*, but only *changing* the *Sort* of it. *Ans.* Why, truly

truly it is so; for it is only a more agreeable *Phrenzy*. *Th.* I never was very credulous in the common Tales of *Apparitions*, but I shall be less hereafter than ever I was; for I am afraid that many of those Relations that we hear of, were only *Artifice* and *Imposture*, deliver'd over to the World for *Truths* by *easy Believers*, like our *Fawn*. *Ans.* And I am very much inclin'd to think as you do, of the greater Part of them.

The Horse-Courser.

COL. XIV.

A Horsecourser puts a Jade upon a Gentleman; and the Gentleman cousens the Horse-Courser again with his own Jade.

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

Aul. **G**oodly, goodly! The Gravity of *Phædrus!* How he stands gaping into the Air? I'll put him out of his Dumps. What's the News with you to Day? *Ph.* And why that Question always? *Aul.* Because that fowre Look of yours has more of *Cato* in it, than of *Phædrus.* *Ph.* Never wonder at that, Friend, for I am just now come from *Confession.* *Aul.* My Wonder's over, then. But tell me now upon your honest Word; have you confes'd *all your Sins?* *Ph.* All that I thought of, but *one,* upon my Honesty. *Aul.* And what made ye reserve that *one?* *Ph.* Because it is a Sin that I am loth to part with. *Aul.* Some pleasant Sin, I suppose. *Ph.* Nay, I am not sure that it is a *Sin* neither. But if you will, I'll tell you what it is. *Aul.* With all my Heart. *Ph.* Our *Horse-Courfers,* you know, are devilish Cheats. *Aul.* Yes, yes. I know more of them than I wish I did; for they have fetch'd me over, many and many a Time. *Ph.* I had an Occasion lately, that put me upon a long Journey; and I was in great Haste; so I went

went to one of the honestest, as I thought, of the whole Gang; and one for whom I had formerly done some good Offices. I told him, that I was call'd away upon urgent Business, and that I want-ed a strong, able Gelding for my Journey. And I desired him, as ever he would do any thing for me, to furnish me with a Horse for my Turn. *Depend upon me,* says he, *and I will use you, as if you were my own Brother.* *Aul.* Perhaps he would have cousten'd him too. *Ph.* He leads me into the Stable, and bids me take my Choice. At last I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the rest. *Well, Sir,* (says he) *I see you understand a Horse; I know not how many People have been at me for this Nag; but I resolv'd to keep him rather for a particular Friend, than to put him off to a Chance-Customer.* All this he swore to; and so we agreed upon the Price; the Money was paid; and up got I into the Saddle. Upon the first setting out, my Steed falls a prancing, and shews all his Tricks; he was fat and fair, and there was no Ground would hold him. But by that Time I had been some half an Hour upon the Way, he tyr'd with me, so downright, that neither Switch nor Spur could get him one Step further. I had heard sufficiently of the Tricks of these Merchants, and how common a thing it was for them to make a Jade look fair to the Eye, and not be worth one Penny yet, for Service. So soon as I found that I was caught: *Come* (said I to my self) *if I live to come back again, I may chance to shew this Fellow yet a Trick for his Trick.* *Aul.* But what became of you in the mean Time? *A Horse-man Unhors'd?* *Ph.* I consulted with Necessity, and turn'd into the next Village, where I left my Horse privately with an Acquaintance I had there, and hired another in his Stead. I pursu'd my Journey; return'd, deliver'd up my hired Horse, and find-
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ing my own Jade in as good Case as I left him, I mounted him again, and so back to my Horse-Courser; desiring that he might stand in his Stable till I call'd for him. He askt me how he perform'd his Journey; and I swore as solemnly to him, as he had done to me, that I never came upon the Back of a better Nag; and so easie too, that he thought he carry'd me in the Air; beside, that he was not one bit the leaner for his Journey. The Man was so far perswaded of the Truth of what I said, that he began to think within himself, that this Horse was better than he took him for. Before we parted, he askt me if I would put him off again; which I refus'd at first; for in Case of any Occasion for such another Journey, I could never expect to get the Fellow of him. Not that I would not sell my very self, or any thing else, for *Money*, if I could but have enough for't. *Aul.* This was playing with a Man at his own Weapon. *Ph.* Briefly, he would not let me go, till I had set a Price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he cost me, and so I went my way. By and by, I gave an Acquaintance of mine some Instructions how to behave himself, and made him a Confident of my Design. Away he goes to the House, calls for the *Horse-Courser*; and tells him he wants a Nag, but it must be a hardy one, for he was upon a long Journey, and earnest Business. The Ostler shews him the Stables, and still commended the worst, but said nothing at all of the Horse he had sold to me, upon an Opinion that he was as good as I reported him. I had given my Friend a Description of that Horse, and told him his very *Standing*; and so he enquired, if that Horse (pointing to mine) were to be sold. The *Horse-Courser* went on commending other Nags in the Stable; without any Answer to that Question. But when he found that the Gentleman

tleman would have that Horse or none, the Horse-Courser fell to reasoning the Matter with himself. *I was clearly mistaken (says he) in this Horse ; but this Gentleman understands him better than I did :* So that upon the Gentleman's pressing, whether he would sell him or no ; well, says the Man, he may be sold, but 'tis at a swinging Price, and so he made his Demand. *Why this, says the other, is no great Price, in a Case of Importance ;* and so they came at last to an Agreement, the Gentleman giving a *Ducate, Earnest,* to bind the Bargain. (*The Horse-Courser set his Price much higher than I had rated him, to make sure of a considerable Profit.*) The Purchaser gives the Ostler a Groat, and bids him feed his Horse well, till he came back by and by to fetch him. So soon as ever I heard that the Bargain was struck, away go I immediately, booted and spurr'd, to the *Horse-Courser,* and call my self out of Breath for my Horse. Out comes the Master, and asks what I would have ? I bade him presently make ready my Horse, for I must be gone immediately upon extraordinary Business. *But (says he) you had me take Care of your Horse for some few Days.* That's true, said I, but I'm surpriz'd with an Occasion wherein the King is concern'd, and there must be no Delay. *You may take your Choice,* says the other, *out of my Stables ; but your own is not to be had.* How so, said I ? He tells me that he is sold. Heaven forbid, said I ; pretending to be in a great Passion ; for as the Case stands, I would not part with him to any Man for four times his Price. And so fell to wrangling about him, as if he had undone me ; and in the Conclusion, he grew a little testy too. *There's no need (says he) of ill Language, you set a Price upon your Horse, and I sold him ; and if I pay you your Money, you can do nothing to me : We are govern'd here by Law ; and you can't compel me to bring*

bring your Horse again. When I had clamour'd a good while, that he should either produce the Horse, or the Man that bought him, the Man at last, in a Rage, throws down the Money: The Horse cost me *fifteen Crowns*, and I sold him for *twenty*, he himself valu'd him at two and thirty; and so computed with himself that he had better make that Profit of him, than restore him. Away go I, like one in Sorrow, and not at all pacifi'd with the Receipt of the Money; the Man desiring me not to take it ill, and he would make me an Amends some other Way. This was the *Cheater cheated*. His Horse is an errant Jade; he looks for the Man to fetch the Horse, that gave him the Earnest, but that will never be. *Aul.* But in the *Interim*, did he never expostulate the Matter with you? *Ph.* With what Face, or Colour, could he do that? I have met him over and over since. He only complain'd that the Buyer never came to take him away: But I have often reason'd the Matter with him, and told him 'twas a just Judgment upon him for selling away my Horse. This was a Fraud so well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not so much as confess it for a Fault. *Aul.* If it had been my Case, I should have been so far from *confessing* it, as a *Sin*, that I should have challeng'd a Statue for it. *Ph.* Whether you speak as you think, or no, I know not; but it set me *agog* however, to be paying more of these Fellows in their own Quoy.

The Alchymist.

COL. XV.

A Priest turns Quack, and engages an eminent Gentleman (who was otherwise a prudent Man) in the Project of the Philosophers Stone. He drills him on, to the Expence of a great deal of Money: And when he has artificially countenanced the Cheat, through several Disappointments; the Gentleman parts fairly with him, and gives him a Sum of Money to keep Counsel.

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

Ph. **L** *Alus* should have some pleasant Crotchet in his Head, by his Gigling thus to himself. Bless me, how the Man is tickled; and what a Stir he makes with the Sign of the Cross! I'll venture to spoil his Sport. How is it, my best Friend *Lalus*? Methinks I read Happiness in thy very Countenance. *La.* But I shall be much happier if I may tell thee what it is that pleases me. *Ph.* Prethee make me happy too then as soon as thou canst. *La.* Dost thou know *Balbinus*? *Ph.* What? the honest learned old Man? *La.* Nay, he is *all that*, but it is not for any Mortal to be wise at *all Times*, and to *all Purposes*. And this excellent Person, after all his eminent Qualities, has his weak Side, as well as his Neigh-

Neighbours: His *Beauty* is not without a *Mole*; the Man runs raving-mad, upon the Art of *Chymistry*. *Ph.* Believe me that which thou call'st a *Mole*, is a dangerous *Disease*. *La.* Whatever it is, he has been of late strangely wrought upon by Flatteries, and fair Words, tho' he has been sufficiently bitten formerly, by that Sort of People. *Ph.* In what manner? *La.* There was a certain *Priest* that went to him, saluted him with great Respect, and in this Fashion accosted him: *You will wonder, perhaps, most learned Balbinus, at the Confidence of a Stranger, to interrupt your Thoughts in the Middle of your most holy Studies.* *Balbinus*, according to his Custom, nods to him, being, you know, a Man of few Words. *Ph.* An Argument of Prudence. *La.* But the other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds: *You will forgive this my Importunity, says he, when I tell you what it was that brought me hither.* Tell me in short then, says *Balbinus*. *I will, says the other, be as brief as possible. You know, most excellent of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I cannot say whether I should reckon myself among the Happy, or the Miserable; for looking upon myself one way, I account myself most happy; and if I look another way, I am of all Men the most miserable.* *Balbinus* pressing him to contract his Business; *I shall have done immediately, says he, most learned Balbinus; and I may the better shorten my Discourse, because no Man knows more of the Affair I am about to speak of, than your self.* *Ph.* You are drawing of an *Orator*, rather than of a *Chymist*. *La.* We'll come to the *Alchymist*, by and by. *I have been so happy, you must know, from a very Child, as always to have had a Passion for this divine Study, I mean the Chymical Study; which is indeed the Marrow of all Philosophy.* At the Name of *Chymistry*, *Balbinus* a little rais'd himself, that is to say, in Gesture; but then fetching a hearty Sigh, he bade him

go on; and so he did. *Miserable Man that I am!* (says he) *for not falling into the right Way.* Balbinus demanded of him what Way he spake of: *You know* (says he) *incomparable, as you are, (for what is there, my learned Sir, that you do not know?) You know (I say) that there are two Ways in this Art; the one is call'd Longation, and the other, Curtation. Now it has been my hard Lot to fall upon Longation.* Balbinus asking him about the Difference of the Ways: *Impudent that I am,* says he, *to speak all this to a Person that knows all these things, no Man better. And therefore it is, that I have with all Humility address'd to you, that you would take Pity upon me, and vouchsafe to instruct me in the blessed Way of Curtation. The more knowing you are, the less will be your Trouble of communicating your Help to me. And therefore do not conceal so great a Gift of God, from your poor Brother, that is ready to die with Grief. Heaven enrich ye with higher Endowments, as you assist me in this.* When Balbinus saw no End of this Solemnity of Obtestations, he told him flat and plain, that he understood nothing at all of the Bus'ness of *Longation*, and *Curtation*, from one End to the other; and therefore desir'd him to explain the Meaning of those two Words. *Well, Sir,* says he, *tho I know I am now speaking to my Master; since it is your Pleasure to command me, it shall be done. They that have spent their whole Life in this divine Art, turn the Species of things, two Ways, the one is shorter, but somewhat more hazardous; the other is longer, but safer. I account my self very unhappy, that have hitherto labour'd in that which does not so well agree with my Genius; and cannot yet find out any Man to teach me the other, which I am so passionately in Love withal. But at length, Providence has put it into my Mind to apply my self to you, as a Person conspicuous both for Piety and Learning. Your Knowledg instructs ye to grant what I desire, and your Piety will dispose*

pose you to aid a Christian Brother, whose Life is in your Hand. To make short with you, when this Juggler, with this Simplicity of Discourse, had clear'd himself from all Suspicion of a Design; and gain'd Credit for finding out one Way, which was so certain; *Balbinus* began to have an Itch to be meddling; and at last, when he could hold no longer, Away with your Methods (says he) of *Curtation*; for so far am I from *understanding*, that I never so much as heard the *Name* of it. But tell me ingenuously, do yo perfectly understand the Way of *Longation*? *Phy, phy*, says he, *the Length of it makes it so irksome; but for the Knack of it, I have it at my Fingers Ends.* *Balbinus* askt him what Time it would take? *Too much*, says he, *little less than a Year: But then 'tis infallible.* Never trouble your self for that, says *Balbinus*; tho it should take up two Years, if you can depend upon your Art. To shorten the Story. They came to an Agreement, and presently fell to work privately, in the House of *Balbinus*. Upon these Conditions, *that the one should do the Work, the other be at the Charge, and the Profit to be equally divided*; tho the modest Impostor, of his own Accord, gave *Balbinus* the Benefit that came of it. There was enterchang'd an Oath of Privacy, after the Manner of those that are initiated into mysterious Secrets. And now the Money is immediately laid down for *Pots, Glasses, Coals*, and other Provisions for the furnishing of a *Laboratory*; and there our *Chymist* has his *Wenches*, his *Gamesters*, and his *Bottles*, where he fairly consumes his Allowance. *Ph.* This is one Way however, of changing the Species of things. *Ph. Balbinus* pressing him to fall on upon the main Bus'ness: Do not you understand (says he) that *what's well begun, is half done*? 'Tis a great Work to get a good Preparation of Materials. After a Time, he set himself upon the build-

building of a *Furnace*; and here there must be *more Gold* again; which was given, only as a *Bait* for more to come; as one *Fish* is taken with another, so the *Chymist* must cast *Gold* in, before he gets *Gold* out. In the mean while, *Balbinus* keeps close to his *Arithmetick*. If *Four Ounces* (says he) brings *fifteen*, what will be the *Product* of *two thousand*? When this *Money* was gone, and *two Months* spent, the *Philosopher* pretended to be wonderfully taken up about the *Bellows*, and the *Coals*. And when *Balbinus* askt him how the *Work* went forward, he stood directly mute: But upon redoubling the *Question*; why, says he, as all great *Works* do, the main *Difficulty* is the *Entrance* upon them. And then he picks a *Quarrel* with the *Coal*: Here they have brought *Oak* (says he) instead of *Beech*, or *Hazle*. And there was a *hundred Crowns* lost, that supply'd him with more *Dicing-Money*. Upon giving him *new Cash*, he provided *new Coals*; and then fell to't again harder than before. As a *Soldier* that has had a *Disaster* by *Mischance*, repairs it by his *Virtue*. When the *Laboratory* had been kept warm for some *Months*, and that they expected the *Golden Fruit*; and that there was not so much as one *Grain* of *Gold* in the *Vessels* (for the *Chymist* had wasted all that too) there was another *Obstruction* found out. The *Glasses* they made Use of were not of the *right Temper*; for as every *Block* will not make a *Mercury*, so every *Glass* will not make *Gold*. The further he was in, the lother he was to give it off. *Ph.* That's the right *Humour* of *Gamesters*, as if they had not better lose some than all. *La.* 'Tis just so. The *Chymist*, he swears that he was never cheated since he was born before, but now he has found out the *Mistake*, he'll see to the securing of all for the future; and to the making good of this *Miscarriage* with *Interest*.

The

The *Glasses* are chang'd, and the Shop now a third time new furnish'd. The Philosopher told him, that the Oblation of some Crowns to the *Virgin Mother* might probably draw a Blessing upon the Work; for the Art being sacred, it needed the favour of the Saints, to carry it on with success. This advice exceedingly pleas'd *Balbinus*, being a Man of great *Piety*, and one that never past a Day without performing his Devotions. The *Alchymist* undertook the *Religious Office*; but went no further than the next Town, where the *Virgin's Money* went away in *Tipple*. Upon his Return, he seem'd to have great Hope that all would be well, for the *Virgin*, he said, was wonderfully Delighted with the *Offering*. After a long time spent upon the Project, and not one crumb of Gold appearing, *Balbinus* Reasoning the Matter with him, he protested that in all his days he was never thus disappointed. That for his *Method*, it was impossible that should deceive him; and that he could not so much as imagin what should be the reason of this Failing. After they had beat their Heads a long time about it, *Balbinus* bethought himself, and askt him if he had never mist *Chappel* some Day or other? Since this undertaking; or mist saying the *Horary Prayers* (as they call them) which might be sufficient, perhaps, to defeat the whole Work. *You have hit the Bird in the Eye* (says the *Quack*) *Wretch that I am: For I do now call to mind that I have once or twice forgotten myself; and that lately, rising from Dinner, I went my way without saying the salutation of the Virgin.* Why then, says *Balbinus*, 'tis no wonder that this great Affair succeeds no better. Whereupon the *Chymist* engages himself to hear *Twelve Services* for the *Two* that he had omitted; and for that *one Salutation*, to become answerable for *Ten*. This lavish

Alchymist came to want Money again; and when he had no pretext left him for the asking of more, he bethought himself of this Project; he went home, like a Man distracted; and crying out with a lamentable Voice, Oh! *Balbinus*, I am undone, utterly undone; My Life's at stake. This amazed *Balbinus*; and made him extremely impatient to know what was the matter. Oh! says the *Chymist*; our design has taken Air, they have gotten an Inkling of it at Court, and I expect every hour to be carried away to Prison. This put *Balbinus* into a fit too. He turn'd as pale as Ashes (for you know, 'tis Capital with us, for any Man to practise *Chymistry* without the Princes License) Not (says he) that I apprehend my being put to death; for I should be glad it were no worse; but there is a greater Cruelty that I fear, which is (says he, upon *Balbinus's* asking him the Question) I shall be carried away into some remote Prison, and be forced there to spend my Life in working for those People I have no mind to serve. Is there any Death now, that a Man would not rather chuse, than such a Life? The matter was then debated; and *Balbinus*, that was a Man well skill'd in *Rhetorick* cast his Thoughts every way, to see if it were possible to avoid this Mischiefe. *Cann't ye deny the Crime?* (says he.) Not possibly; (says the other) for the thing is known at Court, and they have Infallible proof on't; and there's no defending of the Fact, for the Law is point blank against it. When they had turn'd it every way, without finding any shift that would hold Water, at last; *We apply our selves* (says the *Alchymist* that wanted present Money) *to slow Counsels*, *Balbinus*, when the matter requires an immediate remedy. *It will not be long, before I am seiz'd, and carried away*; and seeing *Balbinus* at a stand; *I am as much*

much at a loss (says he) as you, for we have nothing now to Trust to, but to fall like Men of Honour: unless we should make Tryal of this one Experiment, which in truth is rather Profitable than Honest; but Necessity is a hard Chapter. Your Pursuivants, you know, and Messengers (says he) are a sort of People greedy of Money, and so much the easier to be brib'd to secrecie. 'Tis against the statute, I must confess to give Rascals Money to throw away; but yet as the Case stands I see no other retreat. *Balbinus* was of that Opinion too; and laid down Thirty Crowns to be offer'd them for a Gratuity. *Ph.* This let me tell you was a wonderful Liberality in *Balbinus*. *La.* In an Honest Cause you should sooner have gotten so many of his Teeth. This Provision did the *Chymist* some service; for the danger he was in was the want of Money for his *Wench*. *Ph.* 'Tis a wonder, *Balbinus* should smook nothing all this while. *La.* He's as quick, as any Man, in all other Cases, but stark blind in this. The *Furnace* goes up again with *New Money*, and only the promise of a Prayer to the *Virgin Mother* in favour of the Project; a whole Year was now run out, and still some Rub or other in the way, so that all the Expence and Labour was lost. In the *Interim* there fell out one most Ridiculous Chance. *Ph.* What was that? *La.* The *Chymist* held a private Conversation with a *Courtiers Lady*. The Husband grew jealous, and watch'd him; and in conclusion having intelligence that the *Priest* was in his *Bedchamber*, he went Home unexpected and knock'd at the Door. *Ph.* Why what would he do to the Man? *La.* Do? Why perhaps he would do him the favour to cut his Throat, or Geld him. The Husband threatned his Wife to force the Door, unless she open'd it. They quak'd within, you may imagin, but considering of some present Resolution, and the Case bearing no better,

They pitch'd upon this. The Man put off his Coat, and not without both danger and mischief, Crept out at a narrow Window, and so went his way. Such stories as these, you know, are soon spread; and it quickly came to *Balbinus* himself, the *Chymist* foreseeing as much. *Ph.* There was no scaping for him, now. *La.* Yes he got better off here, than out at the Window: And observe his Invention now, *Balbinus* made no words on't, but it might be read in his very Countenance that he was no stranger to the talk of the Town. The *Chymist* knew *Balbinus* to be a Man, at least *Pious*, if not *Superstitious*; and People of that way are easie enough to pardon any thing that submits, let the Crime be never so great. Wherefore when he had done his endeavour, he fell to talk of the success of his business, Complaining that it did not prosper as usual, or according to his wish: Adding withal, that he did infinitely admire what should be the reason of it. Upon this discourse *Balbinus*, who otherwise seem'd bent upon silence, was a little mov'd (as he was easie enough so to be) It is no hard matter (says he) to guess why we succeed no better. Our sins, our sins lie in the way, for pure Works should only pass through pure Hands. At this word, the *Projector* threw himself upon his Knees; and beating his Breast, *It is True, Balbinus, 'tis True* (says he with a dejected Countenance and Tone) *our sins hinder us, but they are my sins, not yours; for I am not asham'd to confess my Uncleanness before you, as I would before my Father Confessor. The frailty of my Flesh overcame me, Satan drew me into the Toil and (Miserable Creature that I am!) of a Priest I am become an Adulterer; and yet the Offering that you presented to the Virgin Mother is not wholly lost neither; for I had perished inevitably, if she had not protected me; for the Husband brake open the Door upon me, and the Window was too*

little

little to get out at. In the Pinch of this danger, I be-
thought my self of the Blessed Virgin; I fell upon my
Knees, and besought her, that in token of her acceptance
of the Gift she would now assist me in my distress. So
without any delay, I went to the Window again, my
Necessity lying hard upon me, and I found it by Miracle,
so enlarg'd, that I got through it, and made my escape.

Ph. Did *Balbinus* believe all this? La. Believe say
you? Why he pardon'd it, and most religiously ad-
monished the Impostor not to be Ingrateful to the
Blessed Virgin; nay there was more Money laid down,
upon this Juggler's Promise that he would not pro-
fane the Operation, for the time to come, with any
further Impurity. Ph. But how did all End at last?

La. 'Tis a long History, but I'll dispatch it now
in a word. When he had made sport enough with
these Inventions, and wheedled *Balbinus* out of a
considerable Sum of Money; there came a person in
the Conclusion, that had known this Knave from a
Child: And he, easily imagining that he was now
upon the same lock with *Balbinus*, as he had been
elsewhere, goes privately to *Balbinus*, shews him
what a Snake he had taken into his Bosom, and ad-
vises him to get quit of him as soon as he could;
unless he had rather stay the Rising of all his Boxes.
Ph. And did not *Balbinus* presently order the Fellow
to be laid by the Heels? La. By the Heels? No, he
gave him Money to bear his Charges away, and
Conjur'd him by all that was Sacred to make no
words of what had pass'd betwixt them; and truly
in my Opinion, it was wisely done, rather to sup-
press the Story, than to make himself a Common
Laughing-stock, and Table-talk; and to run the
Risque of a Confiscation besides; for the *Chymist*
had no more skill than an *Ass*, so that he was in no
danger, and in such a Case the Law would have fa-
vour'd him. If he had been charg'd with Theft,

his

his Character would have sav'd him from Hanging, and no body would have been at the Charge of maintaining him in Prison. *Ph.* I should pity *Balbinus*, but that he took pleasure to be gull'd. *La.* I must now away to the Hall, and keep my other Foolish stories to another time. *Ph.* At your better Leisure I should be glad to hear 'em, and give you one for t'other.

The

The Abbot, and the Learned Woman.

COL. XVI.

An Abbot gives a Lady a Visit; and finding Latin and Greek Books in her Chamber, gives his Reasons against Womens meddling with Learning. He professes himself to be a greater lover of Pleasure, than Wisdom: and makes the Ignorance of Monks, to be the most powerful reason of their Obedience

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

An. **T**His House methinks is strangely Furnisht. *Ma.* Why? Is't not well? *An.* I don't know what you call *Well*; but 'tis not so proper, methinks, for a *Woman*. *Ma.* And why not I pray ye? *An.* Why what should a *Woman* do with so many *Books*? *Ma.* As if you that are an *Abbot*, and a *Courtier*, and have liv'd so long in the *World*, had never seen *Books* in a *Ladies Chamber* before. *An.* Yes, *French* ones I have; but
here

here are *Greek* and *Latin*. *Ma.* Is there no *Wisdom* then, but in *French*? *An.* But they are well enough however for *Court-Ladies*, that have nothing else to do, to pass away their time with-all. *Ma.* So that you would have only your *Court-Ladies* to be *Women of Understanding*, and of *Pleasure*. *An.* That's your mistake now, to couple *Understanding* with *Pleasure*: For the *One* is not for a *Woman at all*; and the *Other* is only for a *Woman of Quality*. *Ma.* But is it not every *Bodies* business to *Live well*? *An.* Beyond all question. *Ma.* How shall any *Man* live *Comfortably*, that does not live *Well*? *An.* Nay rather how shall any *Man* live *Comfortably* that does? *Ma.* That is to say, you are for a *Life* that's *Easie*, let it be never so *Wicked*. *An.* I am of *Opinion*, I must confess, that a *Pleasant Life* is a *Good Life*. *Ma.* But what is it that makes one's *Life Pleasant*? Is it *Sense*, or *Conscience*? *An.* It is the *Sense of outward Enjoyments*. *Ma.* Spoken like a *Learned Abbot*, tho' but a *Dull Philosopher*. But tell me now; what are those *Enjoyments* you speak of? *An.* *Money, Honour, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping*; and the *Liberty of doing what a Man has a Mind to do*. *Ma.* But what if *God* should give you *Wisdom*, over and above all the rest? Would your *Life* be ever the *Worse* for't? *An.* Let me know first, what it is that you call *Wisdom*. *Ma.* *Wisdom is a Knowledge that places the Felicity of Reasonable Nature in the Goods of the Mind*; and tells us that a *Man* is neither the *Happier*, nor the *Better*, for the *External Advantages of Blood, Honour, or Estate*. *An.* If that be it, praye make the best of your *Wisdom*. *Ma.* But what if I take more delight in a *Good Book*; then you do in a *Fox-Chase*, a *Fuddling-bout*, or in the shaking of your *Elbow*? Will you not allow me then to have a *Pleasant Life*

Life on't? *An.* Every one as they like, but it would not be so to me. *Ma.* The question is not what *Does*, but what *Ought* to Please you. *An.* I should be loth, I do assure you, to have my *Monks* over *Bookish*. *Ma.* And yet my Husband is never better pleas'd than at his Study. Nor do I see any hurt in't, if your *Monks* would be so too. *An.* Marry hang 'em up as soon; It teaches 'em to Chop *Logique*, and makes 'em *Undutiful*. You shall have them *expostulating* presently, appealing to *Peter*, and *Paul*, and Prating out of the *Canons* and *Decretals*. *Ma.* But I hope you would not have them do any thing that Clashes with *Peter* and *Paul* tho'? *An.* Clash or not *Clash*; I do not much trouble my Head about their *Doctrine*. But I do naturally hate a Fellow that will have the *last Word*, and *Reply* upon his *Superiour*. And betwixt Friends, I do not much care neither to have any of my People *miser* than their *Master*. *Ma.* 'Tis but your being Wise your self, and then there's no fear on't. *An.* Alas! I have no time for't. *Ma.* How so, I beseech you? *An.* I'm so full of Business. *Ma.* Have you no time, do you say, to apply your self to *Wisdom*? *An.* No, not a single Minute. *Ma.* Pray'e, what hinders you; if a body may ask the question. *An.* Why, you must know we have *devilish long Prayers*; and by that time I have look'd over my *Charge*, my *Horses*, my *Dogs*, and made my *Court*, I have not a Moment left me to spare. *Ma.* Is this the mighty Business then that keeps you from looking after *Wisdom*? *An.* We have got a *Habit* of it; and *Custom* you know, is a great matter? *Ma.* Put the Case now that it were in your power to transform *your self*, and all your *Monks* into any other *Animals*; and that a body should desire you to turn *your Self* into a *Hunting-Neg*, and your
whole

whole *Flock* into a *Herd of Swine*, would you do't?
An. No, not upon any terms. *Ma.* And yet this would secure you from having any of your Disciples wiser than your self. *An.* As for my *People*; I should not much stand upon it what sort of *Brutes* they were, provided that I might still be a Man my self. *Ma.* But can you account him for a Man, that neither is Wise, nor has any Inclination so to be?
An. But so long as I have Wit enough for my own Business — *Ma.* Why so have the *Hogs*. *An.* You talk like a Philosopher in a Petticoat, methinks. *Ma.* And you, methinks, like something that's far from it. But what's your quarrel all this while to the *Furniture of this House*? *An.* A Spinning-wheel, or some Instrument for Good Huswifery were more suitable to your Sex. *Ma.* It is not the Duty then of a House-keeper to keep her Family in Order. and look to the Education of her Children? *An.* 'Tis so. *Ma.* And is this Office to be discharg'd without Understanding? *An.* I suppose not. *Ma.* This Understanding do I gather from my Books. *An.* But yet I have above *Threescore Monks* under my Care, and not so much as *one Book* in my Lodgings. *Ma.* They are well Tutor'd the mean while. *An.* Not but that I could endure *Books* too, provided they be not *Latin*. *Ma.* And why not *Latin*? 'Tis not a *Tongue* for a *Woman*. *Ma.* Why, what's your Exception to't? *An.* 'Tis not a Language to keep a *Woman* Honest. *Ma.* Your *French Romances*, I must confess, are great Provocatives to Modesty. *An.* Well, but there's something else in't too. *Ma.* Out with it then. *An.* If the *Women* do not understand *Latin*, they are in less danger of the *Priests*. *Ma.* But so long as you take care that the *Priests* themselves shall not understand *Latin*; where's the Danger? *An.* 'Tis the Opinion of the Common People however, because it is so Rare

a thing for a *Woman* to understand *Latin*. *Ma.* Why, what do you talk to me of the *People*? that never did any thing well? Or of *Custom*? That gives *Authority* to all *Wickedness*. We should apply our selves to that which is good, and turn that which was unusual, unpleasant, and perhaps scandalous before, into the *Contrary*. *An.* I hear you. *Ma.* Is it not a laudable *Quality* for a *German* Lady to speak *French*? *An.* It is so. *Ma.* And to what end? *An.* That she may be conversation for those that speak *French*. *Ma.* And why may not I as well learn *Latin*? to fit my self for the *Company* of so many *Wise*, and *Learned* *Authors*; so many *Faithful* *Counsellors* and *Friends*? *An.* But 'tis not so well for *Women* to spend their *Brains* upon *Books*, unless they had more to spare. *Ma.* What you have to spare I know not; but for my small *Stock*, I had much rather employ it upon honest *Studies*, than in the *Mumbling* over of so many *Prayers*, like a *Parrot*, by *Rote*; or the *Emptying* of so many *Dishes*, and *Beer-Glasses* till *Morning*. *An.* But *much Learning* makes a *Man* mad. *Ma.* Your *Topers*, *Drolls*, and *Buffoons* are an *Entertainment* no doubt to make a body *Sober*. *An.* They make the time pass merrily away. *Ma.* But why should so pleasant *Company* as the *Authors* I converse with make me *Mad* then? *An.* 'Tis a common saying. *Ma.* But yet the *Fact* it self tells ye otherwise; and that *Intemperate* *Feasting*, *Drinking*, *Whoaring*, and *Inordinate* *Watching*, is the ready way to *Bedlam*. *An.* For the whole *World* I would not have a *Learned* *Wife*. *Ma.* Nor I an *Unlearned* *Husband*. *Knowledge* is such a *Blessing*, that we are both of us the *Dearer* one to another for't. *An.* But then there's so much *Trouble* in the getting of it; and we must *Die* at last too. *Ma.* Tell me now, by your *Favour*, if you were to march off to morrow, whether had you rather die.

die a Fool, or a Wise Man? *An.* Ay; if I could be a Wise Man without Trouble. *Ma.* Why? there's nothing in this World to be gotten without it; and when we have gotten what we can, (tho with never so much difficulty) we must leave it behind us in the Conclusion: *Wisdom* only, and *Virtue* excepted, which we shall carry the Fruit of into another World. *An.* I have often heard that *One wise Woman is two Fools.* *Ma.* Some Fools are of that Opinion. The Woman that is truly Wise does not think her self so; but she that is not so, and yet Thinks her self so, is Twice a Fool. *An.* I know not how it is; but to my Fancy, a *Packsaddle* does as well upon an *Ox*, as *Learning* upon a *Woman.* *Ma.* And why not as well as a *Mitre* upon an *Ass*? But what do you think of the *Virgin Mary*? *An.* As well as is possible. *Ma.* Do you not think that she read Books? *An.* Yes; but not such Books as yours. *Ma.* What did she read then? *An.* The *Canonical Hours.* *Ma.* To what purpose? *An.* For the service of the *Benedictines.* *Ma.* Well and do you not find others that spend their time upon godly Books? *An.* Yes; but that way is quite out of *Fashion.* *Ma.* And so are *Learned Abbots* too. For 'tis as hard a matter now a days to find a *Scholar* amongst them, as it was formerly to find a *Blockhead*: Nay, Princes themselves in times past were as Eminent for their Eru- dition, as for their Authority. But 'tis not yet so rare a thing neither, as you Imagine, to find *Learned Women*; for I could give you out of *Spain, Italy, England, Germany, &c.* so many Eminent Instances of our Sex, as if you do not mend your Manners, may come to take Possession of your very *Schools*, your *Pulpits*, and your *Mitres.* *An.* God forbid it should ever come to that. *Ma.* Nay, do you forbid it? For if you go on at the rate you begin, the People will sooner endure *Preaching Geese*, than

Dumb Pastors. The World is come about ye see, and you must either take off the Vizour, or expect that every Man shall put in for his part. *An.* How came I to stumble upon this Woman! If you'll find a time to give me a Visit, you may promise your self a better Entertainment. *Ma.* And what shall That be? *An.* Wee'l Dance, Drink, Hunt, Play, Laugh. *Ma.* You have put me upon a laughing Pin already.

P

THE

The Beggers Dialogue.

COL. XVII.

*The Practices, and Cheats, and Impositions of
Crafty Beggers: with the Advantages and
Priviledges of that Condition of Life.*

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

Ir. **W**HAT new thing have we got
Here? I know the *Face*; but
the *Clothes* methinks do not
suit it. I am much mistaken
if this be not *Misoponus*. I'll
venture to speak to him as tatter'd as I am. Save
thee, *Misoponus*. *Mi.* That must be *Irides*. *Ir.*
Save thee, *Misoponus* once again. *Mi.* Hold your
Tongue, I say. *Ir.* Why, what's the matter? May not
a Man salute ye? *Mi.* Not by that *Name*. *Ir.* Your *Rea-*
son for't. You have not chang'd your *Name*, I hope,
with your *Clothes*. *Mi.* No; but I have taken up
my *Old Name* again. *Ir.* What's that? *Mi.* *Api-*
cius. *Ir.* Never be asham'd of your Old Acquain-
tance; it may be you have mended your Fortune
since I saw you, but 'tis not long however, since you
and I were both of an Order. *Mi.* Do but comply
with me in this, and I'll tell thee what thou'lt ask
me. I am not asham'd of *Your Order*, but of the
Order

Order that I was first of *my self*. *Ir.* What *Order* do ye mean? That of the *Franciscans*? *Mi.* No, by no means my good Friend; but the *Order* of the *Spendthrifts*. *Ir.* You have a great many Companions sure of that *Order*. *Mi.* I had a good Fortune, and laid it on to some tune as long as it lasted; but when that fail'd, there was no body would know *Apicius*. And then I ran away for shame, and betook my self to your *College*; which I look't upon to be much better than Digging. *Ir.* 'Twas wisely done. But how comes your Carcass to be in so good case of late? Your Change of Clothes, I do not so much wonder at. *Mi.* How so? *Ir.* Because *Laverna*, (the Goddess of *Thieves*) makes many of her Servants Rich of a sudden. *Mi.* You do not think I got an Estate by stealing, I hope. *Ir.* Nay by *Rapine* perhaps, which is worfe. *Mi.* No; neither by *Stealing*, nor by *Rarine*. And this I swear by the Goddess you adore; (That's *Penia*, or *Poverty*) But I le first satisfie ye as to my Constitution of *Body*, that seems to you so wonderful. *Ir.* While you were with us you were perpetually *Scabby*. *Mi.* But I have had the kindest Physician since. *Ir.* Who was that? *Mi.* Even mine own self; and I hope no body loves me better. *Ir.* The first time that ever I took you for a *Doctor*. *Mi.* Why all that *Dress* was nothing but a *Cheat*; daub'd on with *Frankincense*, *Sulphur*, *Rosin*, *Bird-lime*, and *bloud-Clouts*; and when I had a mind to't, I could take it off again. *Ir.* Oh! Impostor! And I took thee for the very Picture of *Job* upon the *Dunghill*. *Mi.* This was only a Compliance with my Necessities, tho Fortune sometimes may change the very skin too. *Ir.* But now you speak on't, tell me a little of your Fortune: Have you found ever a Pot of Money? *Mi.* No; but I have found out a Trade that's somewhat better than yours yet. *Ir.* What Trade could you set up, that had nothing to

begin upon? *Mi.* An Artist will live any where. *Ir.* I understand ye. Picking of Pockets, I suppose; the Cut-purse's Trade. *Mi.* A little Patience, I pray'e; I am turn'd *Chymist*. *Ir.* A very apt *Scholar*, to get that in a *Fortnight*, (for 'tis thereabouts since we parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. *Mi.* But I have found out a nearer way to't. *Ir.* What may that be? *Mi.* When I had gotten up a stock of about *Four Crowns*, by Begging; by great good luck, I met with an Old Companion of mine, of about my Estate; we drank together, and (as 'tis usual) he up and told me the History of his Adventures, and of an *Art* he had got. And we came at last to an Agreement, that *if I pay'd the Reckoning, he should teach me his Art*, which he very honestly perform'd, and that *Art* now is my *Revenue*. *Ir.* Might not I learn it too? *Mi.* I'll teach thee it *gratis*; if it were but for old Acquaintance sake.

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a madding after the *Philosophers-Stone*. *Ir.* I have heard as much, and I believe it. *Mi.* I hunt for all Occasions of Insinuating my self into such Company. I talk Big; and where-ever I find an Hungry Buz-zard, I throw him out a Bait. *Ir.* And how's that? *Mi.* I give him Caution, of my own accord, to have a Care how he trusts Men of that Profession; for they are most of them Cheats, and Impostors; and very little better than Pick-pockets to those that do not understand them. *Ir.* This Prologue, me thinks, should never do your business. *Mi.* Nay, I tell him plainly, that I would not be trusted my self neither, any further than a Man would trust his Own Eyes, and Fingers. *Ir.* 'Tis a strange Confidence you have in your Art. *Mi.* Nay, I will have him to look on, while the *Metamorphosis* is a Working, and to be attentive to't: and then to take a-

way all doubt, I bid him do the whole Work himself, While I'm at a distance; and not so much as a little finger in't. When the matter is *dissolv'd*, I bid him *purge* it himself; or set some *Goldsmith* to do it: I tell him the Quantity it will afford; and then let him put it to as many Tests as he pleases. He shall find the *precise weight*; the *Gold*, or the *Silver*, *Pure*; (for *Gold*, or *Silver*, 'tis the same thing to me: Only the Latter Experiment is the less dangerous.) *Ir.* But is there no Coufenage in all this?

Mi. An Absolute Cheat from one end to the other.

Ir. I cannot find where it lies. *Mi.* I'll shew ye then. First we agree upon the *Price*, but I touch no Money, till I have given proof of the thing it self. I deliver him a certain *Powder*, as if that did the whole business. I never part with the Receipt of it, but at an Excessive Rate: and then I make him swear most horridly too, that for six Months he shall not impart the Secret to any thing that lives. *Ir.* But

where's the Cheat yet? *Mi.* The whole mystery lies in a *Coal* that I have Fitted, and Hollow'd for the purpose; and into that do I put as much *Silver*, as I say shall come out again. After the infusion of the *Powder* I set the Pot in such a manner, that it shall be in effect, *cover'd* with *Coals*; as well as *Coals Under*, and *about* it; which I tell them is a Method of Art. Among the *Coals* that lie a *Top*, I put in one or more that has the *Gold*, or the *Silver*, in't. When that comes to be *dissolv'd*, it runs to the rest, whether it be *Tin* or *Copper*, and upon the *Separation* 'tis found, and taken out. *Ir.* A Ready

way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole business himself? *Mi.* When all things are done according to my Prescription, before we begin the *Operation*, I come and look about to see that every thing be right, and then I find a *Coal* or two wanting upon the *Top*; and under pretence of

fetching it from the Coal-heap, I privately Convey one of my own, or else I have it ready laid there before-hand, which I can take, and no body the Wiser. *Ir.* But what will you do, when the Tryal is made of this without ye? *Mi.* I'm out of danger, when I have the Mony in my Pocket: Or I can pretend that the Pot was crackt, the Coals naught, they did not know how to Temper the Fire; and then it is one Mystery in our Profession never to stay long in a place. *Ir.* But will the Profit of this give a Man a Livelihood? *Mi.* Yes, and a very brave one: And if you are wise, you'll leave your wretched Trade of *Begging*, and turn *Quack* too. *Ir.* Now should I rather hope to bring you back again to us. *Mi.* What, to take up a Trade again, that I was weary of before? And to quit a Good one, that I have found Profitable? *Ir.* But this profession of ours is made pleasant by Custom. How many are there that fall off from *St. Francis*, and *St. Benediſt*? But ours is an *Order of Mendicants*, that never any Man forfook, that was acquainted with it. Alas! You were but a few Months with us; and not come yet to Taste the Comforts of this kind of Life. *Mi.* But I tasted enough on't tho to know the Misery of it. *Ir.* How comes it then that our People never leave us? *Mi.* Because they are naturally Wretched. *Ir.* And yet for all this Wretchedness, I had rather be a *Begger*, than a *Prince*; and there are many Princes I doubt not, that Envy the Freedom of us Beggers. Whether it be *War*, or *Peace*, we are still safe. We are neither *Preſt* for *Souldiers*, nor *Taxt*, nor put upon *Parish Duties*. The *Inquisition* never concerns it self with us. There's no scrutiny into our Manners; and if we do any thing that's Unlawful, *who'l ſue a Begger*? If we assault any Man, 'tis a shame to contend with a *Begger*: whereas neither in *Peace*, nor in

War,

War, are Kings at Ease. And the Greater they are, the more have they to Fear. Men pay a Reverence to *Beggars*, as if they were Consecrated to *God*: and make a Conscience of it not to abuse us. *Mi*. But then how nasty are ye in your Raggs, and Kennels? *Ir*. Those things are without us, and signifie nothing at all to true Happiness: and for our Rags 'tis to them we ow our Felicity. *Mi*. If that be your Happiness, I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long. *Ir*. Why so? *Mi*. Because they say we shall have a Law for every City to maintain its own Poor; and for the forcing of those to Work, that are Able to do it, without wandring up and down as they did formerly. *Ir*. How comes that? *Mi*. Because they find great *Roguries* committed under pretence of *Begging*, and great *Inconveniences* to the *Publique* from your *Order*. *Ir*. Oh! they have been talking of this a long time; and when the Devil's Blind, it may be they'l bring it to pass. *Mi*. Too soon perchance for your Quiet.

CYCLOPS,

OR,

The Gospel Carrier.

COL. XVIII.

An Invective against Hypocrites; and such as have the Gospel continually in their Hands or Discourses, and do not Practise it in their Lives.

POLYPHEMUS, & ANNIUS.

Ca. **W**HY how now, *Polyphemus*, what are you Hunting for? *Po.* Do you call him a *Huntsman*, that has neither *Dogs* nor *Lance*? *Ca.*

Upon the Chace perhaps of some Lady of the Wood here. *Po.* Shrewdly guess'd, believe me; and here's the Device I have to catch her. *Ca.* What's the meaning of this? *Polyphemus* with a *Book* in his hand? *A Hog in Armour!* They agree as well as *Puffs* and my *Lady* [*Γαλή κροκωτόν* a *Cat* in a *Lac'd Petticoat.*] *Po.* Nay I assure ye here's *Vermilion*, and *Azure* upon my *Book*, as well as (*Crocus*) or *Saffron*. *Ca.* I do not speak of *Crocus* (which is *Saffron*) but you mistake *Crocoton* (which is a *Greek* word) for *Crocus*. Is it a *Milita-*

ry

ry Book that same? For by the *Bosses* and *Plates* upon't, it seems to be Arm'd. *Po.* Look into't. *Ca.* I see what 'tis; and 'tis very fine, but not so fine as it might be tho. *Po.* Why, what wants it? *Ca.* You should do well to put your Arms upon't. *Po.* What Arms? *Ca.* An *Asses* head looking out of a *Hogshead*. What's the *subject* of it, the *Art of Drinking*? *Po.* You'l speak *Blasphemy* before you're aware. *Ca.* Why so? Is there any thing in't that's *Sacred*? *Po.* If the *Holy Gospel* be not *sacred*, I pray'e what is? *Ca.* The Lord deliver us; what has *Polyphemus* to do with the *Gospel*? *Po.* And pray'e let me ask you, what a *Christian* has to do with *Christ*? *Ca.* Truly methinks a *Halbert* would become you a great deal better: For if any Man that did not know ye, should meet you at *Sea*, he would certainly take ye for a *Pirate*; Or in a *Wood*, for a *Highwayman*. *Po.* But the *Gospel* teaches us not to judge of Men by *Outward Appearances*. For tho'tis true, that many a *Knaves* head lies under a *Cowl*, yet it falls out sometime, that a *Modish Wigg*, a Pair of *Spanish Whiskers*, a *Stern Brow*, a *Buff-Coat* and a *Feather* in the *Cap*, accompany an *Evangelical* Mind. *Ca.* And why not; as well as a *Sheep* sometimes in the *Skin* of a *Wolf*? And if we believe *Emblems*, many an *Ass* lurks under the *Coat* of a *Lion*. *Po.* Nay I know a Man my self that looks as Innocent as a *Sheep*, and yet's a *Fox* in his *Heart*. I could wish he had as *Candid* Friends as he has *black Eyes*; and that he had as well the *Value* of *Gold*, as he has the *Colour* of it. *Ca.* If he that wears a *Woollen Hat*, must consequently were a *Sheeps Head*; what a *Burthen* do you march under, that carry an *Estrich* in your *Cap*, over and above? But he is more *Monstrous* yet, that's a *Bird* in his *Head*, and an *Ass* in his *Breast*. *Po.* That's too sharp. *Ca.* But it were well if you were as much the better for your

Book,

Book, as that's the *Gayer* for you: And that in exchange for *Colours*, it might furnish you with *Good Manners*. *Po.* I'll make it my *Care*. *Ca.* After the old way. *Po.* But Bitterness aside, Is it a *Crime*, do you think, for a *Man* to carry the *Gospel* about with him? *Ca.* Not in the least (*minime Gentium*) *Po.* Will you say that I am the least in the *World*, that am by an *Asses head* Taller than your self. *Ca.* That's a little too much, even tho the *Ass* should prick up his *Ears*. *Po.* By an *Ox-head* I dare say. *Ca.* That *Comparison* does well enough: But I said *minime* the *Adverb*, not *minime* the *Vocative Case* of the *Adjective*. *Po.* Pray'e what's the *Difference* betwixt an *Egg*, and an *Egg*? *Ca.* And what's the *Difference* (say you) betwixt the *Middle-Finger* and the *Little-Finger*? *Po.* The *Middle* is the *Longer*. *Ca.* Most acute. And what's the *Difference* betwixt the *Ears* of an *Ass*, and those of a *Wolf*? *Po.* A *Wolf's Ears* are shorter. *Ca.* Why, there's the *Point*. *Po.* But I am us'd to measure *Long* and *Short* by the *Span*, and by the *Yard*, not by the *Ears*. *Ca.* Well said. He that carried *Christ* was called *Christopher*; so that instead of *Polyphemus*, I shall call you the *Gospel-Bearer*. *Po.* Do not you account it a *Holy thing* then to carry the *Gospel*? *Ca.* No, not at all; unless you'll allow me that *Asses* are the greatest *Saints*. *Po.* What do you mean by that? *Ca.* Because *one Ass* will carry at least *Three-thousand such Books*: and I am persuaded if you were but well hamper'd, that you would be able to carry as many your self. *Po.* In that sense I think there's no *Absurdity* to say an *Ass* may be *Holy*. *Ca.* And I shall never envy you That *Holiness*. If ye have a mind to't, I'll give ye some of the *Reliques* to kiss, of the very *Ass* that our *Saviour* rode upon. *Po.* You cannot oblige me more; For that *Ass* could not but be *Consecrated* by the very *Contact*. *Ca.* But there was

Contact too in those that *smote our Saviour*. *Po.* But tell me seriously, is it not a Pious thing for a Man to carry the *New Testament* about him? *Ca.* If it be done out of *Affection*, and without *Hypocrisie*, it is Piously done. *Po.* Tell the *Monks* of your *Hypocrisie*; what has a *Soldier* to do with it? *Ca.* But tell me First, what is the meaning of *Hypocrisie*? *Po.* When a man seems to be one thing, and is really another. *Ca.* But what signifies the carrying of the *Gospel* about you? Does it not intimate a *Holy Life*? *Po.* I suppose it does. *Ca.* Now where a man's *Life* is not suitable to his *Books*, is not that *Hypocrisie*? *Po.* It may be so. But what is that you will allow to be carrying the *Gospel* as we ought? *Ca.* Some carry it about in their *Hands*, as the *Franciscans* do the *Rule of St. Francis*; and at that Rate, a *Porter*, an *Ass*, or a *Gelding* may carry it as well as a *Christian*. There are Others that carry it in their *Mouths*; and only *Talk of Christ* and the *Gospel*; and those are *Pharisees*. And there are others that carry it in their *Hearts*: But those are the *True Gospel Bearers*, that have it in *all Three*; their *Hands*, their *Mouths*, and their *Hearts*. *Po.* But where are those? *Ca.* What do you think of those that Minister in the Churches; that both Carry the Book, Read it to the People, and Meditate upon it? *Po.* As if any Man could carry the *Gospel* in his *Heart*, and not be a *Holy man*. *Ca.* Let us have no *Sophistry*. No Man carries the *Gospel* in his *Heart*, that does not love it with all his *Soul*; and no Man loves it as he ought to do, that does not Conform to it in his *Life*. *Po.* These are subtilties out of my Reach. *Ca.* Ple be plainer then: For a Man to carry a Flagon of Wine upon his shoulders, it's a Burden. *Po.* No doubt of it. *Ca.* What if a Man swills a soup of Wine in his Mouth, and throws it out again? *Po.* He's never the better for't: Tho that's none of my way. *Ca.*
But

But to come to your way then : What if he Gulps it down ? *Po.* There's nothing more Divine. *Ca.* It warms his Body, brings his Blood into his Cheeks, and gives him a merry Countenance. *Po.* Most Certain. *Ca.* And so it is with the Gospel. He that takes it affectionately into his Soul, finds himself presently a New Man after it. *Po.* And you think perhaps that I do not lead my Life according to my Book. *Ca.* That's a Question only to be Resolv'd by your self. *Po.* I understand none but Military Divisions. *Ca.* Suppose any Man should give you the Lie to your Face, or call you *Ruffle-head*; what would you do ? *Po.* What would I do ? Why I'd give him a Box o'th' Ear. *Ca.* And what if he should give you another ? *Po.* Why then I'd cut his Throat for't. *Ca.* And yet your Book teaches you another Lesson, and bids you Return Good for Evil : and that if any body strikes you on the Right Cheek, you should offer him the Left also. *Po.* I have read some such thing, but I had forgot it. *Ca.* I suppose you *Pray* often. *Po.* That's too *Pharisaical*. *Ca.* Long Prayers are *Pharisaical* indeed, if they be accompanied with *Ostentation*. Now your Book tells you that you should *Pray always*, but with *Intention*. *Po.* Well, but for all this I do *Pray* sometimes. *Ca.* At what times ? *Po.* Sometimes when I think on't : It may be once or twice a Week. *Ca.* And what's your prayer ? *Po.* The *Lord's Prayer*. *Ca.* How often ? *Po.* Only once : For the Gospel forbids *Repetitions*. *Ca.* Can you go through the *Lord's Prayer* without thinking of any thing else ? *Po.* I never try'd that : Is it not enough that I pronounce it ? *Ca.* I cannot tell that God takes Notice of any thing in Prayer, but the Voice of the Heart. *Po.* Do ye *Fast* often ? No, never. *Ca.* And yet your Book recommends *Fasting*, and *Prayer*. *Po.* And I should approve on't too, but my *Stomach* will not

not bear it. *Ca.* But *St. Paul* tells us that he's no Servant of *Jesus Christ*, that serves his *Belly*. Do you Eat *Flesh* every day? *Po.* Yes, when I have it. *Ca.* And yet you have a Robust Constitution that would live upon Hay with a Horse, or the Barks of Trees. *Po.* But the Gospel says that *those things that go into a man, do not defile him.* *Ca.* Neither do they, if they be taken Moderately, and without giving *Scandal*. But *St. Paul* that was a Disciple of our Saviours, would rather starve than offend a Weak Brother: and he exhorts us to follow his Example of becoming all things to all Men. *Po.* *Paul* is *Paul*, and *Polyphemus* is *Polyphemus*. *Ca.* But it is *Aegon's* Duty to Feed Goats. *Po.* But I had rather Eat them (*malim esse.*) *Ca.* Had you rather BE a Goat say ye? That's a Pleasant Wish. *Po.* But I meant *Esse, pro Edere.* *Ca.* Very pretty. Do you give Liberally to the Poor? *Po.* I have nothing to give. *Ca.* But if you'd live soberly and take pains, you might have something to give. *Po.* It's a pleasant thing for a Man to take his Ease. *Ca.* Do you keep the *Commandments*? *Po.* That's a hard Task. *Ca.* Do you repent your self of your *Sins*? *Po.* Christ has made Satisfaction for us. *Ca.* How can you say now that you love the Gospel? *Po.* I'll tell ye, we had a certain *Franciscan* that was perpetually thundring out of the Pulpit, against *Erasmus's New Testament*: I caught the Fellow once by himself, took him by the hair with my left hand, and with my right I buffeted him so well favouredly that ye could see no Eyes he had: and was not this done now like a Man that loves the Gospel? After this, I gave him Absolution, and knocking of him over the Coxcomb three times with this Book, I made three Bunches upon his Crown, and so absolv'd him in Form. *Ca.* This was *Evangelically* done, without Question; and a way of Defending *one Gospel* with *another*. *Po.* I met with another of his Fellows that

was still raging too against *Erasmus*, without either end or Measure. My *Gospel-Zeal* mov'd me once again, I brought him on his Knees, to this *Confession*, that *what he said was by the Instigation of the Devil*: I look'd upon him, like the picture of *Mars* in a *Battle*, with my *Partizan* over him, to cut off his head if he had not done it in point; and this was acted in the presence of a great many Witnesses.

Ca. I wonder the Man was not frightened out of his wits. But to proceed; Do ye keep your *Body Châst*?

Po. When I come to be Old, it may be I shall. But shall I tell ye the Truth, *Gannius*? *Ca.* I'm no Priest: And if you have a mind to *Confess* your self, you may seek some body else.

Po. I use to *Confess* to God, but for once Il'e do it to you. I am as yet (no perfect but) a very *Ordinary Christian*. We have *four Gospels*, and we *military-Gospellers*, propound chiefly to our selves these Four things. *First*, to take Care for our *Bellies*; *Secondly*, that nothing be wanting *Below*; *Thirdly* to put *money* in our Pockets; and *Lastly*, to do what we *List*. When we have gain'd these four Points, we drink and sing as if the Town were our own: And this is to us the Reign of Christ; and the life of the Gospel.

Ca. This is the Life of an *Epicure*, not of a *Christian*.

Po. I cannot much deny it; but the Lord is Almighty ye know, and can make us other Men in an Instant, if he pleases.

Ca. Yes, and he may make us *Swine* too; with more likelihood perhaps than Good Men.

Po. I would there were no worse things in the World than *Hogs*, *Oxen*, *Asses*, and *Camels*. You shall find a great many People that are *Fiercer* than *Lions*, more *Ravenous* than *Wolve*, more *Lustful* than *Sparrows*, that will *bite* worse than *Dogs*, and *sting* worse than *Vipers*.

Ca. But it is time for you now to turn from a *Bruit-animal* to a *Man*.

Po. Ye say well; for I find in the *Prophecies* of these times, that the World's

World's near an end. *Ca.* There's so much the more reason to Repent betimes. *Po.* I hope Christ will give me his helping Hand. *Ca.* But it is your part to make your self fit matter to work upon. But how does it appear that the world is so near an end? *Po.* Because People, they say, are now doing just as they did *in the days before the Flood*; they are Eating and Drinking, Marrying and giving in Marriage; they Whore, they Buy, they Sell, they take to Use, they put to Use, they Build; Kings make War; Priests study to encrease their Revenues; Schoolmen make *Syllogisms*; Monks run up and down the World, the Rabble Tumult, *Erasmus* writes Colloquies: In fine, all's naught; Hunger and Thirst, Robberies, Hostilities, Plagues, Seditions, and a scarcity of all things that are Good. And does not all this argue now that the World is near an End? *Ca.* Now of all this Mass of Mischief, which is your greatest Trouble? *Po.* Guess. *Ca.* That the Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your empty Baggs. *Po.* The very Point, or let me Perish! I have been Drinking hard to day, but some other time when I'm sober, we'll have another Touch at the Gospel. *Ca.* And when shall I see ye sober? *Po.* When I am so. *Ca.* And when will ye be so? *Po.* When you see me so: In the *Incirum*, my dear *Cannikin*, be Happy. *Ca.* In requital, may'st thou long be what thou'rt call'd. *Po.* And that I may not be outdone in Courtelie; may the *Can* never fail *Cannius*, whence he has borrow'd his Name.

The *FALSE* Knight.

COL. XIX.

The Insolences of Men in Power; And the Impostures that are put upon the World, by Ignorance, and Impudence, instead of Wisdom and Honour.

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

Ha. **I**F you could help me Out now, I am not a man to forget a Courtesie. *Ne.* It shall be your own Fault if I do not make ye what you would be. *Ha.* But it is not in our Power to be *Born Noble.* *Ne.* What you want in *Blood*, you must supply with *Vertue*, and lay the Foundation of your own Nobility. *Ha.* That's such a Devilish way about. *Ne.* Away, away, you may have it at Court for a Trifle. *Ha.* But the People are so apt to laugh at a man that buyes his Honour. *Ne.* Well! And if it be so Ridiculous, why would you so fain be a Knight? *Ha.* Oh! I could shew ye Twenty Reasons for that; if you could but put me in a way to make my self Honourable in the Opinion of the World. *Ne.* What would the *Name* signifie, without the *Thing*? *Ha.* But still if a Man has not the *Thing* it self, 'tis something however to have the *Reputation* of it. But give me
your

your Advice at a Venture; and when ye know my Reasons, you'll say it was worth my while. *Ne.* Why then Il'e tell ye. You must, First, remove your self to some place where you are not known. *Ha.* Right. *Ne.* And then get your self into the Company of Men of Quality. *Ha.* I understand ye. *Ne.* People will be apt to judge of you by the Company ye keep. *Ha.* They will so. *Ne.* But then you must be sure to have nothing about ye that's Vulgar. *Ha.* As how? *Ne.* I speak of your Cloaths, If they were *Silk* 'twere better; but if ye cannot go to the price of *Silk*, I would rather have them *Canvas*, than *Cloth*. *Ha.* Y'are in the Right. *Ne.* And rather than wear any thing that's *whole*, you shall cut your very *Hat* too, your *Doublet*, *Breeches*, *Shoes*; and rather than fail, if it could be handsomely done, your very *Fingers Ends*. If you meet with any Traveller that comes from *Vienna*, ask him what he thinks of the Peace with *France*? How your *Cousen* of *Furstenberg* had his Health there? And you must enquire after all the jolly Officers of your Old Acquaintance. *Ha.* It shall be done. *Ne.* And you must be sure to have a *Seul-Ring* upon your Finger. *Ha.* Good; if my Purse would reach to't. *Ne.* You may have a *Brass Ring*, *Gilt*, with a *Doublet*, for a small matter. But then you must Charge a *Scotch* with your *Coat of Arms*. *Ha.* And what *Bearing*? *Ne.* *Two Milking Pails*, and a *Pot of Ale*. *Ha.* Come leave your Fooling. *Ne.* Were ye ever in a *Battle*? *Ha.* Alas! I never saw a *Naked Sword* in my whole Life. *Ne.* Did you ever cut off the Head of a *Goose*, or a *Capon*? *Ha.* Many a time, and with the Resolution of a man of Honour too. *Ne.* Why what do ye think then of *Three Goose-caps*, *Or*, and a *Whin-yard*, *Argent*? *Ha.* And what would you have the *Field*? *Ne.* What should it be but *Gules*? In token of the *Blood-shed*. *Ha.* 'Tis not amiss, for the *Blood*

of a *Goose* is as *Red* as that of a *Man*: But go forward. *Ne.* Wherever ye pass, let your *Coat* be hung up over the Gate of the Inn. *Ha.* And how the *Helmet*? *Ne.* That's well thought of; A *mouth gaping* from Ear to Ear. *Ha.* Your reason for That? *Ne.* First to give you *Air*; and then 'tis more suitable to your *Dress*. But what *Crest*? *Ha.* What say you to That? *Ne.* A *Dogs head with a pair of banging Ears*. *Ha.* That's Common. *Ne.* Why then let him have *two Horns*; and that's Extraordinary. *Ha.* That will do well: But what *Supporters*? *Ne.* Why, for *Stags, Talbots, Dragons, Griffins*, they are all taken up already by *Kings and Princes*: What do ye think of *Two Harpies*? *Ha.* Nothing can mend it. *Ne.* But now for your *Title*; you must have a *Care*, that you do not call your self *Harpalus Comensis*; but *Harpalus à Como*; not *Norfolk-Booby* (for the Purpose) but *Booby of Norfolk*, *The One's Noble*, the *Other Pedantique*. *Ha.* 'Tis so. *Ne.* Is there any thing now that you can call your self the *Lord* of? *Ha.* No; not so much as a *Pig-sty*. *Ne.* Were ye born in any *Eminent City*? *Ha.* To make ye my *Confessor*, I was born in a *Pitiful obscure Village*: There must be no lying in the *Case*, when a *Man* asks *Counsel*. *Ne.* Come, all's well enough. But is there ever a famous *mountain* near ye? *Ha.* Yes, there is. *Ne.* And is there ever a *Rock* near That? *Ha.* A very steep one. *Ne.* Why then you shall be *Harpalus of the Golden Rock*. *Ha.* But most great Men I observe have their peculiar *Motto*. As *Maximilian, Keep within Compass*; *Philip, He that will*; *Charles, Further yet, &c.* *Ne.* Why then Yours shall be *Turn every Stone*. *Ha.* Nothing more Pertinent. *Ne.* Now to confirm the *World* in their Esteem of you, you must have *Counterfeit Letters* from such and such *Illustrious Persons*, and there you must be treated in a *Stile of Honour*, and with busi-
ness

ness of *Estates, Castles, Huge Revenues, Commands, Rich Matches, &c.* These Letters you must either leave behind ye, or drop them some where by chance, that they may be found, and taken notice of. *Ha.* I can do that as Easily as Drink; for I'll Imitate any mans hand alive so exactly, that he shall not know it from his Own. *Ne.* Or you may leave them in your Pockets, when you send your Breeches to the Tailors, and when he finds them, you may be sure 'twill be no secret. But then you must be extreamly troubled that you should be so Careless. *Ha.* Let me alone for ordering my Countenance without a Visor. *Ne.* The great Skill is, to have the Matter published so, that no body smell it out. *Ha.* For that matter, I'll warrant ye. *Ne.* You must then furnish your self with *Companions*, (Or 'twill do as well, if they be Servants) that shall stand Cap in hand to ye, and make Legs to your *Worship* at every Turn. And never be Discourag'd at the Charge, for you'll find young Fellows enow that will bear This part in the Comedy, if it were but for the Humours sake, and for God a'mercy. And then you must know that there are a great many Scribbling Blades here, that are strangely infected with the *Itch*, (I had like to have said the *Scab*) of *Writing*; And a Company of Hungry *Printers*, that will Venture upon Any thing for Money. You must engage these People to make Honourable Mention of your *Quality*, and *Fortune* in your *Own Country*, in their *Pamphlets*; and your *Name* to be still set in *CAPITALS*. This is a Course that will give ye Honour, even if the Scene were laid in *Japan*; and *One Book* spreads more than a *Hundred Talkative Tongues*. *Ha.* I am not against this way, but there must be *Servants* yet *maintain'd*. *Ne.* *Servants* must be had, but there's no need of your *Feeding* 'em. They have *fingers*, and when they are sent up and down, something or

other will be found. There are divers Opportunities, ye know, in such Cafes. *Ha.* A word to the Wife; I understand ye. *Ne.* And then there are Other Inventions. *Ha.* Pray'e let's hear 'um. *Ne.* If you do not understand *Cards*, and *Dice*, *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and *Squandring*, the Art of *Borrowing* and *Bubbling*, and the *French Pox* to boot, there's no body will take ye for a *Person of Condition*. *Ha.* These are Exercises I have been train'd up to: But where's the *Money* that must carry me through? *Ne.* Hold a little, I was just coming to That Point. Have ye any *Estate*? *Ha.* Truly a very small one. *Ne.* Well but when ye are once settled in the Reputation of a great Man, you can never fail of finding Fools to Trust ye. Some will be afraid, and others will be ashamed to deny you: And there are Tricks for a man to delude his Creditors. *Ha.* I know something of that too. But they are apt to be Troublefom yet, when they find that there comes nothing but Words. *Ne.* Nay on the Contrary, no man has his Creditors more at Command, than he that owes *Money* to a great many. *Ha.* How so? *Ne.* Your *Creditor* pays ye that Observance, as if he himself were the Person Obliged; for fear you should take any thing Ill, and Confen him of his Money. No man has his *Servants* in such awe, as a *Debtor* has his *Creditors*: And if you pay 'um never so little, 'tis as kindly taken as if you Gave it. *Ha.* I have found it so. *Ne.* But then you must have a care how you engage your self to *Little people*: For they care not what Tragedies they raise, for Peddling Sumins; whereas Men of Competent Fortunes are more Tractable: They are either restrain'd by Good Nature, led on by Hope, or kept in order by Fear, for they know the danger of meddling with Men of Power: Or in Conclusion, When ye are no longer able to stand the shock, 'tis but changing of your Quarter, and still upon earnest bu'ness

removing from one place to Another: And where's the shame of all this? for a *Knight* to be in the *same Estate* with his *Imperial Majesty*. If you find your self prest by a Fellow of mean Condition, you are to bless your self at his Confidence: And yet 'tis good to be paying of something; but neither the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But whatever ye do, set a good Face on't, as if ye had Money in your Pocket still, tho the Devil a Cross. *Ha.* But what shall a man brag of that has Nothing? *Ne.* If you have laid up any thing for a Friend, let it pass for your own. But it must be taken notice of only as by Chance. And in this Case, 'tis good to borrow Money, and shew it, tho ye pay it again the next hour. You may put *Counters* in your Pocket, and 'tis but taking a *Right Crown* or *two* out, and making the rest Chink: You may imagin — *Ha.* I understand ye. But yet at last I must necessarily sink under my Debt. *Ne.* But Knights ye know, will handle us as they please. *Ha.* 'Tis very true; and there's no Remedy. *Ne.* I would advise you to have diligent Servants about ye; or no matter if it were some of your poor Kindred: such as must be Kept however. They'l stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the way; or find something perhaps in the Inn, in the House, or in the Boat, that wants a Keeper. Do ye conceive me? Let 'em Consider that Men have not Fingers for Nothing. *Ha.* If this could be done with safety. *Ne.* You must be sure to keep them in *handsome Liveries*, and be still sending of 'em with *Counterfeit Letters* to *This Prince*, or *That Count*. Who shall dare to suspect Them, if any thing be missing; or if they should suspect them, who shall dare to own it, for fear of the Knight their Master? If they chance to take a Booty by force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War; for This Exercise is but a Prelude to War it self. *Ha.*

A Blessed Counsellor! *Ne.* Now this *Statute* of *Knighthood* must be ever observ'd, that it is Lawful for a Knight upon the Road to ease a Common Traveller of his Money. For what can be more Dishonourable than for a Pitiful Fellow of *Commerce* to have *Money at Will*, and a *Knight* want it to supply him with Necessaries for *Whores*, and *Dice*? Be seen as much as possible in the Company of Great Men, though you pin your self upon them. You must put on a *Brazen-Face*; and especially to your *Host*; and let nothing put ye out of Countenance. And therefore you should do well to pass your time in some Publick Place, as at the *Baths*, or *Waters*, and in the *most frequented Inns*. *Ha.* I was thinking of That. *Ne.* In such places you will meet with many fair Opportunities. *Ha.* As how I beseech you? *Ne.* You'll find now, and then a Purse dropt, or the Key left in the door, or so; you Comprehend me. *Ha.* But-- *Ne.* What are ye afraid of? A Person that lives and Talks at your rate; *The Knight of the Golden Rock*, who shall presume to suspect him, or however to open his Mouth against him, at the worst? They'll rather cast it upon some Body that went away the day before. You'll find the Family in Disorder about it, but do you behave your self as a Person wholly unconcern'd. If This Accident befalls a man that has either Modesty, or Brains, he'll even pass it over without making any words on't; and not cast away his Credit after his Money, for looking no better to't. *Ha.* 'Tis very well said; For I suppose you know *the Count of the White Vulture*. *Ne.* Yes, yes, why not? *Ha.* I have heard of a certain *Spaniard*, a Handsome Gentile Fellow that lodg'd at his House; he carry'd away a matter of *threescore Pounds Sterling*, and the *Count* had such a Reverence for his Person, that he did not so much as open his Mouth for the matter. *Ne.* So that there's a Precedent.

cedent. You may send out a Servant now and then for a *Soldier*, as ye see Occasion, and he falls in upon the Rifling of a *Church* or a *Monastery*; and there's a *Fortune* made by the *Law of Arms*. *Ha*. This is the safest expedient we have had yet. *Ne*. Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. *Ha*. And let's have that too, I pre'thee. *Ne*. When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a quarrel with 'em, especially if they be *Churchmen*, for they are strangely *Hated*, now a-days: One broke a Jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this man spake, or t'other man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter; but then you must breath nothing but destruction, Fire, and Sword; and That Naturally brings the Matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity, and you must ask out of Reason, to bring them up to't. If you demand *Three Thousand Crowns*, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than *Two hundred*. *Ha*. I, and I can threaten others with the *Law*. *Ne*. That is not so *Generous* tho; but yet it may help in some degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, we have forgotten the Main point; Some *Young Wench* or other, with a Good Fortune, might be handsomly drawn, methinks, into the Noose of Matrimony; and you carry a *Philtre* about with ye; a *Young, Spruce, Droling, Grinning Rascal!* Let it be given out that you're call'd away to some great Office in the *Emperor's Court*; *the Girls are mad upon Coupling with the Nobility*. *Ha*. I know some that have made their Fortunes this way: But what if all this Roguery should come out now; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me; and your Imaginary Knight come to have Rotten Eggs thrown at him? For a man had better be taken Robbing of a Church, than in the

Course of such a Cheat. *Ne.* In this Case, you must put on the Brazen-Face I told ye of. And I'll tell ye this for your Comfort, that *Impudence* never past so current for *Wisdom*, since the Creation of the World, as it does at *This Day*. You must betake your self to your Invention, and tell your Tale as well as ye can; ye shall find some Fools or other that will favour it: Nay, and some that out of pure Candor, and Civility, tho they understand the Abuse, will yet make the best on't: But for your Last Refuge, shew a fair pair of Heels for't; thrust your self into a *Battle*, or a *Tumult*; for as *the Sea covers all Mischiefs*, so *War covers all Sins*: And the Truth of it is, he that has not been train'd up in this School, is not fit to be a Commander. Here's your Sanctuary when all fails; and yet let me advise ye to turn every Stone before ye come to't. Many a Man is Undone by *Security*. Wherefore have a Care of *Little damn'd Towns*, that a Man cannot let a *Fart* in, but the People presently take the *Alarm*. In *Great and Populous Cities* a body is more at Liberty, unless it be in such a place as *Marseilles*. Make it your bus'ness to know what the People say of ye. If ye hear that they come to talk at this rate; *what does this Man here so long? Why does not he go home again; and look after his Castles with a Pox? What does he talk to us of his Pedigree? I wonder how the Devil he Lives?* These are *Bugg-words*; and if you find this humour once to grow upon the People, up with your Baggage and be jogging, before it be too late. But you must make your *Retreat*, like a *Lion*, not like a *Hare*. You are call'd away by the Emperor to take Possession of a great Charge, and it will not be long perhaps before they see you again at the Head of an Army. Those that have any thing to lose will be quiet enough, when y'are gone; but of all People have a care of your *Peevish, Malitious Poets*: They throw their

their Venom upon their Paper, and what they write is as Publick as the Air. *Ha.* Let me dye if I be not strangely pleased with thy Counsel: and you shall never Repent ye either of your *Scholar*, or of your *Obligation*. The first good Horse that I take up upon my *Patent of Knighthood*, shall be yours: *Ne.* Be as good as your word now: But what is the Reason that you should so strangely dote upon a false opinion of Nobility? *Ha.* Only because they are in a manner *Lawless*, and do what they please; And is not this a Considerable Inducement? *Ne.* When all comes to all, you owe a Death to Nature, tho' you liv'd a *Carthusian*; and he that dies of the *Stone*, the *Gout*, or the *Palsie* had better have been broken upon the *Wheel*. 'Tis an *Article* of a *Souldiers Faith*, that *after Death there remains Nothing of a Man, but his Carcass.* *Ha.* And that's my Opinion.

The Seraphique Funeral.

• COL. XX.

A Bitter Discourse upon the Habit, Life, Opinions, and Practices of the Franciscans: Their Institution, and the Blasphemous Fundamentals of their Order.

THEOTIMUS, PHILECOUS.

Ph. **W**HY, where have you been, *Theotimus*, that ye look so wonderfully *Grave* and *Devout*? *Th.* How so? *Ph.* You look so severe, methinks, with your Eyes upon the Ground, your Head upon your left shoulder, and your Beads in your hand. *Th.* My Friend, if you have a mind to know any thing that does not belong to ye; I have been at a *Shew*. *Ph.* *Jacob Hall* perhaps, or the *Jugler*; or some such business, it may be. *Th.* 'Tis somewhat thereabouts. *Ph.* Y're the first Man sure that ever brought such an Humour back from a *Publique Spectacle*. *Th.* But this was such a *Spectacle*, let me tell ye, that if you your self had been a *Spectator*, you would have been more out of order perchance than I am. *Ph.* But why so extreamly Religious, I pre'thee, on a sudden? *Th.* I have been at the *Funeral* of a *Seraphim*. *Ph.* Nay, Pray'e tell me, do the *Angels* die? *Th.* No, but *Angels Fellows* do. But to put ye out of your pain, you know *Eusebius*, I suppose; a famous, and a Learned Man. *Ph.* What do you mean?

mean? *Eusebius*, the *Pelusian*; he that was first degraded from his *Authority*, to the state of a *Private man*, and of a *Private man* made an *Exile*, and of an *Exile*, within a little of a *Beggar*? (I had like to have said worse.) *Th.* That's the Man. *Ph.* But what's come to him? *Th.* He's this day *Bury'd*, and I am just now come from his *Funeral*. *Ph.* It must needs be a doleful business sure, to put you into this dismal mood. *Th.* I shall never be able to tell ye the *Story* without weeping. *Th.* Nor I to hear it without *Laughing*. But let's have it however. *Th.* You know that *Eusebius* hath been a long time *Infirm*. *Ph.* Yes, yes, he has not been a *Man* this many a year. *Th.* In these *Slow* and *Consumptive* Diseases, 'tis a *Common* thing for a *Physician* to foretell a man how long he shall live, to a precise day. *Ph.* It is so. *Th.* They told their *Patient* that all that the *Art* of man could do, towards his preservation, had been done already; and that *God* might preserve him by a *Miracle*; but that he was absolutely past all *Relief* of *Physick*; and according to humane *Conjecture*, he had not above *three days* to *Live*. *Ph.* And what follow'd? *Th.* The *Wasted* *Body* of the *Excellent* *Eusebius*, was presently dress'd up in a *Franciscan's* *Habit*, his *Head* *Shaven*, his *Ash-colour'd* *Cowl*, and *Gown*, his *Knotted* *Hempen* *Girdle*, and his *Franciscan* *Shoos*; all put on. *Ph.* As departing this *Life*? *Th.* Even so: and with a *Dying* *Voice*, declaring, that if it should please *God* to restore him to the *Health* that his *Physicians* despair'd of, he would serve under *Christ*, according to the *Rule* of *St. Francis*; and there were several *Holy* *Men* call'd in, to bear witness to his *Profession*. In this *Habit* dy'd this *Famous* *Man*; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his *Physicians*. There came abundance of the *Fraternity*, to assist at his *Funeral* *Solemnity*. *Ph.* I would I had been one of the *Number* my self. *Th.* It would have

have gone to the Heart of ye, to see with what Tenderness the *Seraphique Sodality* wash'd the *Body*, fitted the *Holy Habit* to him, laid his *Arms* one over another, in the form of a *Cross*, uncover'd, and kiss'd his *Naked Feet* ; and according to the Precept of the Gospel, cheer'd up his *Countenance* with *Oyntment*. *Ph.* What a Prodigious Humility was this, for the *Seraphique Brethren* to take upon them the *Parish Offices* of *Bearers* and *Washers* ? *Th.* After this, they laid the *Body* upon the *Biere* ; and according to the direction of *St. Paul* (*bear ye one anothers Burthen*) *Gal. 6.* The *Brethren* took their *Brother* upon their *Shoulders*, and carry'd him along the *Highway* to the *Monastery*, where they *Interr'd* him with the *Usual Songs* and *Ceremonies*. As this *Venerable Pomp* was passing upon the way, I *Observ'd* a great many *People* that could not forbear *Weeping* ; to see a *Man* that us'd to go in his *Silk*, and *Scarlet*, wrapt now in a *Franciscan's Habit*, girt with a *Ropes End*, and the whole *Body* dispos'd in such a posture, as could not chuse but move *Devotion*. For his *Head*, as I said, was laid upon his *Shoulder*, his *Arms*, a *Cross* ; and every thing else too carry'd a wonderful appearance of *Holiness*. But then the *March* of the *Seraphique Troop* it self, Hanging down their *Heads*, with their *Eyes* fixt upon the *Earth*, and their mournful *Dirges* : (so mournful ; that in *Hell* it self there can be nothing beyond it.) All this, I say, drew *Sighs*, and *Tears* in abundance from the *Beholders*. *Ph.* But had he the *five wounds* too of *St. Francis* ? *Th.* I dare not affirm that for a *Certain* ; but I saw some *Blewish Scars* on his *Hands*, and *Feet* ; and he had a *hole* in his *left side* of his *Gown* ; but I durst not look too narrowly, for many *People* have been undone, they say, by being too curious in these matters. *Ph.* But did ye not take notice of some that laugh'd too ? *Th.* Yes, I did observe

serve it ; But they were *Heretiques*, I suppose ; there are e'en too many of them in the World. *Ph.* To Deal honestly with thee, in my Conscience, if I had been there my self, I should have laught too for Company. *Th.* I pray God thou hast not a *spice* of the same Leaven. *Ph.* There's no danger of that, Good *Theotimus* ! For I have had a Veneration for St. *Francis*, even from a Child ; He was one that was much more acceptable both to God and Man, for the strict Mortification of his Affections, than for any Worldly Learning, or Wisdom ; and those are His True Disciples, that so *live* in the *Flesh*, as if they were *Dead* to it, and *Liv'd* only in *Christ* : But for the *Habit* it self, I value it not ; and I would fain know what is a *Dead Man* the Better for a *Garment* ? *Ph.* It is the Lord's Precept, ye know, *not to give Holy things to Dogs, or to cast Pearls before Swine* : And besides, if ye ask Questions to make your self Merry with them, I'll tell ye nothing at all. But if ye have an honest desire to be inform'd, I am content to tell ye as much as I know. *Ph.* My Bus'ness is to learn, and you shall find me a diligent, a Docile, and a thankful Disciple. *Th.* You know, first, that some People are so possess'd with Pride and Vanity, that their Ambition accompanies them to the very Grave ; and they are not content, unless they be *Bury'd* with as much *Pomp* as they *Liv'd*. It is not that the *Dead* feel any thing ; but yet by the force of *Imagination* they take some *Pleasure* in their *Lives* to think of the *Solemnity*, and *Magnificence* of their *Funerals*. Now ye will not deny it, I suppose, to be some degree of Piety to renounce this weakness. *Ph.* I'll confess it, if there be no other way to avoid the Vanity of this Expence. But I should think it much more Humane, and Modest, even for a *Prince* to recommend his Body to a *Course Winding Sheet*, and to be laid in the *Common Burying-place* by the *Ordinary Bearers*.

Bearers. For to be carry'd to the Grave, as *Eusebins* was, is rather the *Change* of a *Vanity*, than the *Avoidance* of it. *Th.* It is the *Intention* that *God* accepts, and it is *God alone* that can judge of the *Heart*. But this that I have told ye is a small Matter, there are greater things behind. *Ph.* What are they? *Th.* They profess themselves of the *Order of St. Francis*, upon the Point of *Death*. *Ph.* And he is to be their Protector in the *Elysian Fields*. *Th.* No, but in *this World*, if they happen to recover: And it pleases *God* many times, that when the *Physicians* have given a Man for *lost*, so soon as ever he has put on *this Holy Robe* he recovers. *Th.* And so he would have done, whether he had put it on or no. *Th.* We should walk with *Simplicity* in the *Faith*, but if there were not somewhat Extraordinary in the Case, why should so many Eminent and Learned men, especially among the *Italians*, make such a bus'ness to be *bury'd in This holy habit*? But these you'l say are Strangers to ye. What do ye think then of the famous *Rodolphus Agricola*; (one that I'm sure you have an Esteem for) and then of *Christopher Longolius*, who were both bury'd so? *Ph.* I give no heed to what men do when they are under the Amusements of *Death*. Pray'e tell me now, what does it signifie to a man, the *Professing*, or the *Clothing* of him, when he comes to be assaulted with the *Terrors*, and *distractions* of his *approaching Fate*? *Vows* should be made in *sound sense*, and *sobriety*; they are frivolous else, there should be *mature Deliberation*, without either *Force*, *Fear*, or *Guile*: Nay they are *Void*, even without all this, before the Year of *Probation* be out: at which time, and not before, they are commanded to wear the *Coat* and *Hood*; (for so say the *Seraphiques*) so that if they recover, they are at liberty in two respects. For neither does That Vow bind, that is made by a man under an

Astonishment, betwixt the *Hope of Life* and the *Fear of Death*, nor does the *Profession* oblige any man, before the *wearing of the Hood*. *Th.* Whether it be an *Obligation*, or not, 'tis enough, that They think it one; and God Almighty accepts of the *Good will*; and This is the *Reason* that the *Good works of Monks* (*ceteris Paribus*,) are more acceptable to God, than those of *Other People*; because they spring from that *Root*. *Ph.* We shall not make it a *question* in This place, the *Merit* of a mans *Dedicating* himself wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own *Power*. Every *Christian*, as I take it, delivers himself up wholly to God in his *Baptism*; when he *Renounces* the *Devil and all his Works, the Poms and Vanities of the Wicked World, and all the Sinful Lusts of the Flesh, and lists himself a Soldier to fight under Christ's Banner, to his Lives End*. And *St. Paul* speaking of those that *Die with Christ*, that they may live no longer to *Themselves*, but to *Him* that is *Dead for them*, does not mean This of *Monks* only, but of *all Christians*. *Th.* You have minded me seasonably of our *Baptism*, but in times past, if they were but *Sprinkled* at the *last Gasp*, there was hope yet promis'd them of *Salvation*. *Ph.* 'Tis no great matter what the *Bishops* promise, but it is a matter of great uncertainty, what God will vouchsafe to *Do*: For if there went no more to *Salvation*, than the *Sprinkling* of a little *Water*, what a *Gap* were there open'd to all sorts of *Carnal Appetites*, and *License*? When men had spent their lives, and their strength in *Wickedness*, till they could sin no longer, two or three drops of *Water* would set all *Right* again. Now if the *same Rule* holds in *your Profession*, and This *Baptism*, it would make well for the *Security* of the *Wicked*, if they might *Live to Satan* and *Die to Christ*. *Th.* Nay, if a man may speak what he hears, of the *Seraphique Mystery*, the *Professing* of a *Franciscan*

can is more Efficacious than his *Baptism*. Ph. What is't ye say? Th. Only our *Sins* are wash'd away in *Baptism*; but the *Soul*, tho' it be purg'd, is left naked. But he that is invested with *This Profession*, is presently endow'd with the *Merits* and *Sanctimony* of the whole *Order*, as being *Grafted* into the *Body* of the most *Holy Sodality*. Ph. And what do ye think of him that is by *Baptism* ingrafted into the *Body* of *Christ*? Is he never the better; neither for the *Head*, nor for the *Body*? Th. He's nothing at all the better for this *Seraphique Body*; unless he entitle himself to it by some *special Bounty*, or *Favour*. Ph. From what *Angel*, I beseech ye, had they this *Revelation*? Th. From what *Angel*, do ye say? Why *St. Francis* had *This*, and a great deal more, *Face to Face*, from *Christ himself*. Ph. Now as thou hast any kindness for me in the *World*, tell me, for the *Love* of *God*, what were those *Discourses*? Th. Alas! Those *Holy* and *Profound Secrets* are not for *Profane Ears*. Ph. Why *Profane*, I pre'thee? For I have ever been a *Friend* to this *Seraphique Order*, as much as to any other. Th. But for all That, you give 'em shrewd *Wipes* sometimes. Ph. That's a sign of *Love Theotimus*; The great *Enemies* of the *Order* are the *Professors* of it *Themselves*, that by *Ill Lives* bring a *scandal* upon the *Habit*. And that *Man* does not love it, that is not offended with the *Corrupters* of it. Th. But I am afraid *St. Francis* will take it ill, if I should blab any of his *Secrets*. Ph. And why should ye fear That from so *Innocent* a *Person*? Th. Well, well! But what if I should lose my *Eyes*, or run *Mad* upon't? As I am told many have done, only for denying the *Print* of the *Five Wounds*. Ph. Why then the *Saints* are worse natur'd in *Heaven*, than they were upon *Earth*. We are told that *St. Francis* was of so meek a *Disposition*, that when the *Boys* in the *streets* would be playing the *Rogues* with his *Cowl*, as it hung

hung down at his Back, and throwing *Milk, Cheese, Dirt, Stones* at it, the Saint walkt on *Chearfull, and Pleasant* without any Concern at all. And shall we believe him *Now* then to be *Cholerique, and Revengefull*? One of his Companions once call'd him *Thief, Sacrilegious, a Murtherer, an Incestuous Sor,* and all the Villains in the World. His Reply was only, that he gave him thanks, and confes'd himself Guilty. But one of the Company wondring at such an Acknowledgment; I had done worse than all this, says *St. Francis*, if God's Grace had not Restrained me. How comes *St. Francis* now then to be *Vindictive*? *Th.* So it is, for tho the *Saints* will bear any thing upon *Earth*, they'l take no *Affronts* in *Heaven*. Was ever any Man *Gentler* than *Cornelius*, *Milder* than *Anthony*, or more *Patient* than *John the Baptist*, when they liv'd upon *Earth*? but now they are in *Heaven*, if we do not worship them as we ought, what *Diseases* do they send among us? *Ph.* For my own part, I am of Opinion, that they rather *Cure our Diseases* than *Cause* them. But however, assure your self that what ye say to me is spoken to a man that's neither *Prophane*, nor a *Blab*. *Th.* Go to then. I will tell ye in Confidence, what I have heard as to this Matter: Be it spoken without offence to *St. Francis*, or the *Society*. *St. Paul*, ye know, was endu'd with a *Profound* and *Hidden Wisdom*, which he never *publish'd*; but only *whisper'd* it in *Private* to those *Christians* that were *perfected*. So have these *Seraphiques* certain *Mysterries* also that they do not make *Common*; but only communicate them in *private* to *Rich Widows*, and other *Choice* and *Godly People*, that are *well-willers* to the *Society*. *Ph.* How do I long for the Opening of this *Holy Revelation*! *Th.* It was at first, foretold by the *Lord* to the *Seraphique Patriarch*, that the more the *Society* increased, the more Provision he would make for them. *Ph.* So that at first dash

here's that Complaint answer'd, that their growing so Numerous is a Grievance of the People. *Th.* And then he revealed this further too; That upon his *Anniversary Festival*, all the Souls of that *Fraternity*, and not only those that were of the *Cloathing*, but the *Souls* of their *Friends* also should be deliver'd from the *Fire of Purgatory*. *Ph.* But was *Christ* so familiar with *St. Francis*? *Th.* He was as Free with him as one *Friend* or *Companion* is with another. As *God the Father* in former times, *Communed* with *Moses*. *Moses* received the *Law* first, from *God himself*, and then deliver'd it to the *People*. Our *Saviour* published the *Gospel*, and *St. Francis* had two *Copies* of his *Peculiar Law* under the *Hands* of an *Angel*; which he deliver'd to that *Seraphique Fraternity*. *Ph.* Now do I look for a *Third Revelation*. *Th.* That famous *Patriarch*, fearing now, that when the *Good Seed* was sown, the *Enemy* should come, while men slept, and sowing *Tares* among the *Wheat*, they should both be pluckt up together. *St. Francis* was eas'd of this *Scruple*, by a *Promise* from the *Lord*, that he would take Care that this *Tribe* of *Half-shod* and *Rope-girt* People should never fail, so long as the *World* endur'd. *Ph.* Why, what a *Merciful Providence* was this now? for *God* would have had no *Church* else. But proceed. *Th.* It was *Reveal'd* in the *Fourth place*; that no *Lewd Liver* could long persevere in that *Order*. *Ph.* But is it not taken for a *Defection* from the *Order*, if a *Man* live *Wickedly*? *Th.* No; no more than it is for *Renouncing* of *Christ*; tho in some *Respect*, it may be so taken, when a *Man* denies in his *Actions*, what he professes in his *Words*. But whoever casts off this *Holy Habit*, that *Man* is irrecoverably lost to the *Society*. *Ph.* What shall we say then of so many *Convents* that hoard up *Money*, *Drink*, *Play*, *Whore*, keep their *Concubines* Publick, and more than I'll speak of? *Th.* Those *People* neither

wear

wear *St. Francis's Gown*, nor his *Girdle*. And when they come to knock at the Door, the Answer will be, *I know ye not; for ye have not on the Wedding-Garment*. *Ph.* Is there any more? *Th.* Why, ye have heard Nothing yet. The *Fifth Revelation* was this: That the Enemies of this *Seraphique Order* (as they have but too many, the more's the Pity) should never arrive at half the Age that God had otherwise appointed them, without making away themselves; but that they should all die miserable, before their Times, *Ph.* Oh! we have seen many Instances of this; as in the *Cardinal Mathews*, who had a very *Ill Opinion* of this *Society*, and spake as *hardly* of them; he was taken away, as I remember, before he was *Fifty years of Age*. *Th.* 'Tis very true; but then he was an Enmy to the *Cherubique Order*, as well as to the *Seraphique*; for he was the Cause, they say, of burning the *four Dominicans* at *Berne*; when the matter might otherwise have been Compounded with the *Pope*, for a Sum of Money. *Ph.* But these *Dominicans*, they say, had set up most Horrible Opinions, which they labour'd to support by *False Visions*, and *Miracles*; as that the *Blessed Virgin* was tainted with *Original Sin*; nay that *St. Francis's Prints* of the *Five Wounds* were *Counterfeited*: They gave out that *St. Catharin's* were more *Authentique*. But the *Perfected* of all, they promised to a *Layick Profelyte* they had got, whom they made use of for this Action; abusing the *Lords Body* in the *Government* of this *Imposture*, even with *Clubbs*, and with *Poyson*. And they say further, that this was not the *Contrivance* of one *Monastry* alone, but of the *Principals* of the *Whole Order*. *Th.* Let it be which way it will, that divine Caution holds good however, *Touch not mine Anointed*. *Ph.* Is there any thing more to come? *Th.* Yes, you shall have the *Sixth Apocalyps*; wherein the Lord bound himself by an *Oath* to *St. Francis*, that all the

Favourers of this *Seraphique Order*, let them live never so wickedly, should find *Mercy* in the *Conclusion*, and *end their days in peace*. *Ph.* Why what if they should be taken away in the act of *Adultery*? *Th.* That which the Lord hath promised, he will Certainly make good. *Ph.* But what must a man do, to entitle himself to a Right of being call'd their *Friend*? *Th.* What? Do ye question that? He that *presents* them, he that *clothes* them, he that makes the *Pot boy*, that man gives Evidences of his *Love*. *Ph.* But does not he love, that *Teaches*, or *Admonishes* them? *Th.* That's *water into the Sea*; they have a great deal of this at home: And it is their Profession to bestow it upon *Others*, not to *receive* it from them. *Ph.* Our Saviour promised more, I perceive, to *St. Francis's Disciples*, than ever he did to his *Own*. He takes that as done unto himself, which for his sake one Christian does to another; But I do not find where he promises *Eternal Salvation* to *Unrepenting Sinners*. *Th.* That's no wonder, my Friend, for the *Transcendent Power* of the *Gospel* is reserved to *this Order*. But ye shall now hear the *Seventh*, and *Last Revelation*. *Ph.* Let's have it then. *Th.* Our Saviour sware further, to *St. Francis*, that *no man should ever make an Ill end, that dy'd in a Franciscan's Habit*. *Ph.* But what is it that you call an *Ill end*? *Th.* When the *Soul* goes directly out of the *Body*, into *Hell*; from whence there is no *Redemption*. *Ph.* So that the *Habit* does not free a Man from *Purgatory*. *Th.* No, not unless he dies upon *St. Francis's day*. But is it not a great matter, do ye think, to be secur'd from *Hell*? *Ph.* The greatest of all, no doubt. But what becomes of those that are put into the *Habit* when they are *Dead already*? for they cannot be said to *die* in't. *Th.* If they *desire* it in their *Life-time*, the *Will* is taken for the *Deed*. *Ph.* But I remember once in *Antwerp*, I was in the Chamber with some Relations of a Woman that was
just

just giving up the Ghost. There was a *Franciscan* by, (a very Reverend man) who observing the Woman to Yawn, and just upon her last stretch, he put one of her Arms into his *sleeve*, and so recover'd that *Arm*, and part of the *shoulder*. There was a dispute rais'd upon't, whether the *whole Body* should be *safe* for't, or only *that part* which he had *touch'd*. *Th.* There is no doubt, but the *whole Woman* was *secur'd*; as the *Water* upon the *Forehead* of a *Child* makes the *whole Child* a *Christian*. *Ph.* 'Tis a strange thing, the dread that the *Devils* have of *this Habit*. *Th.* Oh! they dread it more than the sign of the *Cross*. When the *Body* of *Eusebius* was carried to the *Grave*, there were *Swarms* of *Black Devils* in the *Air*, as thick as *Flies*; that would be *buzzing* about the *Body*, and *striking* at it, but yet durst not *touch* it: I saw this myself, and so did many others. *Ph.* But methinks his *face*, his *hands*, and his *Feet* should have been in *Danger*, because (ye know) they were *Naked*. *Th.* A *Snake* will not come near the *shadow* of an *Ash*, let it spread never so far: Nor the *Devil*, within *smell* of *That Holy Garment*; 'tis a kind of *Poison* to them. *Ph.* But do not these *Bodies* putrifie? For if they do, the *Worms* have more *Courage* than the *Devils*. *Th.* What you say, is not *improbable*. *Ph.* How happy is the very *Louse* that takes up his abode in that *Holy Garment*! But while the *Robe* is going to the *Grave*, what is it that protects the *Soul*? *Th.* The *Soul* carries away with it the *Influence* of the *Garment*, which preserves it to such a degree, that many *People* will not allow any of that *Order* to go so much as into *Purgatory*. *Ph.* If this be true, I would not give this part of the *Revelation*, for the *Apocalyps* of *St. John*: For here's an *ease*, and a *ready way* cut out, without *Labour*, *Trouble*, or *Repentance*; to *live Merrily* in *this world*, and *secure* our selves of *Heaven hereafter*. *Th.* And so it is, *Ph.* So that my *Wonder* is over, at

the great Esteem that is paid by the World to this *Seraphique Order*. But I am in great Admiration on the Other side, that any man should dare to open his Mouth against them. *Th.* You may observe where-ever ye see them, that they are Men given over to a *Reprobate sense*, and blinded in their Wickedness. *Ph.* I shall be Wiser for the future than I have been; and take Care to die in a *Franciscan Habit*. But there are some in this Age that will have Mankind to be justify'd only by Faith, without the help of Good Works: But what a Priviledge is it to be fav'd by a *Garment, without Faith*? *Th.* Nay, not too fast, *Philecons*. It is not said, *Simply without Faith*; but it is sufficient for us to *Believe*, that the things I have now told ye were promis'd by our *Saviour* to the *Patriarch* of the *Order*. *Ph.* But will this *Garment* save a *Turk* too? *Th.* It would save *Lucifer himself*; if he had the Patience to *put it on*, and could but believe this *Revelation*. *Ph.* Well, thou hast won me for ever. But there's a Scruple or two yet, that I would fain have clear'd. *Th.* Say then. *Ph.* I have been told that *St. Francis's Order* is of *Evangelical Institution*. *Th.* True. *Ph.* Now I had thought that all *Christians* had profess'd the Rule of the *Gospel*. But if the *Franciscans* be a *Gospel-Order*, it looks as if all *Christians* were bound to be *Franciscans*; and *Christ* with his *Apostles*, and the *Virgin Mother*, at the *Head* of them. *Th.* It would be so indeed; but that *S. Francis* (ye must know) has *added several things* to the *Gospel*. *Ph.* What are those? *Th.* An *Ash-Couler'd Garment*, a *Hempen Girdle*, *naked Feet*. *Ph.* And by those *Marques* we may know an *Evangelical Christian* from a *Franciscan*. *Th.* But they differ too upon the Point of *Touching money*. *Ph.* But I am told that *St. Francis* forbids the *Receiving* of it, not the *Touching* of it. But the *Owner*, the *Proctor*, *Creditor*, the *Heir*, or a *Proxey*, does commonly *Receive* it; and tho he *draws it over*, in his

Glove

Glove, so that he does not *Touch* it, he does yet *Receive* it. Now I would fain know whence this *Interpretation* came, that not *Receiving* should be expounded to be *not touching*? *Th.* This was the *Interpretation* of *Pope Benedict*. *Ph.* Not, as a *Pope*; but only as a *Franciscan*. And again, the *stricteſt* of the *Order*, do they not take *Money* in a *Clout*, when it is given them, in all their *Pilgrimages*? *Th.* In a case of *Necessity*, they do. *Ph.* But a Man would rather *dye*, than violate so *super-Evangelical a Rule*: And then do they not receive money every where by their *Officers*? *Th.* Yes, that they do; *Thousands* and *Thousands* many times; and why not? *Ph.* But the *Rule* says, that they must not *Recieve* Money, either by *Themselves* or by *Others*. *Th.* Well, but they don't *touch* it. *Ph.* Ridiculous. If the *Touch it self* be *Impious*, they *Touch* it by *Others*. *Th.* But that's the *Act* and *Deed* of their *Proctors*, not their own. *Ph.* Is it not so? Let him try it that has a mind to't. *Th.* Do we ever read, that *Christ* touch'd Money? *Ph.* Suppose it. It is yet probable, that when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil and Vinegar, and Sallads for his Father: But *Peter* and *Paul*, beyond all Controversie, *Touch'd* Money. The *Virtue* consists in the *Contempt* of Money, and not in the *Not Touching* of it; There is much more danger, Il'e assure ye, in touching of Wine, than of Money. And why are ye not as scrupulous, in *this Case*, as in the *Other*? *Th.* Because *St. Francis* did not forbid it. *Ph.* They can frankly enough offer their *hands*, (which they keep *fair*, and *soft*, with *Care*, and *Idleness*) to a pretty *Wench*; But if there be any *Touching* of Money in the Case, bleſs me! how they *start*, and *Cross* themselves as if they had seen the *Devil*? And is not this an *Evangelical Nicety*? I cannot believe that *St. Francis* (tho never so *Illiterate*) could be so silly, as absolutely to interdict all *Touching* of Money whatsoever: Or if that were his *Opinion*, to

how great a Danger did he expose all his Followers, in commanding them to go *Bare-foot*? For Money might lie upon the *Ground*, and they tread upon it at *Unawares*. *Th.* But they do not touch it with their *Fingers*. *Ph.* As if the sense of *Touching* were not *Common* to the whole *Body*. *Th.* But in Case any such thing should fall out, they dare not *Officiate* after it, till they have been at *Confession*. *Ph.* 'Tis Conscientiously done. *Th.* But Cavilling apart; Ple tell ye plainly how it is. Money ever was, and ever will be, an *Occasion* to the World of *Great Evils*. *Ph.* 'Tis confess. But then it is an Enablement of as much *good* to *some* as *Ill* to *others*. The *Inordinate Love* of Money I find to be condemn'd, but not the Money *it self*. *Th.* You say well. But to keep us the further from an *Avaricious desire* of Money, we are forbidden the very *Touching of it*: As the Gospel forbids *Swearing* at all, to keep us from *Perjury*. *Ph.* Are we forbidden the *sight* of Money? *Th.* No, we are not; for it is easier to Govern our *Hands*, than our *Eyes*. *Ph.* And yet *Death it self* enter'd into the World, at *Those Windows*. *Th.* And therefore your *true Franciscan* draws his *Cowl* over his *Eye-Brows*, and walks with his *Eyes cover'd*, and so intent upon the *Ground*, that he sees *nothing* but his *way*: As we do our *Waggon-Horses*, that have a *Leather* on Each side of their Heads to keep them from seeing any thing but whats at their Feet. *Ph.* But tell me now; are they *forbidden* by their *Order*, to receive any *Indulgencies* from the *Pope*? *Th.* They are so. *Ph.* And yet I am inform'd that no men living have more; infomuch that they are allow'd either to *Poyson*, or to *Bury alive*, such as they themselves have *Condemn'd*, without any danger of being call'd to account for't. *Th.* There is something I must confess in the story; for I was told once by a *Polander*, (and a man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and fast asleep in the *Franciscans Church*, in the Corner where

where the Women sit to make their *Confessions*; Upon the singing of their usual *Nocturns* he awak'd, but durst not discover himself. And when the *Office* was over, the whole *Fraternity* went down into a place, where there was a large deep *Grave* ready made; and there stood *two young men*, with their hands ty'd behind them: They had a Sermon there in praise of *Obedience*; and a promise of Gods Pardon for all their sins; and not without some hope of Mercy from the *Brotherhood*, upon condition, that they should *voluntarily* go down into the *Pit*, and lay themselves upon their *Backs* there. So soon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Earth presently thrown upon them by the *Brethren*, where they bury'd them alive. *Ph.* But did the *Polander* say nothing all this while? *Th.* Not one syllable; for fear he himself should have made the *Third*. *Ph.* But can they justify This? *Th.* Yes, they may; when the *Honour* of the *Order* is in question: For see what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Escape, told what he had seen, in all Companies where he came; which brought a great *Odium* upon the *Seraphique Order*: And had it not been better now, that this man had been Bury'd alive? *Ph.* It may be it had. But these *Niceties* apart: How comes it that when their *Principal* has order'd them to go *bare-foot*, they go now commonly *half-shod*? *Th.* This *Injunction* was *moderated*, for *two Reasons*. The *One* for fear they should tread upon Money at unawares: The *Other* for fear they should catch Cold, or take any harm by *Thorns*, *Snakes*, *sharp Stones*, and the like: for these people are fain to beat it upon the Hoof, all the World over. But however, for the *Dignity* of the *Injunction*, the Rule is fav'd by a *Synecdoche*: For ye may see *part* of the *Foot* naked through the *Shoe*, which, by *that Figure* stands for the *Whole*. *Ph.* They value themselves much upon their Profession of *Evangelical Perfection*,
which

which (they say) consists in *Gospel Precepts*: But about those *Precepts*, the Learned themselves are in a manner at *Daggers-drawing*. Now among those *Gospel Precepts*, which do you reckon to be the most Perfect? *Th.* That of the *Fifth* of *St. Matthew*, where ye have this Passage. *Love your Enemies, Do good to them that Hate, and pray for them that Persecute and Revile ye, that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to shine upon the Good, and upon the Evil, and sendeth Rain upon the Just, and upon the Unjust. Therefore be ye Perfect, as your Heavenly Father is Perfect.* *Ph.* That's well said. But then our *Heavenly Father* is Rich, and Munificent to all People; asking nothing of any Man. *Th.* And these our *Earthly Fathers*, are Bountiful too; but it is of *Spiritual things*, as of *Prayers* and *Good Works*, of which they have enough for themselves, and to spare. *Ph.* I would we had more Examples among them, of that *Evangelical Charity*, that returns *Blessings* for *Cursings*, and *Good* for *Evil*. What is the meaning of that Celebrated saying of *Pope Alexander*, *There's less danger in affronting the most powerful Prince or Emperor, than a single Franciscan or Dominican.* *Th.* It is Lawful to vindicate the *Honour* of the *Order*; and what's done to the *least* of them, is done to the *whole Order*. *Ph.* And why not t'other way rather? The *Good* that is done to *One*, Extends to *all*. And why shall not an *Injury* to *One Christian*, as well engage all *Christendom* in a *Revenge*? Why did not *St. Paul*, when he was *beaten* and *stoned*, call for *succour* against the *Enemies* of his *Apostolical Character*? Now if, according to the saying of our *Saviour*, it be better to *Give*, than to *Receive*; certainly he that *lives and teaches well*, and *gives out of his own* to those that *want*, is much *Perfecter*, than he that is only upon the *Receiving hand*. Or else *St. Pauls Boasts* of *Preaching the Gospel Gratis*, is *Vain*, and *Idle*. It seems

to me; to be the best Proof of an *Evangelical disposition*, for a man not to be mov'd with Malicious Reproaches, and to preserve a Christian Charity, even for those that least deserve it. What does it signify, for a man to Relinquish something of his own and then to live better upon another bodies; if when he has laid down his *Avarice*, he still reserves to himself a Desire of *Revenge*? The World is full every where of this *Half-shod sort of People*, with their *Hempen-Girdles*; but there's not one of a thousand of them, that lives according to the *Precepts* of our *Saviour*, and the *Practice* of his *Apostles*. *Th.* I am no stranger to the Tales that pass in the World for Current, among the Wicked, concerning that sort of People; But for my own part, wherever I see the *Sacred Habit*, I reckon my self in the presence of the *Angels of God*; and *That* to be the *Happiest House*, where the *Threshold* is most worn by the *Feet* of these Men. *Ph.* And I am of Opinion too, that *Women* are in no place so *Fruitful*, as where these *Holy Men* have most to do. *St. Francis* forgive me, *Theotimus*, for my great mistakes, but really I took their *Garment* to be no more than my own; not one jot the Better, than the Habit of a *Skipper*, or a *Shoemaker*; setting aside the Holiness of the Person that wears it: As the *Touch* of our *Saviours Garment*, we see cur'd the Woman of her *Bloody-Issue*, .And then I could not satisfy my self, supposing such *Virtue* in a *Garment*, whether I was to thank the *Weaver*, or the *Taylor* for it. *Th.* Beyond doubt, he that gives the *Form*, gives the *Virtue*. *Ph.* Well, so it is, I'll make my Life Easier hereafter; than it has been; and never trouble my self any more with the fear of *Hell*, the *Wearisom Tedioufness* of *Confession*, or the *Torment* of *Repentance*.

Hell Broke Loose.

COL. XXI.

The Divisions of Christian Princes are the Scandal of their Profession. The Furies Strike the Fire, and the Monks blow the Cole.

CHARON, ALASTOR.

Ch. **W**Hy so Brisk *Alastor*, and whether so fast, I prethee? *Al.* Why now I have met with you, *Charon*, I'm at my Journeys end. *Ch.* Well! And what News d'ye bring? *Al.* That which you and your Mistress *Proserpina* will be glad to hear. *Ch.* Be quick then, and out with it. *Al.* In short the *Furies* have bestirr'd themselves, and gain'd their Point. That is to say; what with *Seditions, Wars, Robberies*, and all manner of *Plagues*, there's not one spot left upon the Face of the Earth, that does not look like *Hell above-ground*. They have spent their *Snakes* and their *Poyson*, till they are fain to Hunt for more. Their Skulls are as Bald as so many Eggs: Not a Hair upon their Heads; not one drop of Venom more in their Bodies. Wherefore be ready with your *Boat*, and your *Oars*, for you'll have more work e're long than you can turn your Hand to. *Ch.* I could have told you as much as this comes to my self. *Al.* Well, and how came you by't? *Ch.*

I had it from *Fame*, some two days ago now. *Al.* Nay *Fame's* a Nimble Gossip. But what make you here without your *Boat*? *Ch.* Why I can neither Will nor Chuse: For mine is so Rotten a Leaky Old Piece, that 'tis impossible, if *Fame* speak Truth, it should ever hold out for such a Jobb: And I am now looking out for a Titer Vessel. But true or false, I must get me another Barque however; for I have suffer'd a Wrack already. *Al.* Y're all Dropping Wet, I perceive; but I thought you might have been new come out of a Bath. *Ch.* Neither better nor worse, *Alastor*, than from Swimming out of the *Strygian Lake*. *Al.* And where did you leave your Fare? *Ch.* E'en Paddling among the *Frogs*. *Al.* But what says *Fame*, upon the whole matter? *Ch.* She speaks of Three Great Potentates, that are Mortally bent upon the Ruine of one another, inso-much, that they have Possess'd every Part of Christendom, with this Fury of *Rage* and *Ambition*. These Three are sufficient to Engage all the Lesser Princes and States in their Quarrel; and so *Wilful*, that they'l rather Perish than Yield. The *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Scot*, nay, and the *Turk Himself*, are Dipt in the Broyl, and the Design. The Contagion is got into *Spain*, *Britany*, *Italy*, and *France*: Nay, besides these Feuds of Hostility, and Arms, there's a worse matter yet behind: That is to say; there is a Malignity that takes it's Rise from a Diversity of *Opinions*; which has Debauched Mens minds, and manners, to so Un-natural, and Infociable a Degree, that it has left neither *Faith*, nor Friendship in the World. It has broken all Confidence betwixt Brother and Brother, Husband and Wife: And it is to be hop'd that this Distraction will one day produce a glorious Confusion, to the very Desolation of Mankind: For these Controversies of the *Tongue*, and of the *Pen*, will come at last to be tried by the *Swords Point*. *Al.*

And

And *Fame* has said no more in all this, than what these very Ears and Eyes have heard and seen. For I have been a constant Companion, and Assistant to these *Furies*; and can speak upon Knowledge, that they have approv'd themselves worthy of their Name, and Office. *Ch.* Right, but Mens minds are Variable; and what if some Devil should start up now to Negotiate a peace? There goes a Rumour, I can assure ye, of a certain Scribling Fellow, (one *Erasmus* they say) that has enter'd upon that Province. *Al.* Ay, ay: But he talks to the Deaf. There's no body heeds him, now a days. He Writ a kind of a *Hue and Cry* after Peace, that he Phanfy'd to be either *Fled* or *Banish'd*: And after that an *Epitaph* upon *Peace Defunct*, and all to no purpose. But then we have those on the other hand, that advance our *cause* as heartily as the very *furies themselves*. *Ch.* And what are they, I prethee? *Al.* You may observe, up and down, in the Courts of Princes, certain Animals; some of them Trick'd up with Feathers: Others in *White, Russet, Ash colour'd Frocks, Gowns, Habits*: Or call 'em what you will, These are the Instruments, you must know, that are still Irritating *Kings* to the Thirst of *War*, and *Blood*, under the splendid Notion of *Empire* and *Glory*: And with the same Art and Industry, they enflame the Spirits of the *Nobility* likewise, and of the *Common-people*. Their *Sermons* are only *Harangues*, in honour of the out-rages of *Fire* and *Sword*, under the Character of a *Just*, a *Religious*, or a *Holy War*. And which is yet more Wonderful; they make it to be *God's Cause*, on *Both sides*. *God Fights for us*, is the cry of the *French Pulpits*: And (what have they to fear, that have the Lord of Hosts for their Protector?) *Acquit your selves like Men*, say the *English*, and the *Spaniard*, and the *Victory* is certain: For (*This is God's Cause, not Cæsars.*) As for those that fall in the Battle, their

their Souls mount as directly to Heaven, as if they had Wings to carry 'em thither. (Arms and all.)

Ch. But do their Disciples believe all this? *Al.* You cannot imagine the Power of a *Well dissembled Religion*; where there's *Youth, Ignorance, Ambition, and a natural Animosity*, to work upon. 'Tis an easie matter to *Impose*, where there is a Previous Propension to be *Deceiv'd!*

Ch. Oh, that it did but lie in my Power to do these People a good Office! *Al.* Give 'em a Magnificent Treat then; there's nothing they'l take better.

Ch. It must be of *Mallows, Lupines, and Leeks*, then, for we have nothing else you know.

Al. Pray let it be *Partidge, Capons, Pheasant*, they'l never think they are welcome else.

Ch. But to the point, what should set these People so much a Gog upon *Sedition, and Broyls*? What can they get by't? *Al.* Do not you know then, that they get more by the *Dead*, then by the *Living*? Why, there are *Testaments, Funerals, Bulls*, and twenty other pretty *Perquisites* that are worth the looking after: Besides that a *Camp-Life* agrees much better with their Humour, then to lie droning in their *Cells*. *War* breeds *Bishops*, and a very *Block-head*, in a Time of *Peace*, comes many times to make an *Excellent Military Prelate*.

Ch. Well! They understand their business.

Al. Stay: But to the matter of a Boat; what necessity of having another? *Ch.* Nay, 'tis but *Swimming* once again, instead of *Rowing*.

Al. Well, but now I think on't; how came the Boat to sink? *Ch.* Under the Weight of the Passengers

Al. I thought you had carry'd *Shadows* only, not *Bodies*. What may be the Weight, I prethee, of a Cargo of *Ghosts*? *Ch.* Why, let 'em be as light as *Water-Spiders*, there may be enow of them to do a bodies Work. But then my *Vessel* is a kind of a *Phantome* too.

Al. I have seen the time, when you had as many *Ghosts* as you could Stow a-Board; and

and Three or Four Thousand more hanging at the Stern, and your Barque me thought never so much as felt on't. *Ch.* That is all according as the Ghosts are: For your *Hectical, Phthysical* Souls, that go off in a Consumption, weigh little or nothing. But those that are Torn out of Bodies, in a Habit of Foul Humours; as in *Apoplexies, Quinsies, Fevers*, and the like; But most of all, in the Chance of *War*: These, I must tell ye, carry a great deal of Corpulent, and gross matter, along with them. *Al.* As for the *Spaniards*, and the *French*, methinks they should not be very *Heavy*. *Ch.* No, not comparatively with others: And yet I do not find them altogether so Light as Feathers, neither. But for the *Britains*, and the *Germans*, that are rank Feeders, I had only Ten of 'em a-Board once, and if I had not Lighten'd my Boat of part of my Lading, we had all gone to the Bottom. *Al.* You were hard put to't I find. *Ch.* Ay; but what do ye think, when we are Pester'd with *Great Lords, Hectors* and *Bullies*? *Al.* You were speaking of a *Just War*, e'en now. You have nothing to do, I presume with those that fall in such a War: These go to rights, all to Heaven, they say. *Ch.* Whither they go, I know not; but this I am sure of; Let the War be what it will, it sends us such sholes of Cripples, that a body would think there were not one Soul more left above ground; and they come over-charg'd not only with *Gut*, and *Surfeits*, but with *Patents, Pardons, Commissions*, and I know not how much Lumber besides. *Al.* Do they not come *Naked* to the Ferry then? *Ch.* Yes, yes; but at their first coming they are strangely haunted with the *Dreams* of all these things. *Al.* Are *Dreams* so Heavy then? *Ch.* *Heavy*, d'ye say? Why they have drown'd my Boat already: And then there's the Weight of so many *Half-pence*, over and above. *Al.* That's somewhat I must confess, if they be *Brass*. *Ch.* Well, well!

well! It behoves me at a venture to get a stout Vessel. *Al.* Without many Words; upon the main, thou'rt a happy Man. *Ch.* Wherein, as thou lov'st me? *Al.* Thou't get thee an Alderman's Estate, in the turning of a Hand. *Ch.* There must be a World of Fares, at a *Half-penny a Ghost*, for a man to thrive upon't. *Al.* You'l have enough I warrant ye, to do your business. *Ch.* Ay, ay, 'Twould mount to somewhat indeed, if they'd bring their Wealth along with them. But they come to me, Weeping and Wailing, for the *Kingdoms*, the *Dignities*, the *Abbies*, and the *Treasure* that they left behind 'em; pay their bare Passage and that's all. So that what I have been these three Thousand years a scraping together, must go all away at a swoop, upon one Boat. *Al.* He that would get Mony, must Venture Mony. *Ch.* Ay; but the People in the World have better Trading they say: Where a Man in three Years time shall make himself a Fortune. *Al.* Yes, yes, and Squander't away again, perhaps in half the time. Your gain'tis true, is less, but then 'tis steady and surer. *Ch.* Not so steady neither, perchance. For what if some Providence should dispose the Hearts of Princes to a General Peace: My Work's at an end. *Al.* My life for yours, there's no fear of that, for One-half-Score Year. The *Pope* is Labouring it, I know: But he had as good *keep his Breath to Coole his Porridg.* Not but that there is Notable Muttering and Grumbling every where? 'Tis an unreasonable thing they cry, that Christendom should be torn in pieces thus, to gratifie a particular Picque, or the Ambition of two or three Swaggering pretenders. People, in fine, are grown Sick of these *Hurly-Burlies*: But when Men are bewitch'd once, there's no place left for better Counsels. Now to the business of the Boat. We have Workmen among our selves, with-

out need to look any further. As *Vulcan*, for the purpose. *Ch.* Right: If it were for an Iron, or a Brazen Vessel. *Al.* Or 'twill Cost but a small matter, to send for a Carpenter. *Ch.* Well! And where shall we have Materials? *Al.* Why, certainly you have Timber enough. *Ch.* The Woods that were in *Elyzium*, are all destroy'd: Not so much as a stick left. *Al.* How so, I beseech ye! *Co.* With burning *Hereticks Ghosts*. And now, for want of other Fewel, we are fain to dig for Cole. *Al.* But these Ghosts methinks might have been punish'd cheaper. *Ch.* *Rhadamanthus* (the Judge) would have it so. *Al.* And what will you do now, for your Wherry and Oars? *Ch.* I'll look to the Helm my self, and if the Ghosts will not row, let 'me e'en stay behind. *Al.* And what shall They do, that ne're serv'd to the Trade? *Ch.* Serve or not serve: 'Tis all a case to me; For I make *Monarchs Row*, and *Cardinals Row*, as well as *Porters* and *Carmen*. They all take their Turns, without any Priviledg or Exception. *Al.* Well! I wish you a Boat to your mind, and so I'll away to Hell with my good News, and leave ye. But Hark ye first. *Ch.* Speak then. *Al.* Make what hast you can, or you'll be Smother'd in the Crow'd. *Ch.* Nay, you will find at least two Hundred Thousand upon the Bank already, besides those that are Plung'd into the Lake. I'll make all the dispatch I can, and pray'e let them know I'm coming

The OLD Man's Dialogue.

COL. XXII.

A Short View of Humane Life ; in a Colloquie betwixt Four Old Men of several Humours. The first a Man of Sobriety, and Government. The second a Debauchee; The third, a Rambling Bigott. The fourth, a Man truly Religious.

EUSEBIUS, PAMPYRUS, POLYGAMUS, GLY-
CION ; HUGONITIO, HENRICUS,
WAGONERS.

Eu. **W**Hat new Faces have we here ?
Stay a little. Either my Memory, and my Spectacles abuse me, or that must be *Pampyrus* ; To'ther *Polygamus* ; and the third, *Glycion* ; my Old acquaintances and Companions. They are certainly the very same. *Pa.* Friend, what dost thou stand staring it with thy *Glass-Eyes*, as if thou would'st bewitch People : Pray come nearer a little. *Po.* In good time, honest *Eusebius* ; how Glad am I to see thee ! *Gl.* All Health and Happiness be

to the best of Men. *Eu.* One blessing upon you altogether, my dear Friends. What providence ; or at least what providential chance has brought us together now ! 'Tis *Forty Year*, I believe' since we four saw one another. Why 'tis as if some *Mercurial Rod* had brought us into a Circle with a Charm. But what are ye doing here ? *Pa.* We are sitting. *Eu.* I know you are. But what for, I beseech ye ? *Po.* We wait for the *Antwerp-Wagon*. *Eu.* You are going to the *Fayre*, perhaps. *Po.* We are so : But rather upon Curiosity, then business. Though some go for one, some for t'other. *Eu.* Well ! and I am going thither my self too : But what do you stay for ? *Po.* Only to Bargain for our Passage. *Eu.* These *Wagoners* are a dogged sort of People. But what if we should put a *sham* upon 'em ? *Po.* With all my Heart, if it might be fairly done. *Eu.* If they will not come to reasonable Terms, I'm for telling them, that wee'l e'en Trudge it away a Foot ? *Po.* You may as well tell em that you'l fly thither, as that you'l walk it ; and they'l believe it as soon. *Gl.* Shall I advise you for the best now ? *Po.* Ay, by all means. *Gl.* You may be sure they are at their *Brandy* ; and the longer they Fuddle, the more danger of Over-turning. *Po.* You must rise betimes to find a *Fore-man* Sober. *Gl.* I phansie it would be worth the while, for us to take a Wagon by our selves, 'tis but little more charge, and we shall get the sooner thither : We shall have the more Room, and the greater Freedom of Conversation. *Po.* *Glycion* is much in the Right on't. For Good Company upon the way does the Office of a Coach, and makes the Journey both Easie and Pleasant, besides the liberty of Discourse. *Gl.* Come good People, I have taken the *Wagon* ; Let's up and be Jogging. So. And now I begin to live methinks, in the sight of so many of my
Antient

Antient Friends, and Camarades ; and after so long a separation. *Eu.* And I, to grow young again. *Po.* How long may't be, since we Four were in Pension together at *Paris* ? *Eu.* I take it to be a matter of *Two and Forty Years*. *Pa.* And were not we Four much of an Age ? Then. *Eu.* Very near the matter. *Pa.* And what a difference does there seem to be at present ! Here's *Glycion*, has nothing of an Old Man about him : And for *Polygamus*, there ; a Body would take him for his *Grand-Father*. *Eu.* The thing is manifestly true. But what should be the reason on't ? *Pa.* Why either the One stopt in his Course, or the Other made *more hast then Good speed*. *Eu.* No, no. Men may Slacken their Pace, but Time Rowles on without respect. *Po.* Come *Glycion*, deal frankly with us, and say ; How many *Years* hast thou upon thy *Back* ? *Gl.* More then *Ducats* in my *Pocket*. *Pa.* But the *Number* I prethee. *Gl.* Just *Sixty Six*. *Eu.* Why thou't never be Old. *Po.* Well ; But by what Secret Arts hast thou preserv'd thy self in Health and Youth, so long ; without either Gray Hairs, or Wrinkles ? There's Fire and Spirit in your Eyes : Your Teeth are White and Even, a fresh Colour, and a smooth Plump Habit of Body. *Gl.* Upon condition that you tell me, how you came to be *Old* so soon, I'll tell you how I kept my self *Young* so long. *Po.* I'll do't with all my Heart ; and therefore begin the History, at your leaving of *Paris*.

GLYCION. I went directly into my own Country ; and by that time I had been there about a year, I began to bethink my self, what Course of Life to chuse, as a matter of great importance towards my future Peace. And so I cast my thoughts upon several Examples, good and bad ; some that succeeded, others that miscarry'd. *Po.* This was a point of Prudence more then I expected ; for

you had none of these sober Considerations about ye, when I knew you at *Paris*. *Gl.* That was before I had *sow'd my wild Oats*, as we say. But you must know, my good Friend, that I did not do all this neither, purely by my own *Mother-Wit*. *Po.* I was indeed a little surpriz'd at it. *Gl.* The Course I took, was, in short this. The first thing I did was to find out a Person of the most general Reputation, for Gravity, Wisdom, and long Experience in the whole Neighbourhood: and one that in my own Opinion was the happiest of Men. *Eu.* Very discreetly done. *Gl.* This Man I made my Friend and my Counsellor; and by his Advice, I Marry'd a Wife. *Po.* With a fair Portion, I hope. *Gl.* So so: But in a competent Proportion to my own Fortune; and just enough to do my business. *Po.* What was your Age then? *Gl.* Towards *Two and Twenty*. *Po.* A happy Creature! *Gl.* You must not take this yet to be wholly the Work of Fortune. *Po.* How so? *Gl.* Il'e shew ye now. 'Tis the Practice of the World, to *Love* before they *Judge*. but I *Judge* before I *Lov'd*. Not but that I took this Woman more for Posterity sake, then for any Carnal satisfaction: And never a happier Couple under the Sun, for the eight years, that we lived together, but then I lost her. *Po.* Had you no Children by her? *Gl.* Yes, *Four*; that, God be prais'd for't, are yet alive: two Boys, and two Girls. *Po.* And what's your Condition at present? Private, or Publick? *Gl.* Why I have a Publick Commission. It might have been better, but there's Credit enough in't to secure me from Contempt, and then 'tis free from vexatious Attendances: which is as much as I ask; so long as I have sufficient for my self, and somewhat upon occasion, to spare for my Friend; which is the very hight of my Ambition. And then I have taken care to give more Reputation to my Office,

fice, then I have received from it. I hope I have done well in't. *Po.* Without all Controversie. *Gl.* At this rate of Government, my Life has been long and easie to me, and I am grown old in the Arms and good esteem of all my Companions, and Friends. *Eu.* But there's a hard saying methinks, though very much to the purpose: *He that haas no Enemies has no Friends. Envy never fails to tread upon the Heel of Happiness.* *Gl.* Right if it be a splendid, pompous Felicity: But in a state of Mediocrity, a Man's quiet and safe. I have made it my perpetual Care and study, never to raise any advantage to my self, from the Miseries, or misfortunes of other People. I have kept as much as possible, from the cumber of business, especially from invidious Employments, that could not be discharg'd without making many Enemies. Nay, as near as I can, I would not disoblige one man to help another. In case of any misunderstanding, I do what I can, either to excuse and soften it, or to let it fall, without taking notice of it; or else, with good Offices to set all Right again. I never lov'd Squabbling and Contention; but where there's no avoiding it, I chuse rather to lose my Money than my Friend; upon the whole, I am for *Mitio's* Character in the Comedy. I affront no man; I carry a chearful Countenance to all; I salute, or re-salute, with Heart and Good-will; I cross no mans Inclination; I censure no mans purposes or doings; I am not so self-conceited, as to despise other People, and it never moves me, when I see men over-value themselves. That which I would have kept secret, I tell to no Mortal. I never was curious into the Privacies of other Men; and if any thing of that Nature came to my knowledge, I never blab'd it. Tis my constant Practice, either to say nothing at all of the Absent, or to speak of them with kind-

ness and respect : For half the Quarrels in the World take their Rise from the intemperance of the Tongue. I have made it my Rule, never to provoke Differences, or to heed them : but on the contrary, so much as in me lay, either to moderate, or to extinguish them. By these means I have kept clear of Envy, and secur'd my self of the Affection and Esteem of my Country-men. *Pa.* Did not you find a *single Life* Irksome to you? *Gl.* The sharpest Affliction that ever besel me, was the death of my Wife, I could not but passionately wish that we might have grown Old together, and have continued happy in the enjoyment of the common Blessing of our Children : but since Providence had otherwise determin'd, Duty and Religion told me, that Gods way was best for both, and that it would be both foolish, and wicked to torment my self in vain, without any advantage either to the Dead, or to the Living. *Po.* You were so happy in one Wife, methinks it should have tempted you to venture upon another. *Gl.* I had some thoughts that way : but as I Married one for the hopes of Children, so for these Childrens sakes, I resolv'd never to Marry again. *Po.* But were not the Nights tedious to ye without a Bed-fellow? *Gl.* *Nothing is hard to a willing mind.* And then do but consider the benefits of a single Life. There are a sort of people in the World, that will be still making the worst of every thing, and taking it by the *wrong Handle.* As *Crates*, (or some body else, in an Epigram under his Name) has summ'd up the Evils or *Inconveniences* of humane Life. And the Resolution is this : That *it is best not to be born.* Now that Humour of *Metrodorus* pleases me a great deal better, in his abstract of the *Blessings* of Life. 'Tis a more comfortable Prospect, and it sweetens the Disgusts, and weaknesses of Flesh and Blood. For my own
part,

part, I have brought my self to such a Temper of indifference, as never to be transported with any violent *Inclinations* or *Aversions*: and this secures me, whether my Fortune be good or bad, from either Insolence in one Case, or Abjection or despondence in the other. *Pa.* Make this good, and you are a greater Philosopher than either *Thales* or *Metrodorus* themselves. *Gl.* So soon as ever I find but the first Motion of any disorder in my mind, (as these Touches are not to be avoided) whether it be from the sense of an Indignity or Affront, I cast it immediately out of my thoughts. *Po.* Well! but there are some *Family-Provocations*, and *Offences* for the purpose, that would anger a Saint. *Gl.* They never stay long enough with me, to make an Impression. If I can quiet things, I do't: If I cannot, I say thus to my self: Why should I gall my self, to no manner of purpose? In a word, my Reason does that for me at first, which after a little while, time it self would do: Briefly, If any thing troubles me, I never carry the thoughts on't to Bed with me. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder to see so vigorous a Body, under the Government of so virtuous a Mind. *Gl.* Come, come Gentlemen; in the Freedom of Friendship. I have kept this Guard upon my self: not to do any thing that might reflect upon my own Honour, or my Families. There's no Misery like that of a *Guilty Conscience*: and I never lay my Head upon my Pillow at night, till I have by Repentance reconcil'd my self to God, for the Transgressions of the day past. He that's well with his *Maker*, can never be uneasie within himself: for the Love and Protection of the Almighty supports him against all the Malice of wicked Men. *Eu.* Have you never any anxious thoughts upon the apprehension of Death? *Gl.* No more then I have for looking
back

back upon the Day of my Birth. I know I must die, and to live in fear on't, may possibly shorten my Life, it can never lengthen it, so that my only Care is to live honestly and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence. No man can live *Happily*, that does not live *Well Pa.* But to live so long in the same Place, though 'twere in *Rome* it self: I should grow Gray, I Phancy, with so much of the same thing over again. *Gl.* There's Pleasure no doubt on't in Variety; but then for long Travels, though experience and observation may make men Wise, they run the Risk of a thousand Dangers, to ballance that Prudence. Now I am for the safer way of Compassing the World in a Map, and I can find out more in *Printed Travels*, then ever *Ulysses* saw in all his *twenty years Ramble*. I have my self a *Villa*, some two miles out of Town: when I'm There, I'm a *Country-man*; and when I come back again, I am welcom'd, as if I had been upon the discovery of the *North-West passage*. *Eu.* You keep your Body in order, I presume with *Physick*. *Gl.* No, no, I have nothing to do with the *Doctors*, I was never *Let-blood* in my Life yet: and never medled with either *Pill* or *Potion*. When I feel my self any way indisposed; change of *Air*, or a *spare Diet*, sets me right again. *Eu.* Don't you *Study* sometime? *Gl.* Oh by all means, 'Tis the most agreeable Entertainment of my Life. But not so, as to *make a Toyl of a Pleasure*. And I do it not for Ostentation, but for the Love and Delight of it, or for the informing of my Life and Manners. After Dinner I have a Collation of edifying Discourse or Stories, or else some-body to Read to me; and I never Plod at my Book above an hour at a time. When that's over, I take my Lute perhaps, and a walk in my Chamber, either Groping it or Singing to't; or ruminating it may be, upon what I have heard or read. If I have a good Companion with me,

I give him part on't : and after a while, to my Book again. *Eu.* But tell me now, upon the word of an honest Man ; do you find none of those infirmities about ye, that are so common to *Old Age* ? *Gl.* Why truly, my *Sleeps* are not so Sound, neither is my *Memory* so firm as it has been. I have now acquitted my self of my Promise, to a Syllable ; and told you the whole secret that has kept me *Young* so long. And pray'e let *Polygamus* deal as faithfully with us in the Relation of what has made him *Old*, so much *Sooner*. *Po.* You are so much my Friends, that you shall have it without any Disguise or Reserve. *Eu.* Pray'e let it be so then, and it shall never go further,

POLYGAMUS. I need not tell you, how much I indulg'd my Appetite, when I was at *Paris*. *Eu.* We remember it very well : but hop'd, that upon quitting the place, you had left your *Hot blood*, and your loose Manners behind ye. *Po.* I had Variety of Mistresses there ; and one of them that was *Bagg'd*, I took home with me. *Eu.* What to your Father's house ? *Po.* Directly thither : But she past for the Wife of a certain Friend of mine, that in a short time was to follow her. *Gl.* And did your Father swallow this ? *Po.* Yes at first, but in a matter of four days he smelt out the Cheat ; and then there was heavy work made on't. In this *interim* however I spent my time, and my Money in *Taverns*, *Treating Houses*, *Gaming Ordinaries* and other extravagant Diversions of the like kind. In short ; my Fathers Rage was so implacable, *He'd have no such Cackling Gossips he said under his Roof : He'd not own such a Rebellious wretch any longer for his Son*, &c. that in conclusion, I was e'en fain to march off with my Pullet, and so Nestle in another place : Where she brought me a brood by the way. *Pa.* But where

where had you Money all this while? *Po.* Why my Mother helpt me now and then by stealth: besides considerable Sums that I borrow'd. *Eu.* And were there any such Fools as would give you Credit? *Po.* Why, there are those that will trust a Spend-thrift sooner than an honest Man. *Pa.* Well! and what next? *Po.* When my Friends saw my Father at last, upon the very point of disinheriting me, they brought him to this Composition, that I should renounce the *French Woman*, and Marry one of our own Country. *Eu.* Was she not your Wife? *Po.* There had past some words in the *Future Tense* (as *I will Marry ye*, for the purpose) but then, to say the Truth, there follow'd *Carnal Copulation*, in the *Present Tense*, or so. *Eu.* And how could you dissolve that Contract then? *Po.* Why, it came out afterwards, that my *French Woman* had a *French Husband*, only she was gone away from him. *Eu.* So that you have a Wife, it seems. *Po.* Yes, yes, I am now Marry'd to my *Eighth Wife*. *Eu.* The *Eighth*, do ye say? Why then he that gave you the Name of *Polygamus*, was a Prophet. But they were all Barren perhaps. *Po.* No, no, I have a *Litter* at Home, by every one of them. *Eu.* So many *Hens with Eggs*, in the stead of them, would be a happy Change. But you have enough of *Wiving* sure by this time. *Po.* So much, that if my *Eighth Wife* should dye to day, I'd take a *ninth* to morrow. Nay, 'tis hard, in my opinion, that a *Man* may not be allow'd as many *Wives*, as a *Cock* has *Hens*. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder, at your rate of *Whoreing* and *Drinking*, to see you brought to a *Skeleton*, and an Old man before your Time. But who maintains your Family all this while? *Po.* Why, betwixt a small Estate that my Father left me, and my own hard Labour, I make a shift to keep

Life

Life and Soul together. *Eu.* You have given over your Study then. *Po.* I have e'en brought a *Noble to Nine-pence*; and all I have to trust to, is to *make the best of a bad Game.* *Eu.* I wonder how thou hast been able to bear so many Mournings, and the loss of so many Wives. *Po.* I never lived a Widower above ten days, and the next Wife still blotted out the Memory of the last. I have given you here a very honest, and a true Abstract of my Life. I wish *Pampirus* here would but tell his Story as frankly as I have done mine. He bears his Age well enough, I perceive, and yet I take him to be two or three years my *Senior.* *Pa.* I shall make no difficulty of that, if you can have *Patience* for so wild and Phantastical a *Romance.* *Eu.* Never talk of *Patience* to hear, what we have a *Mind* to hear.

PAMPIRUS. I was no sooner return'd from *Paris*, but the good Old man my Father prest me earnestly to enter into some Course of Life, that might probably advance my Fortune; and upon a full Consideration of the matter, it was concluded, I should betake my self to the business of a *Merchant.* *Po.* I cannot but wonder, Why, that choice rather than any other. *Pa.* Why, I was naturally curious, to know New things; to see several Countries, and Famous Cities; to learn Languages, and to inform my self in the Customs, and Manners of Men. Now thought I, this is no way better to be Compassed, then by Negotiation, and Commerce: beside a general understanding of things, that goes along with it. *Po.* Well! but *Gold it self may be bought too dear.* *Pa.* It may be so, but to be short. My Father put a good Sum of Money into my hand to begin the World withal: Wish'd me good Luck
with

with it, and gave me his Blessing. At the same time, he laid out for a Rich Wife for me, and pitch'd upon so Virtuous and so Amiable a Creature; that she would have been a Fortune in her very Smock to any honest Man. *Eu.* Well! But was it a Match at last? *Pa.* No, for before ever I could get back again, *Use and Principal* was all lost. *Eu.* Wrack'd, I suppose. *Pa.* Yes, yes, Wrack'd. We struck upon the *what d'ye call the Rock?* *Eu.* The *Malta* perchance? for that's a desperate Passage. *Pa.* No, no; this is forty times worse. But it is somewhat like it however. *Eu.* Do ye remember the Name of the Sea? *Pa.* No, but it is a place infamous for a thousand Miscarriages. Pray, by your leave: Is there a dangerous Rock they call *ALEA*? I don't know your *Greek* name for't. *Eu.* Mad Fool that thou wert! *Pa.* So, and what was my Father I prethee; to trust a young Fop with such a gobb of Money? But it was in fine, the Rock *ALEA Anglice, The Devils Bones*, that I was split upon. *Gl.* And what did you do next? *Pa.* Why, I began Providently to consider of a convenient Beam and Halter to hang my self. *Gl.* Was your Father so implacable then? For such a loss might be made up again: and the first Fault must be very foul, not to be Pardonable. *Pa.* Why you have Reason, perhaps. But in the mean while, the poor Man lost his pretty Mistress; For so soon as ever her Relations came to understand what they were to trust to, they resolv'd to have nothing more to do with me. Now I was in Love, you must know, over Head and Ears. *Gl.* In troth, I Pity thee with all my heart. But what did you purpose to your self after this? *Pa.* Only to do as other People do in desperate Cafes. My Father had cast me off; my

my Fortune was irrecoverably lost, and consequently my Wife: and the best Treatment I could get in the world, was to be pointed at, for a *Debauchee*, *squandering Sor.* Without more words, it was e'en come to Cross or Pile, whether I should take up in a Cloyster, or hang myself. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to it. But I presume you had the Wit to pitch upon the easier Death of the two. *Pa.* Or rather the more painful; so Sick was I, even of Life it self. *Gl.* And yet many people cast themselves into *Monastries*, as the most Comfortable State of living. *Pa.* Well! The first thing I did, was to put a little Money in my Pocket, and fly my Countrey. *Gl.* Whether went ye? *Pa.* Into *Ireland*, and there was I made a *Regular* of that Order, that wears *Linen above*, and *Woollen* to the *Skinward*. *Gl.* Did you spend your Winter there? *Pa.* No, no, two Months only, and then for *Scotland*. *Gl.* How came it you staid no longer? Did you take Check at any thing? *Pa.* The Discipline was not severe enough methought, for a Wretch that hanging it self would have been too good for. *Eu.* And how went Matters with you in *Scotland*? *Pa.* I e'en changed my *Linen Habit* for a *Lethern* one, among the *Carthusians*. *Eu.* These are the Men that are in strictness of Profession, dead to the World. *Pa.* So methought, by their Singing. *Gl.* Are the dead so Merry then? But how many Months were you there? *Pa.* Betwixt five and six. *Gl.* A strange Constancy, to hold so long in a mind! *Eu.* You took no offence at any thing amongst the *Carthusians*, did ye? *Pa.* I could not like so Lazy, a forward sort of Life. And then, what with Fumes, and Solitude, I phancy'd several of 'em to be *Hot-headed*: and for my part; having but little Sense already,

already, I durst not stay, for fear of losing the rest. *Po.* Whither did you take your next flight? *Pa.* Into *France*: among those that give to understand by the *Colour* of their Habits, that they are *Mourners in this World*. I speak of the *Benedictines*: and of those particularly, that wear a kind of *Netted Hair-Cloth* for their upper Garment. *Gl.* A terrible Mortification of the Flesh, I must Confess. *Pa.* I was among them, *eleven Months*. *Eu.* And how came you to leave 'em at last? *Pa.* Why, I found they layd more stress upon *Ceremonies*, than *True Piety*. And then I was told that the *Bernardines* were a much more Conscientious Order, and under a severer Discipline: Those I mean that are Habited in *White*, instead of *Black*. I went and liv'd a matter of *Ten Months* among these too. *Eu.* And what Disgusted you here now? *Pa.* I dislik'd nothing at all: For I found them very good Company. But I had an Old saying in my Head: That *such a thing must either be done, or it must not be done*: So that I was e'en Resolv'd, either to be a *Monk in Perfection*, or *no Monk at all*. I was told after this, that the Holiest Men upon the Face of the Earth, were those of the Order of *St. Bridget*. And these were the People that I thought to live and dye withal. *Eu.* And how many Months were you with them, I beseech ye? *Pa.* Neither *Months* nor *Weeks*; but in Truth *almost Two Days*. *Gl.* You were mightily fond sure of this kind of Life, to stay so long in't. *Po.* They take no body in, you must know, but those that are presently *profest*, and I was not so mad yet, as to put my Neck into such a Noose, that it could never be got out again. And then the Singing of the *Nuns*, put me out of my Wits almost, with

reminding me of my last Mistress. *Gl.* Well! And what after this? *Pa.* My Heart was wholly set upon Religion, but yet upon this Ramble from one thing to another, I could not meet with any thing to my mind. But walking up and down afterwards, I fell into a Troop of *Cross-Bearers*. Some carry'd *White-Crosses*; Others *Red, Green, Party Colour'd*, some *Single*, some *Double*, some *Quadruple*; and some again, several *Sorts*, and *Forms* of *Crosses*. I had a Reverence for the *Christianity* of the *Memorial*, but I was confounded, which *Form*, or *Colour*, to make choice of, before another. So that for fear of the worst, I carry'd some of every sort. But upon the whole matter, I found there was a great difference betwixt the *Figure* of a *Cross* upon a *Garment*, and a *Cross* in the *Heart*. When I had Hunted my self weary, and never the nearer my Journies end; it came into my Head that a Pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, would do my Work. For let a Man go to *Jerusalem* a very Devil, he comes back a *Saint*. *Po.* And thither you went then. *Pa.* Yes. *Po.* Upon whose charge I prethee? *Pa.* That should have been your first Question. But you know the Old Proverb, *A Man of Art will live any where*. *Gl.* And, what's your *Art*, I beseech you? *Pa.* *Palmistry*. *Gl.* Where did you serve your time to't? *Pa.* What's that to the business? *Gl.* Under what *Master*? *Pa.* The great Master of *all Sciences*; the *Belly*. In little; I set-up for a *Fortune-teller*: And there did I lay about me, upon the *Topique* of things *Past, Present*, and to *Come*. *Gl.* Upon good grounds, I hope. *Pa.* The Devil a bit that I knew of the matter: But I set a good Face on't, and ran no *Risque* neither: For I was paid

still before-hand. *Po.* That ever so senseless an Imposture, should find a Man Bread! *Pa.* And yet so it is, that I Maintain'd my self, and a Brace of *Lacquies*, very decently upon the Credit of it. Why, how should *Knaves* live, without a World of *Fools* of both *Sexes* to work upon? So soon as I got to *Jerusalem*, I put my self into the Train of a Rich Noble-Man, of about *Seventy Years of Age*, that could never have Dy'd in Peace, he said, if he had not blest his Eyes with the sight of that Holy Place. *Eu.* He had no Wife, I hope, to leave behind him. *Pa.* Yes, and six Children into the bargain. *Eu.* A most Impious, Religious Old Man! But you came back I suppose, a Man of another World. *Pa.* No, but to deal plainly with you, somewhat worse then I went. *Eu.* So that your Zeal for Religion was cool'd, I perceive. *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, hotter then e're it was. And therefore, I return'd into *Italy*, and apply'd my self to a *Military Life*. *Eu.* You fought for Religion in the *Camp* it seems: the most unlikely place under the Heavens, to find it in. *Pa.* Ay, but it was a *Holy War*. *Eu.* Against the *Turks*, perchance. *Pa.* Nay, a *Holier War* then that; or the Doctors were *besides the Cushion*. *Eu.* How so? *Pa.* It was the War betwixt *Julius the Second*, and the *French*. And then I had a phanfic to a *Soldiers Life*, for the knowledge it gives a Man of the World. *Eu.* It brings a man to the *Knowledge* of many things, that he had better be *Ignorant* of. *Pa.* I found it so afterwards; And yet I suffer'd more hardship in the *Field*, then in the *Cloyster*. *Eu.* Well and where were you next now? *Pa.* Why, I was thinking with my self, whether I should back
again

again to the business of a *Merchant*, that I had laid aside; or press forward in the pursuit of *Religion*, that fled before me. While my thoughts were in this Ballance, it came into my mind, that I might do both under one. *Eu.* What? And set up for a *Merchant*, and a *Monk*, both together? *Pa.* Well! And why not; What are your *Mendicants*, but a kind of *Religious Traders*? They flie over Sea and Land. They see, they hear every thing that passes: They enter into all Privacies; and the Doors of *Kings*, *Noblemen*, and *Commoners*, are all open to them. *Eu.* Ay, but they do not deal for gain. *Pa.* Yes, and with better success many times than we do. *Eu.* Which of these *Orders* did you make choice of? *Pa.* I try'd 'em all. *Eu.* And did none of 'em please you? *Pa.* I lik'd them all well enough if I might but presently have enter'd upon Practice, and Commerce. But when I found, that I was to be slav'd a long time to my Offices in the Quire, before I could be Qualified for the trust; I began then to cast about, how I might get to be made an *Abbot*. But said I to my self, *Kissing goes by Favour*, and 'twill be a tedious Work; and so I quitted that thought too. After some *Eight years* trifled away, in shifting from one thing to another thus, comes the the News of my Fathers Death: So home I went, took my Mothers Advice, Marry'd a Wife, and so to my first course of *Trassique* again. *Gl.* Well! And how did you behave your self, in your several shapes; for every *New Habit*, made you look like a *New Creature* *Pa.* Why 'twas all no more to me then the *same Players* Acting *several Parts* in the *same Comedy*. *Eu.* But be so Honest now, as to tell me, only which is the

condition, in this variety of Adventures, that is most to your liking? *Pa.* *So many Men, so many minds.* But to be free with you, that of a Merchant is most agreeable to my Inclination. *Eu.* But yet there are great Hazzards and Inconveniences that attend it. *Pa.* There are so; and 'tis the same Case in any other state of Life. But since this is my Lot, I'll make the best on't. *Eusebius* his turn is yet to come, and I hope he will not think much of obliging his Friends, in requital with some part of his History. *Eu.* Nay, if you please, the whole Course of it is at your Service. *Gl.* We shall most gladly hear it.

EUSEBIUS. When I left *Paris*, It took me a Years time at Home to consider, what course of Life to settle in: And not without a strict Examination of my self, to what Study or profession I stood most inclin'd. I was offer'd a good handsome *Prebendary*, as they call it: And I accepted it. *Gl.* That sort of Life has no great Reputation among the People. *Eu.* But, as the World went, it was to me very welcome. It was no small Providence, to have so many advantages fall into a Mans Mouth upon the suddain, as if they had been dropt from Heaven; as Dignity, Handsome Houses well furnish'd, a competent Revenue, a Worthy, and a Learned Society: And a Church at hand, to serve God in, when he pleases. *Pa.* I was Scandaliz'd at the *Luxury* of the Place; the Infamy of their *Concubines*; and the strange Aversion those People had for Letters. *Eu.* 'Tis nothing to me, what others do, but what I do my self: And if I cannot mend the Bad, I chuse the best Company however, that I can get. *Po.*
And

And is this the Condition that you have spent your whole time in? *Eu.* All but some Four Years, a long while ago, at *Padua.* *Po.* And what did you there? *Eu.* I Studied *Physick*, a Year and half; and *Divinity* the rest. *Po.* Why so? *Eu.* For the sake both of my Soul and Body? and that in both Cases I might be helpful to my Friends. I Preach't upon occasion too, *according to my Talent.* Under these circumstances, I have led a Life, easie and quiet enough: So well satisfied with one Benefice, that I did not so much as wish for any thing beyond it; and if another were offer'd me, I should refuse it. *Pa.* I wonder what's become of the rest of our Old Acquaintance, and *Fellow Pensioners.* *Eu.* I could say somewhat of *Them* too, but we are just at the *Towns End* here: And if you please, we may be together in the same Inn, and talk o're the rest at leisure.

(*Hugh* a Wagoner,) How now *Blinks!* Where did you take up this Rubbish? (*Harry* a Wagoner.) And whither are you going with that *Harlottry* there? *Hugh:* You would do well to tumble the Old Fornicators into a *Nettle-Bush*, to bring 'em to an Itch again. *Harry.* And your Cattle want Cooling. *Hugh.* What do ye think of a Fair Toss into that Pool there, to lay their Concupiscence. *Hugh.* I'm not us'd to those Gamboles. *Harry.* But 'tis not so so long Sirrah, since I saw you throw *half a Dozen Carthusians* in the Dirt tho: And you like a *Schellam*, stood Grinning, and making sport at it when you had done, to see them Rise *Black Carthusians*, instead of *White Ones.* *Hugh.* And they were well enough serv'd too: For they lay Snorting all the way like a Dead weight, upon the Wagon. *Harry.* Well, and my People have been so good Company, that my Horses went the better for

for their Carriage. I would never desire a better Fare. *Hugh.* And yet these are a sort of Men, that you do not Naturally care for. *Harry.* They are the best Old Men that ever I met withal. *Hugh.* How do you know that? *Harry.* Because they made me Drink Lustily upon the way. *Hugh.* An Excellent Recommendation to a *Dutch Fore-Man.*

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